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AN ASCENT OF FUJI THE PEERLESS.

Thou hast a voice, Great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IF Shelley's lines are true for Mont Blanc, they must, *a fortiori*, be true for Japan's great sacred mountain, Fuji-san. All mountains in the Mikado's empire are reverenced, but "Fuji the Peerless" preëminently. Rising on all sides with a majestic sweep from the plains of Suruga and Ko-shiu, the symmetric cone of Fujï, in figure nearly ideal, attains an elevation of 12,500 feet above the sea.

All the mountains of Japan are of unquestioned volcanic origin, and Fuji stands where Hondo, the main island, is broadest. About twenty craters are still active throughout the islands, but Fuji-san belongs to the much greater number which are now inactive. Its last eruption occurred in 1707, continuing more than a month. As far away as Tōkyō, sixty miles northeast, the ashes fell to a depth of seven or eight inches; while on the Tokaido, twelve or fifteen miles southeast, the accumulation was six feet. At this time was formed Ho-yei-san, a secondary or parasitic cone on the southeast slope.

No other mountains in Japan reach within three thousand feet of the elevation of Fuji, and it is therefore in prominent view from an immense area, including thirteen provinces of the empire. Certain avenues in Tōkyō are called Fuji-mi, or Fuji-viewing streets, and from all of them the famous peak is a glorious spectacle.[1] All winter long the summit of Fuji-san is unapproachable, and from November to July snows reign supreme. In the latter month, however, when the trails up the mountain slopes are laid bare, the ascent becomes feasible, and remains so throughout the summer and early autumn.

Our interest in ascending Fuji-san was not that of the tourist, merely to say that he had been to the top; nor of the Japanese pilgrim, to pay vows at the shrine of the adorable goddess Kono-Hana-Saku-ya-Himé; nor yet of the poet, who, if he wish still to venerate the lofty eminence, had better stay below; but of the scientist purely, and for the purpose of making sundry observations bearing upon the perma-

[1] Fuji-no-yama, Fuji-san, Fujiyama, Fusiyama, and Fuji plain and simple—all are designations of the far-famed peak in frequent usage. Fuji-no-yama and Fuji-san are preferable orthography.

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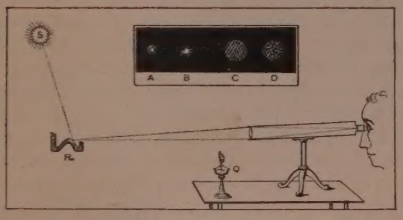
nent occupation of such peaks for astronomical purposes.[1]

Ten years ago, Uriah Atherton Boyden, a wealthy and eccentric gentleman, died in Boston, leaving a fortune of more than $200,000 to a Board of Trustees, with discretionary power to employ it in establishing and maintaining an astronomical observatory on some mountain peak. His definite aim was to overcome the hindrances to astronomical work at ordinary elevations, the nature of which we have just explained. This fund is now managed by the Harvard College Observatory, and experimental research has been conducted at high altitudes in different parts of the globe, in order to show the precise nature of the improved conditions of vision, and to ascertain the best location for the mountain observatory.

It was in the interest of this research that our expedition ascended Fuji-san. Nothing could have come more acceptably than the courtesy of General Count Yamagata, Minister of the Japanese Department of the Interior (Naimusho), in detailing Dr. Knipping, the meteorologist of the Central Observatory, as a member of the expedition. Dr. Knipping had already several times ascended the mountain, and mapped the entire region about it, as indeed the whole of Japan. With Dr. Holland, the naturalist of the Eclipse party, Mr. Masato, of the Central Observatory, and the "handy man" Magobe, we set out from Tōkyō in the early morning of September 1, a party of six. Our instruments, though few, were of the best: among them a set of meteorological apparatus, a 3½-inch telescope kindly lent by the Japanese Naval Observatory, and a 7¼-inch telescope brought from the Amherst Observatory, and arranged for photographing celestial objects. As the accompanying map, compiled from the latest Japanese authorities, will show, the Kyoto railway, running southwesterly from Yokohama, passes nearest the mountain at Gotemba, where the tourist to Fuji-san may now alight. We found the road then open only to Kodzu, whence the journey to the summit of the great cone had to be made by packhorse and on foot. The peak may be ascended by five different trails, according to the route by which the base of the mountain is reached. On the advice of Dr. Knipping, our expedition made the ascent on the east flank, from Subashiri, a moderate village about 3½ *ri*[2] directly east from the summit. Leaving the train at Kodzu, a small sea-town, a part of an hour's waiting was spent in wandering on the hot, stony beach, where numbers of Japanese children followed us, picking up pebbles and presenting them to us, with faces full of interest and good nature. With the *kori*, or traveling-baskets, the instruments and luggage piled into various jinrikishas, and the members of our party in others, we were a noticeable procession, starting off gaily from the little station.

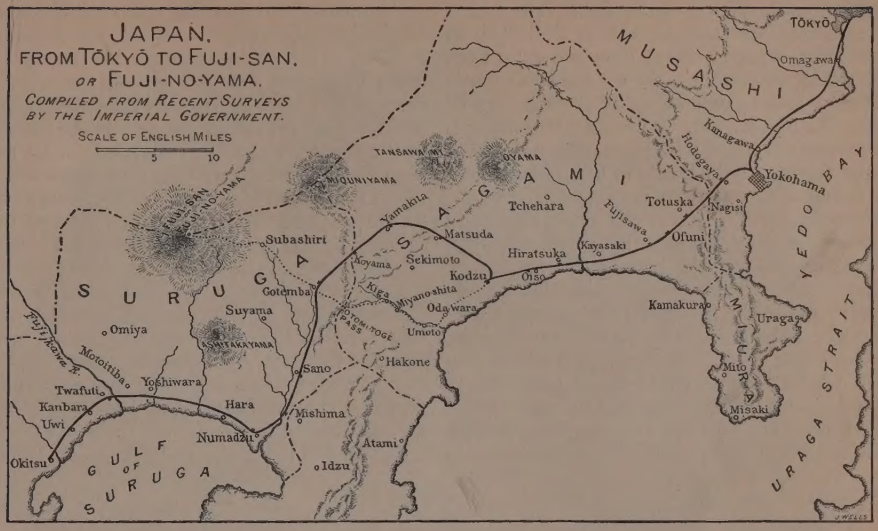
Shortly after leaving the town our road bade good-by to the ocean, turning off into a narrow valley which led apparently to the heart of the hills. The intense green of a summer landscape in Japan is perhaps its most beautiful characteristic. To this luxuriant appearance the groves of bamboo add exquisite grace. Often as high as forty feet, their masses of delicate yellow-green foliage, almost angular in the sunlight, give an effect of matchless airiness. The higher we climbed, over a well-

[1] A word and a picture will explain. At the low elevations where observatories are ordinarily built, the atmosphere offers a serious obstacle to the prosecution of work with the telescope. For the most part this is due to the nocturnal radiation of heat stored up during the day by the ground and buildings near by. The actual phenomena are well illustrated if a telescope is placed as in the figure, and focused upon any sharply curved glass surface, thirty or forty feet away; as, for instance, the convex bottom of a broken champagne bottle *R*. When the sun *S* is shining upon such an object, a brilliant artificial star will be seen in the field of view, and surrounded by a few diffraction rings, as shown at *A*. Push the eyepiece in, or draw it out, and the image of the star will enlarge to a disk, like *C*; and if the telescope is all right, this disk will be perfectly circular, and evenly illuminated throughout. Now place a lighted lamp at *Q*, and observe the effect. *A* will become like *B*, an irregular lump of light with rays shooting out in every direction; and *C* like *D*, a disk bright in some parts and dark in others, with a continual dancing and vibration of the illuminated and unilluminated parts over the entire area. Remove the disturbing heat-source *Q*, and *A* and *C* soon appear as before. In a greater or less degree, these conditions of disturbed vision are always present in telescopic observations of the stars, while if the planets are looked at with high magnifying powers, the sharp details of their surfaces become a confused blur, and often so wavering that the astronomer has to make them out, as best he may, from momentary glimpses when the images are least unsteady. The atmospheric shell encircling the earth is a hundred miles and more in thickness; but by its own weight is so much denser in the lower than the upper strata, that an ascent of twelve to fifteen thousand feet is sufficient to leave one third of the total atmospheric mass below, and with it the main source of interference with telescopic vision.



AN EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE DISTURBANCE OF TELESCOPIC VISION CAUSED BY HEATING THE AIR UNEVENLY.

[2] The Japanese mile, or *ri*, is equivalent to 2.44 English miles.



traveled road, the more delightful the country became. Rich ferns grew from the mountain-side, almost overhanging the road; frequent springs gushed out of mossy banks on one side, while on the other was a foaming stream now far below. What with the strange and lovely plants, the picturesque villages where tea and sweetmeats awaited us, the fascinating stream growing more impetuous in its rush to the sea, and the sea itself far behind, closing up our vista of green valley, we reached our stopping-place all too soon. Long before the sun had begun to think of setting we found ourselves high among the hills, ten *ri* from Kodzu, rattling over the stony street of Miyano-shita.

The air here was delicious, and hot sulphur-springs have made the place a famous resort, possessing two excellent European hotels. The town seemed to be especially noteworthy in its display of fine wood-inlaying. Small screens and large ones, desks, tables, boxes, cabinets — all were of some dark wood, most exquisitely inlaid with various lighter-colored woods, in strange and beautiful patterns. We were told later that both the fine bamboo carvings and this inlaid wood cannot stand the dry heat of American houses. Our bamboo carvings have split here and there, while the Miyano-shita inlaying is unaltered.

Sunrise the following morning found us far on our walk toward the night's sleeping-place, Subashiri, at the base of the great sacred mountain, and 2500 feet above the sea.

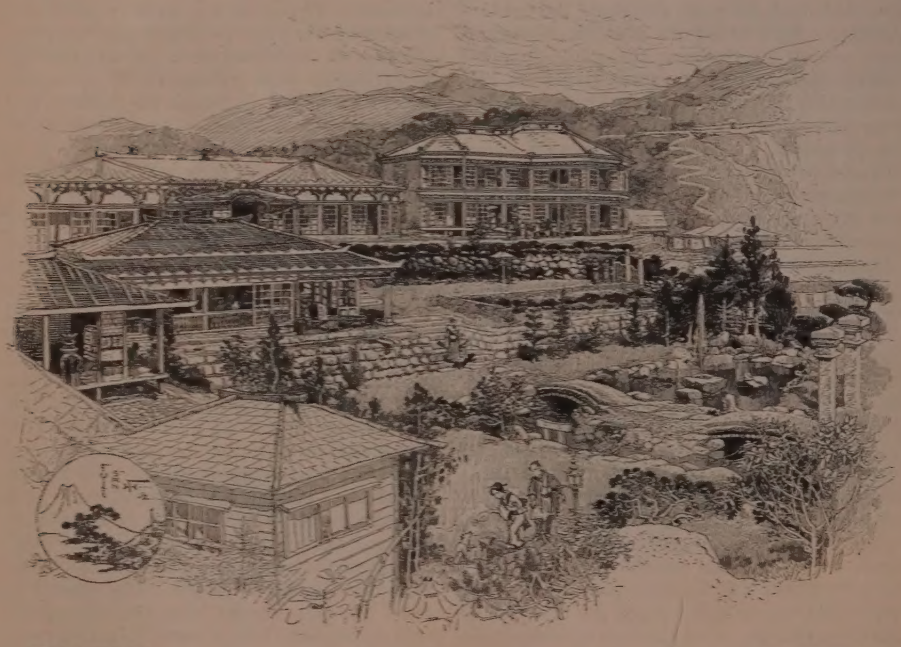
The road — chiefly bridle-paths through cool woods and over hillsides, up and down, in and out — is impracticable, for the most part, for jinrikishas. The distance is seven *ri*, and pack-horses were available for the heavier luggage, with *kago* for occasional ease. Passing through the attractive little village of Kiga, — cool, shady, damp, with its ponds of goldfish, and filled with water-murmurs, — we walked on and on to the top of a bare hill, from which we looked down on the thatched roofs of Kiga nestling among its myriad trees, beyond to Miyano-shita, and still beyond to the gray-blue sea and its misty horizon. The breeze was cool and refreshing, and after a brief rest we struck into a high sort of moorland which the Japanese call *hara*, a heath where grow nothing but tall, soft grass and low shrubs. Gradually the path grew steeper, and Dr. Knipping informed us that we had reached the ridge separating us from the level country surrounding Fuji-san. Up this pass — Otomi-toge — we made our way. It is more than three thousand feet high, and a hard pull over a stony path bordered with flowers and shrubs. At the top a magnificent view greeted the eye. Miles of level farming-lands lay spread out below, the bright green rice-fields looking hardly larger than pinheads, and whole towns mere specks of brown. Fuji himself, to crown this view, would have been grand beyond description; but, as usual, his majesty was wrapped in a gigantic white cloud, covering his imperial head and shoulders, if not more. We saw only for an instant a half-defined glimpse of the lofty cone —

> Fast fixed to earth,
> But ever heavenward tending.

After a comfortable luncheon and rest on the pass we began the descent, far more weari-

some than the climb. Sunny fields, full of summer scents and sounds, led us at length to Gotemba, a pretty village only five miles from Subashiri, and where at the tea-house we found watermelons so delicious that the memory of them haunts us yet. The road thereafter is level and fine, overarched most of the way with large trees. All the hotels in Subashiri, except one, refuse to entertain foreigners. So to the Yona-yama we repaired, well content to rest and be waited upon after our day's walk. Jiu-hei, as we understood the proprietor's name, saw that excellent rooms with chairs and a table were provided. Through a long passage where the wood shone from its repeated polishings, past the general bathing-tank, past a little garden where the sun could never penetrate to the mossy stone lanterns and luxuriant ferns, up four steps, and the rooms were reached. Through the long, low, sliding windows we looked out over a hundred gardens, thatched and flowery roofs, and immense well-sweeps whereon the bucket was balanced by a stone, as may be seen occasionally on back-country New England farms. Beyond, the black sides of the kingly mountain brooded, though the crown was still veiled.

About three o'clock the following morning we had our breakfast by the feeble light of candles. The Japanese appear to be up all night under the best of circumstances, so it seemed perfectly natural that the smiling little maids should serve us apparently in the middle of the night. The moon was just setting behind Fuji, looming very near and black, when we set forth upon our walk of twenty-two miles to the summit. For seven miles we had the services of an obliging packhorse, through a level country, dreary and monotonous, partly wooded by scrub-pines. Volcanic remembrance already began to turn smiling, genial Japan into a sullen land, thinking of woe. In the midst of this desolate region, a hopeful brightening in the east soon became the oncoming glories of a superb sunrise, and soon after this we reached the first station of the real ascent. Uma-gayeshi ("horse-turn-back") is 4400 feet above the sea; and as nothing less than humanity is allowed to proceed farther up the sacred slopes of the peerless mountain, and even the *kago* is forbidden, twelve coolies apportioned our load of instruments and luggage, and started ahead. Hundreds of pilgrim banners hung upon the walls of the inn, and after



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FUJIYA HOTEL AT MIYANO-SHITA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

KIGA.

a slight refreshment, chiefly in the form of pale-yellow tea, we followed on. From here the ascent is divided into stages, each marked by small stations, or halting-places.

Devout pilgrims, to the number of fifteen or twenty thousand, with banners in hand bearing the name of their town, annually ascend Fuji-san as a religious obligation, and to propitiate various deities. The prayer frequently made upon these occasions runs thus: "Purify me from my six roots of evil — the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, touch, and thoughts."

After leaving Uma-gayeshi, the walk for a long distance was thoroughly delightful. The sunshine sifted softly through greenest foliage to a mass of wild-flowers and ferns. The path — a sort of gully, sunk at least two feet below the general level of the wood — was fringed with ferns and delicate asters, while great roots protruded and overhung the edge like colossal petrified snakes. Airy white birches shook their fluttering leaves in the soft breeze, the Japanese maples, beeches, and ash joined the evergreens in making a shady canopy above; while maidenhair ferns, belated wild roses, yellow lilies, dwarf sunflowers, tall white serpentaria, and purple monk's-hood combined to hide the delicious wild strawberries lurking in the grass. At intervals through this lovely wood were temples and shrines, — many of them deserted for the year, — and an occasional intermediate station where tea and sweetmeats formed welcome greeting. The summer heat was slightly tempered with a brisk and cooler air, making the sunshine friendly; and flowers bloomed not only all about us, but even in the picturesque thatched roofs of the miniature temples: the whole was idyllic.

But suddenly, emerging from the trees, another world appeared. Before, above, around, lay miles of fire-baked lava, dull and hopeless in the sunshine — finished, dead. For a short distance now and then there were oases of verdure, where the hardiest of shrubs and flowers

had gained a slight foothold; and here, again, the charming wild strawberries grew luxuriantly. But these wooded spots — smaller, fewer, farther apart — soon ceased altogether, and we were left alone with the wind and the sky, and a stupendous mountain-cone, — all but overhanging us, — cold, lifeless, pitiless. For a time the sweeping wind was welcome; but it increased with every step. Straight down into our faces it pelted, as if indeed some mighty guardian of the mountain resented the invasion of impious feet. The difficulties of the climb had begun, and Dr. Knipping's oft-repeated caution against a too-rapid pace became almost unnecessary. Sharp lava in enormous masses lay in the path, and, indeed, on every side; very soon there was no path at all. The coolies with their burdens could be seen far ahead, clambering up and over and around, each in his own way, with cat-like agility. The wind became a hurricane; it beat upon us, it pounded us; frequently we had to cling fast to the lava-ledge with both hands until some particularly fierce gust had passed. Verily, hard-hearted is the god who would not be propitiated to the bestowal of any favor by a climb like this! And yet when some luckless pilgrim dies upon the summit, — and this occasionally happens, — he becomes, not, as might be expected, a martyr to his piety, but a being thereby proved too wicked to live any longer!

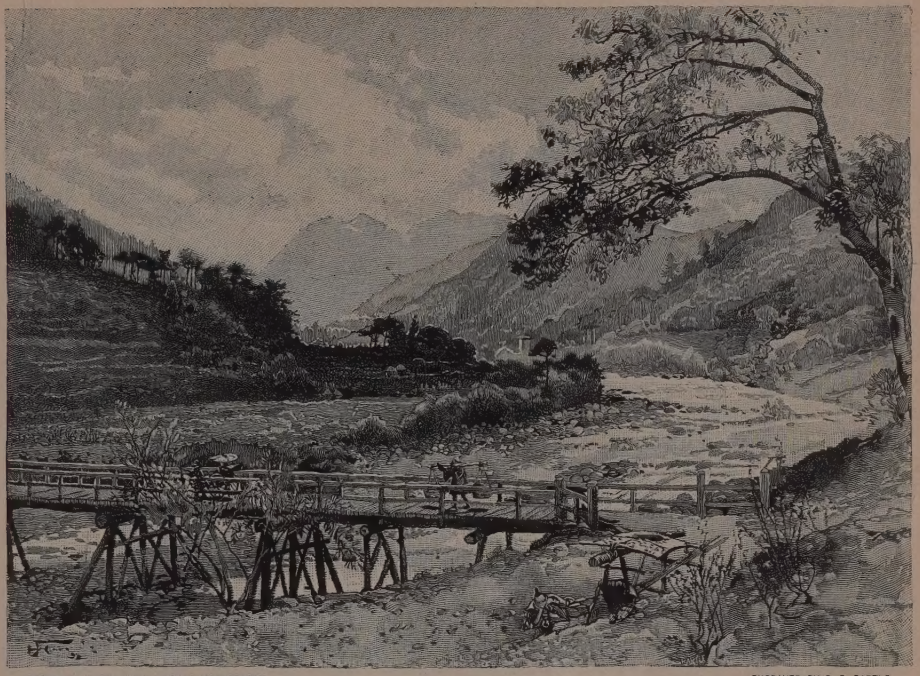
At one of the poor little stations — all of which, however, were inexpressibly welcome — soft rice-paper, India ink, and camel's-hair brushes were brought out for us to inscribe our names. The collecting of banners, *kakimono*, or scroll-pictures, and autographs seemed to have been a task dear to the heart of the proprietor, and he proudly exhibited his treasures. Among the hundreds of Japanese mementos were the names of a party of Europeans who had climbed Fuji two or three years before. The sudden sense of companionship on this lonely mountain, the instant leap of the heart at seeing the familiar letters, were sensations as agreeable as they were curiously new. We willingly painted our names for the old man, who, with all our coolies, watched us, deeply interested.

Farther than the sixth station, 9800 feet above sea-level, foreigners and women have not been allowed to ascend until recently. Since the dawn of wider intelligence, and a receptive opening of the national mind toward whatever is better in other countries, these restrictions have been removed. At five minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon we reached this station, and immediately upon sitting down the pulse was counted, and found to be 144 in the first minute. After a rest of fifteen minutes it registered 100.

Sweetmeats much more delicate and fresh than might have been expected were found at each station. But the most genuinely sustaining of our comforts was chocolate, of which Dr. Knipping had provided a generous supply. A mouthful or two, a bite now and then during some particularly hard pull, refreshed lagging energies and added greatly to our strength; while if angels are ever met in pith helmets and gray suits, Dr. Knipping was certainly one of that kindly fraternity when, having climbed ahead, he met us at one station with steaming cups of this same delightful chocolate ready for each nearly spent traveler.

And now, to add further novelty to the day, a soft white cloud drifted down and about, or perhaps we climbed into its embrace, and its moist caresses added immense discomfort to every motion. If it hid the steep dangers below, it also enveloped the mighty cone above, and removed even the questionable pleasure of seeing what remained to be done. So we climbed blindly onward, drenched and chilled, seeing only the next step ahead, knowing no path, but keeping instinctively upward. Each pilgrim is provided with several extra pairs of straw sandals to replace those constantly worn through by the sharp lava. If, as is said, fifteen thousand pilgrims ascend the mountain every summer, and each one discards half a dozen pairs of this foot-gear during his climb, it is evident that there must be some straw sandals on the mountain-side. In the prevailing mist these cast-off *waraji* were now the only reliable indication of the trail. Occasionally the tiny tinkle of some pilgrim bell would steal softly through the thick white mist, growing louder as its owner came swiftly downward by another path than ours, then becoming fainter and yet more faint as the pilgrim, still unseen, strode quickly down toward the real world. Or perchance, looming through the cloud, a human form was barely discernible, a great, impalpable shadow, passing with its little bell in unknown nearness, to be speedily swallowed up in the encompassing gray.

Each station was poorer than the last, — many of them were closed, the pilgrim season practically ending with August, — but despite the increasing barrenness of those yet open, we could hardly have dispensed with their rude shelter and rest. Patience now seemed the most desirable virtue to add to strength of limb. Perseverance was after a time rewarded, for we climbed out of the cloud, and reached sunshine once more, though in a barren world. But small ills were speedily forgotten as we reveled in the sunshine and blue sky. The huge summit seemed overhanging, — the effect was startling, — while the path so lately traversed looked most precipitous. For an instant we seemed



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

ON THE ROAD TO OTOMI-TOGE.

suspended in mid-air; the impression was irresistible and all-pervading. The black and red doleritic lava, dismal, fire-baked, monotonous, spread in countless acres around. Hundreds of feet below it was merged in the drifting fog through which we had made our laborious way to this bright and sunny but indescribably desolate region. The wind was still a hurricane, and directly above stood the eighth station, nearly eleven thousand feet from the sea-level, and the last available resting-place before the tenth, or summit-station. Straw sandals still lay thickly strewed upon the cinders, and after clambering with one great, final "spurt" over the steepest way we had yet come, the eighth station was reached about twelve hours after the early morning start.

"An angle of forty-five degrees" is an expression commonly used in conversation to indicate any sort of path somewhat out of level. As a matter of fact, a slope of even ten or fifteen degrees is far from easy. Applying the clinometer to the path now and then, its largest reading showed an incline of 35°.

The air by this time was too rare to breathe with entire ease, and the cold was intense. With no real window, and a sliding door generally closed against the tearing wind, the eighth station now held at least twenty-five persons; while a fire, smoldering in a hole in the floor and without any chimney, bestowed its smoke impartially upon all. It would have been pleasanter, after resting awhile, to complete the climb and to sleep at the tenth station — Chodjo; but the majority of the party preferred to spend the night here — an impossible sort of thing, it seemed, with the circle of coolies crouched about the fire, the painfully smoke-laden atmosphere, and the absence of all comfort and convenience. But we unpacked the quilts and baskets, and tried to turn one corner into a series of attractive sleeping-apartments. This to a certain extent accomplished, we wrapped ourselves in cloaks, and stepped outside. Flecks of the great white cloud still hovered far below; but the sky was clear, and the sun had almost reached the vast mountain-shoulder behind us. The stupendous isolation of this vast peak now became fully apparent.

Rising from a level plain, undisturbed by lesser peaks to share the glory, its whole gigantic mass stands clearly cut, awful, unapproached. Far to the right was a shimmering, pale-blue sea with its curved beach; and northward, filling the distance, lay mountain-ranges and lakes in superb association: Hakone, the Otomi-toge, Nikko, and the rest, while Subashiri showed only as an elongated gray thatch. But the whole thing was too immense and impressive. Details vanished. As the sun sank

farther behind Fuji,—while yet the day was bright away from his dark influence,—an immense black triangle of shadow gradually crept outward and eastward from his base, until it covered leagues of smiling field and forest. The cold, the smoke, the strangeness of the air, mingle with all the grandeur in the memory of that night's passing. A shower of fine, wind-swept lava beat an incessant tattoo upon the roof, and when morning looked faintly in through the crevices of the hut, it was shrouded in another thick, wet, heavy cloud, which soaked even the lava to a sharper blackness than usual.

From the eighth station upward a toilsome climb of an hour over the slippery masses brought us to the artificial ledge, or narrow pathway along the front of the twelve huts constituting the tenth and final station. Testing the pulse at once, it was found to be 160 during the first minute, and must have greatly exceeded this during the actual exertion of climbing. After an hour's rest it was reduced to 100. Thoroughly drenched as we were, and hardly able to see a yard ahead for the fog, a warm room and dry garments seemed the acme of personal luxury. But it was found that a number of the houses had been closed for the winter, so that choice was even more limited than appeared at first. Each hut was a single room, each room too low to stand upright in, while lava blocks and rough boards proved small protection against the fierce wind and penetrating mist. Moreover, a strange heaviness of limb weighted every motion, and the rapidity of the pulse was most fatiguing.

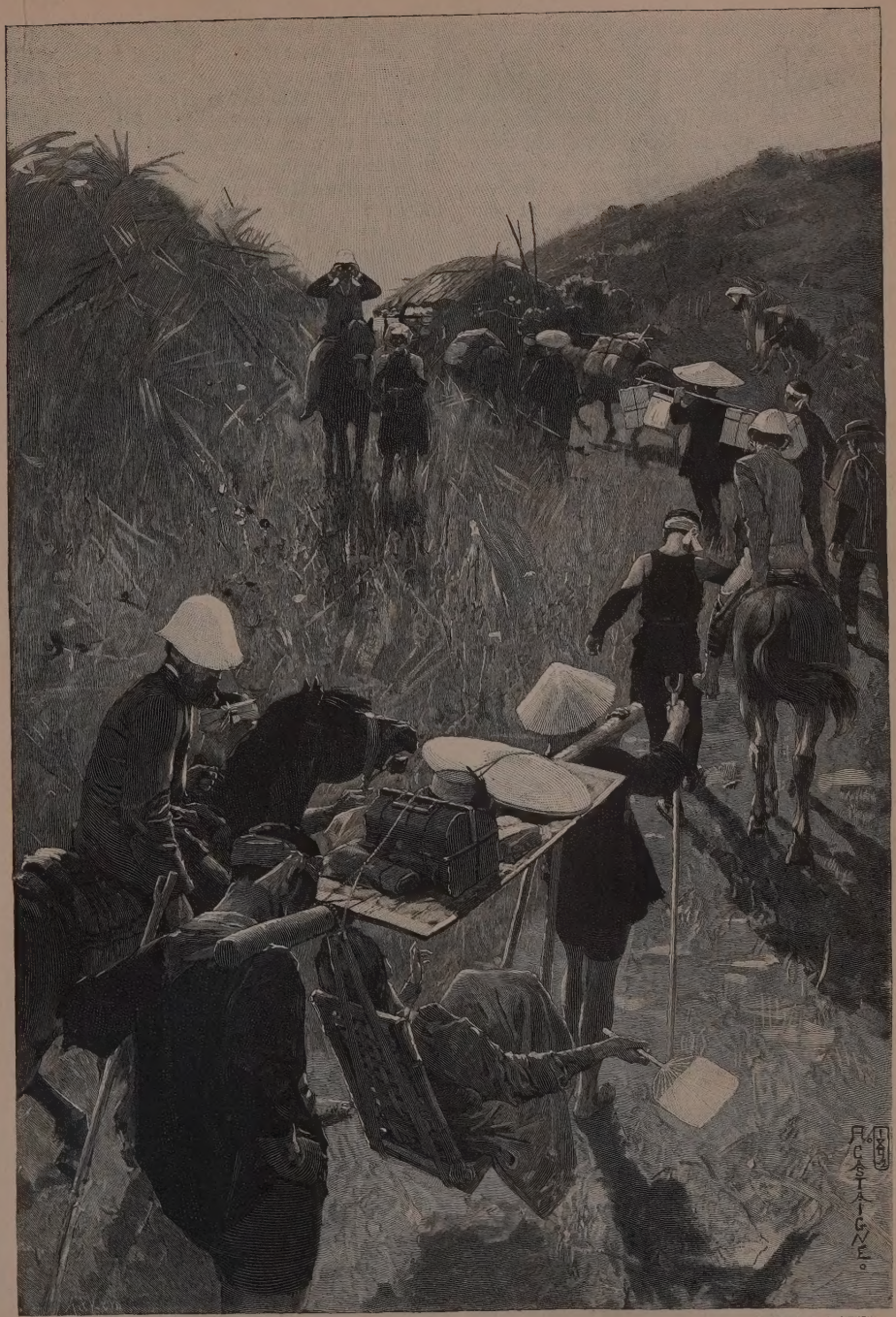
It would almost seem that there must be something peculiar about this mountain. It is more than 12,400 feet high; but while travelers sometimes speak of entire absence of disagreeable sensation on other mountains of fifteen and even seventeen thousand feet of elevation, the usual testimony as to Fuji is of great discomfort. Of "mountain-sickness" proper, in its usual manifestations, we had none; neither any special lung-oppression, nor increase of respiration above the normal. But the heart beat tumultuously, and even slight muscular exertion sent the pulse well up to 120 or 130.

After much preliminary conversation the owner of the least repulsive hut agreed to let us have the use of it. Just why we should prefer to have it to ourselves, and what possible objection there could be to his allowing any number of stray pilgrims to sleep there also, he failed to see. But persuasion won the day, and he finally consented to our exclusive occupation, though in surprise and disapproval. His entire outfit for living was comprised in three or four plates and cups upon a shelf, a kettle making a feeble attempt to boil over the smoke in one corner, and a small skin upon which crouched the proprietor of all this luxury. The time of our host was chiefly occupied in blowing his weak-minded fire through a bamboo tube, to keep in it even the semblance of life; in the intervals he smoked a tiny Japanese pipe. His stolidity and uninterested though persistent watching of our small efforts to promote order in our corners outwardly expressed our inner feeling. We ourselves were utterly stolid and heavy—dull, edgeless. We wanted to be warm, we wished for sunshine, to see one green, growing thing, to have the heart slow down its tempestuous beating; but everything was far away, and very much in general. The air seemed made of lead. In the afternoon the fog began to blow off, and we were soon in clear air, with the clouds dispersing in shreds far below. The same wide-reaching panorama which filled all the world from the eighth station now began slowly to unfold again. Here and there a distant mountain-top emerged from the whiteness; later, the cool green lakes were gradually uncovered, and the ocean, silvery in the soft atmosphere, began to shimmer in the east.

The summit shrine was at a point slightly above our hut, and we went to it, walking over lava literally covered with rusty *rin*[1] left by the devout. An occasional pilgrim arrived while we stood there, deposited his *rin*, and made straight for the lower regions with enviable alacrity. From this point the immensity of the desolate region became appallingly apparent. To the west, straight down 500 feet, lay the mighty crater, cold and dead, whose gloomy recesses were shaped by a power too terrible to conceive. One must walk about two miles to encircle the crater. Tons of grimy snow-masses filled the ravines of its southern slope. The immensity of the mountain appears nowhere more impressive than when looking upward from the bottom of the crater. There is no trail down the interior walls, but the descent into the cavern may be made in less than an hour, and is well worth the making. In large part the walls are very steep, and bits of lava now and then rattle down the slopes. A pool of green snow-water stands here a considerable portion of the year.

Too grand for words, too strange and fearful for enjoyment, too desolate and dreary for endurance, night at last covered this solitary mountain-top, seemingly forgotten even by God. Through the chinks and crevices in the lava hut the wind howled with an indescribably bitter and hopeless moan. Colder and colder grew the night. Water standing in the room was covered nearly an inch thick with ice (which in the morning the proprietor calmly broke for us to wash our faces!), yet the exer-

[1] A small coin, worth about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

ON THE OTOMI PASS.

tion of getting more clothing was so great that the sharp chill was preferable.[1]

The stars shone constantly clearer, and toward midnight we had the instruments all at work. A few yards from the long row of huts was a small open space, where the telescope might command a clear horizon view in every direction. A stiff wind blew out of the west, with the thermometer below the freezing-point. To the east were the precipitous slopes of the mountain-side, and, opposite us, the overhanging crags of the cavernous crater. The telescope was mounted upon a large lava boulder, and much of the time had to be held in position lest it should be upset by the wind. Any one in quest of comfort would not elect to make astronomical observations under conditions such as these — and on top of a mountain two or three miles high, besides. However, the program was executed in spite of merely physical obstacles, and the hours of clearest sky lasted until even astronomers became weary. At stars in every part of the sky, to the north, south, east, and west, and at all altitudes from the zenith to the horizon, the telescope was pointed, and the conditions of vision tested by the steadiness of the spectral disks or images, just as in the case of the artificial star. So fine were these images, so nearly optically perfect the air, that for moments together there was scarcely a trace of atmospheric effects.

These were general tests. If they were satisfactory, of course the telescope could not fail to do its best work upon any special objects of whatever sort. A few double stars, suited to the capacity of the instrument, were tried, and the advantages were at once strikingly apparent. Companion stars hard to see, and "doubles" hard to divide, with the same glass at lower elevations, here were readily discerned. Even in looking at so ordinary an object as the moon, the edge or limb of which has been seen absolutely sharp by few astronomers, the effect was indescribable. So sharply defined were the details of the lunar surface, that if a suitable object-glass had been at hand, a magnifying power of 2000 diameters would at first have been used. The structural irregularities of the limb were so marked, and in many parts the moon's edge was so excessively jagged, as to lead one to wonder that the usual type of lunar observations can be made as accurately as they are. As dawn approached, Saturn had risen to an available altitude, and the ring-system was seen to the best advantage. While with the moon high up it was impossible to detect even the slightest trace of "boiling at the limb," as the astronomer sometimes says, Saturn was less favorably situated, and a slender trace of undulation was now and then evident. Still, had the glass been large enough, a power of 1500 might have been used.

Of course these results were not surprising after the spectral images of the stars had behaved so finely. One great advantage of the spectral-image tests is that they can be made satisfactorily with a small telescope, while the tests upon specific objects usually require large and bulky instruments, which are hard to manage in mountain work. Just at sunrise we found that while all the lower world lay impenetrably shrouded in a thick white cloud, out of this smooth, soft sea Fuji-san rose like a volcanic island — a deep blue sky above without a fleck of mist, and the sun shining as through lambent crystal. After sunrise the astronomical observations were continued upon the sun, in order to detect the gradual changes in the optical quality of the atmosphere. At first, with the sun about half an hour high, there was very fine solar definition, with slight flickering of the limb, but little or no genuine "boiling." Rarely is the sun better seen. A crag of the crater wall was found whose shadow would, during the morning, fall at an accessible point within the cavity, several hundred feet away. Upon this crag was set a disk just a little larger than necessary to occult the sun. At the proper point behind this disk the eye was placed, and, when the sun came in range, the corona was carefully looked for. The degree of atmospheric illumination immediately around the sun was surprisingly small, and the conditions for seeing the corona without an eclipse seemed in every way favorable; but not a trace of it could be detected. There was still enough atmospheric and other matter above the mountain-summit to catch the sunlight and to render the background of the corona as bright as the object itself, and thus make it invisible. There is, of course, very little reason for expecting to see the corona in this way, but so simple an experiment seems always worth trying.

The usual unpleasant effects of the direct rays of the sun upon the complexion were not escaped by all of the party, and the skin of several faces gradually peeled off. Mountaineers often maintain that snow-reflection is the cause of this well-known trouble; but such could not have been the case here, as there

[1] The low temperature generally prevalent on Fuji-san is at one spot slightly modified by the intrinsic heat of the mountain. Satow and Hawes, without whose admirable "Guide-book to Northern and Central Japan" no one should attempt extended travel in the empire, say, at page 118, of the ascent of Fuji-san: "The interesting phenomenon may be observed of steam still issuing from the soil in several places. . . . A few inches below the surface the heat is great enough to be unbearable, and an egg may be fairly cooked in about half an hour."

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

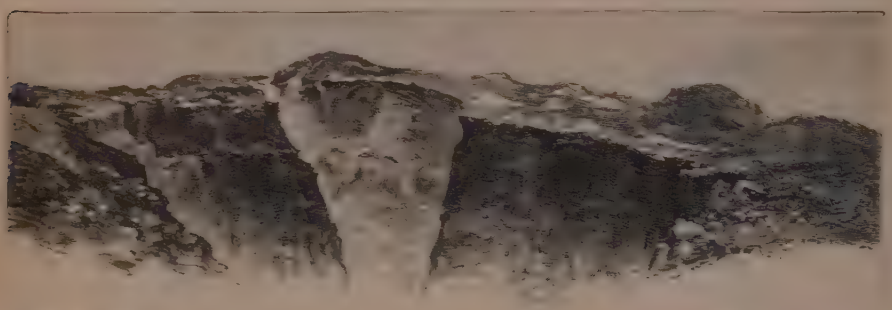
FUJI-SAN FROM OMIYA.

was no snow on the mountain, except in protected gorges in the farther side of the crater half a mile away.

As the sun ascended higher toward meridian, the telescopic definition grew somewhat worse, but it never became so bad as at sea-level. The vast ocean of cloud below gradually rose as the morning advanced, and about noon the great mountain seemed entirely immersed. Celestial observations being no longer possible, we addressed ourselves to the task of locating the future observatory, should one ever be built on Fuji-san. A short distance northwest of Chodjo we discovered a fine plateau which with little labor might be enlarged for the reception of a permanent structure. Here the lesser apparatus and the observers' quarters might be established, there being ample means of protection against the severe and prevalent west winds. This point commands an incomparable view to the north and east, and communication by heliotrope with any of the towns below would be simple. If a great telescope were to be mounted on Fuji-san, an ideal location is available on a saddle inside the crater, a few yards below the summit, where the buildings might be perfectly protected against the wind. Many advantages of a high-level observatory on Fuji-san are not realizable elsewhere. For a period of four or five months each year, the continual ascent of the mountain by pilgrims would make it possible to communicate directly with the world below. Furthermore, the keepers of a dozen or more huts at the tenth station are always living there during the season, and the little company of observers would never be quite alone. On no other isolated peak of like elevation on the globe would these advantages be gained. If, as often occurs, the series of high-level observations requires a corresponding series at a lower level, Fuji-san meets such conditions perfectly. For example, at Subashiri and on the summit might be established a pair of stations, each plainly visible from the other, with a vertical difference of nearly 10,000 feet and a horizontal distance of about seven miles.

While scientific men are supposed to be ob-

livious to discomfort in their surroundings, those who follow in their train sometimes preserve a few of the natural instincts unaltered. The strain of longer stay in that abomination of desolation was getting too great to bear. In spite of enthusiasm over the limpid air only occasionally thickened by passing clouds, blinding headache and a pulse above a hundred for more than forty-eight hours had made life a burden. There were those among us who bade



DRAWN BY C. B. CHILD. ENGRAVED BY E. C. ATWOOD.

SHADOW OF FUJI-SAN.

a glad farewell to that frowning peak, plunging joyfully into the yielding lava of the downward path. From that unique summit the kingdoms of the earth and their glory lay spread out to the gaze, but too far, too foreign, too remote, for companionship or sympathy. Grandeur and majesty, with desolation and loneliness unspeakable, form the crown of Fuji-san.

After descending two or three thousand feet, headaches disappeared suddenly, our heartbeats ceased their abnormal rush, and the heaviness in every motion turned into a renewed delight in life. On we plunged through the soft lava, aided by our long sticks, and with fresh pairs of straw-sandals over our boots every ten or fifteen minutes. The mist was very thick; the coolies in front and those behind became invisible; the dull thud of their approaching footsteps was a positive relief from the sensation of weird isolation, and even more so their dim shadows slowly growing into recognizable figures. The enthusiasm of delight in reaching vegetation at last can never be forgotten. The hardy little white and pink flowers which followed the cinders far up the height were welcomed as an advance-guard of joy; we could hardly pass by the oases of verdure with their sweet wild strawberries, and when we reached the trees it was like a region enchanted. It seemed impossible that this loveliest of walks could so soon be over; we could not see enough of the sweetness of verdure after the hopeless barrenness of Fuji's lonely peak. But the tea-house where horses are allowed to come was already reached, and we mounted the cumbersome pack-saddles, made softer by quilts strapped upon them. Jogging peacefully onward, noting the multitude of new and lovely wild-flowers on every side, we gradually emerged from the cloud, and its last traces floated calmly off above us, leaving a wide and sunny landscape, which even the volcanic soil could not render dreary. But long before we reached Subashiri the great triangular shadow of Fuji began to spread over the hills and fields. Growing larger and more portentous with every moment, it swept irresistibly onward, until we too became enshrouded in its veil, and as we rode along the one street to the Yona-yama, night was already come.

Once more in the same little rooms as before, with the *hibachi* full of red-hot coals set near, and the chicken and rice well under way for dinner, life had few unsatisfied desires. Warmth, comfort, ease of breathing, had acquired a new significance.

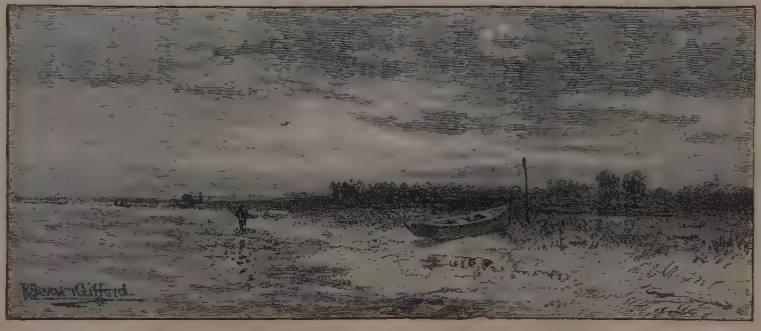
When, many days after this climb and descent, we steamed slowly at evening out of the beautiful bay of Yokohama, Fuji graciously vouchsafed a glorious parting glimpse of his majesty. Deep purple against a yellow sky, his regular, matchless cone rose solitary and superb over a foreground of coast-bluffs, and water rippling with sunset fire. Insensible, calm, unmoved by homage or effort, he lives his vast, pulseless life — the mighty landmark of all Japan.

Mabel Loomis Todd.
David P. Todd.

SEA-LONGINGS.

THE first world-sound that fell upon my ear
Was that of the great winds along the coast
Crushing the deep-sea beryl on the rocks—
The distant breakers' sullen cannonade.
Against the spires and gables of the town
The white fog drifted, catching here and there
At over-leaning cornice or peaked roof,
And hung—weird gonfalons. The garden walks
Were choked with leaves, and on their ragged biers
Lay dead the sweets of summer—damask rose,
Clove-pink, old-fashioned, loved New England flowers.
Only keen salt sea-odors filled the air.
Sea-sounds, sea-odors, these were all my world.
Hence is it that life languishes with me
Inland; the valleys stifle me with gloom
And pent-up prospect; in their narrow bound
Imagination flutters futile wings.
Vainly I seek the sloping pearl-white sands
And the mirage's phantom citadels
Miraculous, a moment seen, then gone,
Bastion and turret crumbled into air!
Among the mountains I am ill at ease,
Missing the stretched horizon's level line
And the illimitable restless blue.
The crag-torn sky is not the sky I love,
But one unbroken sapphire spanning all;
And nobler than the branches of a pine
Aslant upon a precipice's edge
Are the strained spars of some great battle-ship
Plowing across the sunset. No bird's lilt
So takes me as the whistling of the gale
Among the shrouds. My cradle-song was this,
Strange, inarticulate sorrows of the sea,
Blithe rhythms upgathered from the sirens' caves.
So have I coastwise longings evermore.
May the last sound that lingers on my sense—
Save that of one low voice which not to hear
Were death itself—be some sea-message blown
Over the dim salt-marshes on the winds
At dusk, or when the red autumnal dawn
Turns all the pools and willow-stems to gold.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

LA CHASSE-GALERIE.

LA CHASSE-GALERIE.[1]

By the Author of "Le Vieux Montréal," etc., etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HENRI JULIEN.

I.

"WELL, then, since you seem to desire it so very much, I will tell you a roarin' story that ought to be a lesson to all of you. If there is among the crowd any renegade who intends to run *la chasse-galerie* or the *loup-garou*, he had better skip and go outside to see whether the owls are screeching in the storm, in converse with Old Nick himself, because I intend to begin my story by making a big sign of the cross. That will be a regular set-back to *le diable*, who always tries, at this time, to snatch a poor shantyman's soul by promising him all kinds of nonsense. I have had enough of that in my young days to understand his tricks."

Not a man moved. On the contrary, all gathered closer round the fireplace, where the cook had dragged the provision-chest, and upon which he had taken his seat on a camp-stool, preparatory to relating his experience under the wiles of the *mauvais esprit*.

It was on New Year's eve of the year 1858, in the depth of the forest, in the Ross timber camp, at the head of the Gatineau River. The winter had fairly set in, and the snow outside had already piled up to the roof of the shanty. The boss, according to custom, had ordered the distribution of the contents of a small barrel of Jamaica rum among the men, and the cook had terminated early his preparations of a succulent *ragout* of pigs' feet and of a large tin full of *glissantes* for the New Year's dinner. A big kettle, half full of molasses, was already simmering on the fire, as there was to be a candy-pull to finish the evening's entertainment.

Every man had filled his pipe with good, strong Canadian tobacco, and a thick cloud of smoke darkened the interior of the shanty. A few pine-branches thrown at intervals on the fire produced a reddish glare that illuminated the rude faces of the men with curious effects of *clair-obscur*.

Joe, the cook, was a homely little man who laughed at his own physical defects, and who did not take offense when his comrades chaffed him on the subject, and called him *le bossu*, the hunchback. He had worked in the shanties for the last forty years, and his experience was only equaled by the facility with which he could relate his adventures when he had taken a glass of *bonne vieille Jamaïque*.

"I was telling you," said Joe, "that I was a *pendard* in my youth, but it is long since I mended my ways, and now I never joke about religious matters. I go to confession regularly every year, and what I am about to relate took place years and years ago, when I feared *ni Dieu, ni diable*. It was on a night like this, a New Year's eve, thirty-four or thirty-five years ago. Gathered round the fireplace with all the *camarades*, we made merry; and if it is true, as we say in French, that 'small rivulets make large rivers,' it is just as true that small drinks empty large barrels. And in those days, people drank more than to-day, and evenings of this kind generally ended in a boxing-match, outside, in the snow. The *rhum* was no better than it is to-night, but it was *bougrement bon*, I can assure you. I will be frank with you and tell you that about eleven o'clock my head began to feel dizzy, and I lay down on my buffalo-robe to take a nap, while waiting for the midnight jump that we always take over the head of a pork-barrel, from the old year into the new one. We will repeat the same thing to-night before we go to visit the neighboring camps to wish them the compliments of the season.

II.

"I HAD slept for quite a while, when I was rudely awakened by a second boss, Baptiste Durand, who said to me: 'Joe, it is past mid-

[1] This narrative is founded on a popular superstition dating back to the days of the *coureurs des bois*, under the French régime, and perpetuated among the voyageurs in the Canadian Northwest. The shantymen of a later date have taken up the tradition, and it is in the French settlements, bordering the St. Lawrence River, that the legends of *la chasse-galerie* are specially well known at the present time. The writer has met many an old *voyageur* who affirmed most positively that he had seen bark canoes traveling in mid-air, full of men paddling and singing away, under the protection of Beelzebub, on their way from the timber camps of the Ottawa to pay a flying visit to their sweethearts at home.

It is hardly necessary to apologize for having used in the narrative expressions typical of the rude life and character of the men whose language and superstition it is the intention of the writer to portray.

night, and you are late for the barrel-jump. The *camarades* have gone to the other camps, and I am going to Lavaltrie to see my sweetheart. Will you come with me?'

"'To Lavaltrie,' said I, 'are you crazy? We are three hundred miles away from there, and you could not travel the distance in two months, through the forest, when there are no roads beaten in the snow. And what about our work the day after to-morrow?'

"'*Imbécile!* don't you understand me? We will travel in our bark canoe, and to-morrow morning at six o'clock we will be back here for breakfast.'

"I understood. Baptiste Durand proposed that I should join him and run *la chasse-galerie;* risk the salvation of my soul for the fun of going to give a New Year's kiss to my *blonde* at Lavaltrie. That was a little too much for me. It was true that I was a *mauvais sujet*, that I did not practise *la religion*, and that I took a drink too much now and then; but between that and the fact of selling my soul to *le diable* there was a big difference, and I said: 'No, siree! *Pas un tonnerre!*'

"'Oh, you are a regular old woman,' answered Baptiste tauntingly. 'There is no danger whatever. We can go to Lavaltrie and back in six hours. Don't you know that with *la chasse-galerie* we can travel 150 miles an hour, when one can handle the paddles as well as we all do. All there is to it is that we must not pronounce *le nom du bon Dieu* during the voyage, and that we must be careful not to touch the crosses on the steeples when we travel. That 's easy enough, and, to be all right, all a man has to do is to look where he goes, think about what he says, and not touch a drop of liquor on the way. I have made the trip five times, and *le diable* has not got me yet. Come, *mon vieux*, stiffen up your courage, and in two hours we will be at Lavaltrie. Think of Liza Guimbette, and the pleasure you will have in kissing her "a happy New Year." There are already seven of us to make the trip, but we must be two, four, six, or eight, to make up the crew of the canoe.'

"'Yes, that 's all right, but you must make an engagement with *le diable*, and he is not the kind of a *bourgeois* that I want to make any bargain with.'

"'A simple formality if we are careful where we go and not to drink. A man is not a child, *pardieu!* Come on! The *camarades* are waiting outside, and the canoe is already in the clearing. Come, come!'

"And I was led outside of the shanty, where I saw the six men who were awaiting us, paddle in hand. The large canoe was lying on a snowbank, and before I had time to think twice about it, I was seated in the bow, awaiting the signal to go. I must say that my mind was somewhat confused, but Baptiste Durand, who was a hard customer,—for, it was said, he had not been to confession for seven years,—gave me no time for reflection. He was standing in the stern, and exclaimed in a ringing voice:

"'Are you ready?'

"'Ready.'

"'Repeat after me.'

"And we repeated together:

"'*Satan!* king of the infernal regions, we promise to sell you our souls, if within the following six hours we pronounce *le nom du bon Dieu*, your master and ours, or if we touch a cross on the voyage. On that condition you will transport us through the air, wherever we may want to go, and bring us back sound and safe to the shanty. *Acabris, Acabras, Acabram! Fais nous voyager par-dessus les montagnes!*'

III.

"THE last words were hardly pronounced, when we felt the canoe rising in the air to a height of five or six hundred feet. I felt as light as a feather, and at Baptiste's command, we commenced paddling like sorcerers that we were. At the first stroke of the paddle the canoe shot out like an arrow, and off we went under the protecting wing of *le diable* himself. It fairly took my breath away, and I could hear the bow of the canoe whizzing through the crisp air of the night.

"We went faster than the wind, and during the first fifteen minutes we sailed over the forest, without perceiving anything else than the dark heads of the great pines. It was a beautiful night, and a full moon lighted up the sky like the midday sun. It was terribly cold though, and our mustaches were fairly frozen, while our bodies were all in a perspiration. We were paddling like demons at work in the lower regions. We soon perceived a bright, glistening belt of clear ice, that shone like a mirror. That was the Gatineau River; and then the lights in the farm-houses, which were mostly lit up on New Year's eve. We began passing the tin-covered steeples as quickly as telegraph-poles fly past in a railway-train, and the spires shone in the air like the bayonets of the soldiers drilling on the Champ de Mars, in Montréal. On we went like *tous les diables*, passing over forests, rivers, towns, villages, and leaving behind us a trail of sparks. It was Baptiste Durand, the *possédé*, who steered the canoe because he knew the route, and we soon came to the Ottawa River, which we followed down to the *Lac des Deux Montagnes!*

"'Look out there,' said Baptiste; 'we will just skim over Montréal and frighten some of the fellows who may be out at this hour of the

night. Joe, clear your whistle and get ready to sing your best canoe-song, "*Canot d'écorce*," my boy.'

"The excitement of the trip had braced me up, and I was ready for anything. Already we could see the lights of the great city, and with an adroit stroke of his paddle, Baptiste brought us down on a level with the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame. I cleared my throat and sang '*Canot d'écorce*,' while my *camarades* joined heartily in the chorus.

"'Mon père n'avait fille que moi,
Canot d'écorce qui va voler,
Et dessus la mer il m'envoie:
Canot d'écorce qui vole, qui vole,
Canot d'écorce qui va voler!' etc.

IV.

"ALTHOUGH it was well on toward two o'clock in the morning, we saw some groups of men who stopped in the middle of the street to watch us go by, but we went so fast that in a twinkle we had passed Montréal and its suburbs. We were nearing the end of our voyage, and we commenced counting the steeples,—Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trembles, Repentigny, St. Sulpice,—and at last we saw the two shining spires of Lavaltrie that gleamed among the dark-green pines of the domain.

"'Look out over there!' shouted Baptiste. 'We will land on the edge of the wood, in the field of my godfather, Jean-Jean-Gabriel. From there we will proceed on foot to go and surprise our acquaintances in some *fricot* or dance in the neighborhood.'

"We did as directed, and five minutes later our canoe lay in a snowbank, at the edge of the wood of Jean-Jean-Gabriel. We started in Indian file to go to the village. It was no small job, because the snow reached to our waists and there was no trace of any kind of a road. Baptiste, who was the most daring of the crowd, went and knocked at the door of his godfather's house, where we could see a light, but there was no one there except a servant, who told us that the old folks had gone to a *snaque* at old man Robillard's place, and that the young people of the village—boys and girls—were across the St. Lawrence at Batissette Augé's, at the *Petite Misère*, below Contrecœur, where there was a New Year's hop.

"'Let us go to the dance at Batissette Augé's,' said Baptiste; 'we are sure to find our sweethearts over there.'

"'Let us go to Batissette Augé's!'

"And we returned to our canoe, while cautioning one another against the great danger that there was in pronouncing certain words, in touching anything in the shape of a cross, and especially in drinking liquor of any kind. We had only four hours before us, and we must return to the shanty before six o'clock in the morning, if we wanted to escape from the clutches of Old Nick, with whom we had made such a desperate bargain. And we all knew that he was not the kind of a customer to let us off, in the event of any delay on our part.

"'*Acabris, Acabras, Acabram! Fais nous voyager par-dessus les montagnes!*' shouted Baptiste once more.

"And off we went again, paddling through the air, like renegades that we were, every one of us. We crossed the river in less time than it requires to tell it, and we descended in a snowbank close to Batissette Augé's house, where we could hear the laughter of the dancers, and see their shadows through the bright windows.

"We dragged our canoe on the riverside, to hide it among the hummocks produced by the ice-shove.

"'Now,' said Baptiste, in a last warning, 'no nonsense! Do you hear? Dance as much as you can, but not a single glass of rum or whisky. And at the first sign, follow me out without attracting attention. We can't be too careful!'

"And we went and knocked at the door.

V.

"OLD Batissette came and opened the door himself, and we were received with open arms by the guests, who knew us all.

"'Where do you come from?'

"'I thought you were in the *chantiers*, up the Gatineau?'

"'What makes you come so late?'

"'Come and take a smile.'

"Baptiste came to the rescue by saying: 'First and foremost, let us take our coats off, and give us a chance to dance. That 's what we came here for, and if you still feel curious in the morning, I will answer all your questions.'

"For my part, I had already spied Liza Guimbette, who was chatting away with little Boisjoli of Lanoraie. I made my *révérence* in due style, and at once asked for the favor of the next dance, which was a four-handed reel. She accepted with a smile that made me forget that I had risked the salvation of my soul to have the pleasure of pressing her soft white hand in mine and of cutting pigeonwings as her partner. During two hours the dancing went on without stopping, and, if I do say so myself, we shanty fellows cut a shine in the dance that made the hayseeds tired before morning. I was so busy with my partner that at first I did not notice that Baptiste was visiting the *buffet* rather often with some of the other boys, and once I caught him lifting his elbow in rather a suspicious manner. But I had

no idea that the fellow would get tipsy, after all the lecturing he had given us on the road. When four o'clock struck, all the members of our crew began to edge out of the house without attracting attention, but I had to drag Baptiste before he would consent to go. At last we were all out, with just two hours before us to reach the camp, and three hundred miles to ride in our canoe, under the protection of Beelzebub. We had left the dance like wild Indians without saying good-by to anybody, not even to Liza Guimbette, whom I had invited for the next *cotillon*. I always thought that she bore me a grudge for that, because when I reached home the next summer she was Madame Boisjoli.

"We found our canoe all right in the hummocks, but I need hardly tell you that we were all put out when we found that Baptiste Durand had been drinking. He was to steer the boat, and we had no time to lose in humoring the fancies of a drunken man. The moon was not quite so bright as when we started from the camp, and it was not without misgivings that I took my place in the bow of the canoe, well decided to keep a sharp lookout ahead for accidents. Before starting I said to Baptiste:

"'Look out, Baptiste, old fellow! Steer straight for the mountain of Montréal, as soon as you can get a glimpse of it.'

"'I know my business,' answered Baptiste sharply, 'and you had better mind yours.'

"What could I do? And before I had time for further reflections:

"'*Acabris! Acabras! Acabram! Fais nous voyager par-dessus les montagnes!*'

VI.

"And up we went again like lightning, steering southwest, if the wild way in which Baptiste managed our boat could be called steering. We passed over the steeple of the church at Contrecœur, coming pretty close to it, but instead of going west Baptiste made us take a sheer toward the Richelieu River. A few minutes later we were skimming over Belœil Mountain, and we came within ten feet of striking the big cross that the Bishop of Quebec planted there, during a temperance picnic held a few years before by the clergy of his diocese.

"'To the right, Baptiste! steer to the right, or else you will send us all to *le diable* if you keep on going that way.'

"And Baptiste did instinctively turn to the right, and we steered straight for the mountain of Montréal, which we could perceive in the distance by the dim lights of the city. I must say that I was becoming frightened, because if Baptiste kept on steering as he had done, we would never reach the Gatineau alive, and *le diable* was probably smacking his lips, as I supposed, at the bare idea of making a New Year's mess of us. And I can tell you that the disaster was not long in coming. While we were passing over the city, Baptiste Durand uttered a yell, and, flourishing his paddle over his head, gave it a twist that sent us plunging into a snow-drift, in a clearing on the mountain-side. Luckily the snow was soft, and none of us were hurt, nor was the canoe injured in any way. But Baptiste got out and declared most emphatically that he was going down-town to have *un verre*. We tried to reason with him, but our efforts proved useless, as is generally the case with *les ivrognes*. He would go down if *le diable* himself were to catch hold of him on the way. I held a moment's consultation with *mes camarades*, and, before Baptiste knew what we were about, we had him down in the snow, where we bound him hand and foot so as to render him incapable of interfering with our movements. We placed him in the bottom of the canoe, and gagged him so as to prevent him from speaking any words that might give us up to perdition.

"And '*Acabris! Acabras! Acabram!*' up we went again, this time steering straight for the Gatineau. I had taken Baptiste's place in the stern. We had only a little over an hour to reach camp, and we all paddled away for dear life and eternal salvation. We followed the Ottawa River as far as the Pointe-Gatineau, and then steered due north by the polar star for our shanty. We were fairly flying in the air, and everything was going well when that rascal of a Baptiste managed to slip the ropes we had bound him with and to pull off his gag. We had been so busy paddling that, the first thing we knew, he was standing in the canoe, paddle in hand, and swearing like a pagan. I felt that our end had come if he pronounced a certain sacred word, and it was out of the question to appease him in his frenzy.. We had only a few miles to go to reach camp, and we were floating over the pine forest. The position was really terrible. Baptiste was using his paddle like a shillalah and making a *moulinet* that threatened every moment to crush in some one's head. I was so excited that by a false movement of my own paddle I let the canoe come down on a level with the pines, and it was upset as it struck the head of a big tree. We all fell out and began dropping down from branch to branch like partridges shot from the tamarack-tops. I don't know how long I was coming down, because I fainted before we reached the snow beneath, but my last recollection was like the dream of a man who feels himself dropping down a well without ever reaching bottom.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE DANCE AT BATISSETTE AUGÉ'S.

VII.

"About eight o'clock the next morning, I awoke in my bunk, in the cabin, whither some of our *camarades* had conveyed us after having found us to our necks in a neighboring snow-bank, at the foot of a monster pine-tree. Happily, no one was seriously hurt, although we were all more or less bruised and scratched, some having secured even black eyes in our way down from the tree-top. We were all thankful that nothing worse had befallen us, and when the *camarades* said that they had found us sleeping away in the snow the effects of the previous night's frolic, not one of us had anything to say to the contrary. We all felt satisfied that our *escapade* with Old Nick remained unknown in the camp, and we preferred leaving our chums under the impression that we had taken *un verre* too many, to telling them of the bargain we had made to satisfy a passing fancy. So far as Baptiste Durand was concerned, there is no doubt that he had forgotten the latter part of his voyage, but he never alluded to the fact, and we followed his example. It was not till many years afterward that I related the story of our *aventures*, just as they happened on that memorable New Year's eve.

"All I can say, my friends, is that it is not so amusing as some people might think, to travel in mid-air, in the dead of winter, under the guidance of Beelzebub, running *la chasse-galerie*, and especially if you have *un ivrogne* to steer your bark canoe. Take my advice, and don't listen to any one who would try to rope you in for such a trip. Wait until summer before you go to see your sweethearts, for it is better to run all the rapids of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence on a raft, than to travel in partnership with *le diable* himself."

And Joe, the cook, dipped a ladleful of boiling molasses from the big kettle on the fire, and declared that everything was now ready for the candy-pull.

Honoré Beaugrand.

A SERVIAN SONG.

"MOTHER, a dear little lad
Alone through the night is creeping:
He has lost his way, and is sad;
I hear him bitterly weeping.
I know he is coming to me:
Go to the door and see."

"Daughter, woman's undoing
Is to be won without wooing.
When she meets her lover half-way,
He holds her favor light
As the cup he drains by day,
Or the lamp he burns at night."

"Mother, no more,
But open the door:
I have his heart, he mine;
He must be housed and fed:
I will give him kisses for wine,
And my eyes shall light him to bed!"

R. H. Stoddard.

A SEA CHANGE

JUST at this full noon of summer
There 's a touch, unfelt before,
Charms our Coastland, smoothing from her
The last crease her forehead wore:
She, too, drains the sun-god's potion,
Quits her part of anchorite,
Smiles to see her leaden ocean
Sparkle in the austral light;

While the tidal depths beneath her
Palpitate with warmth and love,
And the infinite pure æther
Floods the yearning creek and cove,
Harbor, woodland, promontory,
Swarded fields that slope between,—
And our gray tower, tinged with glory,
Midway flames above the scene.

On this day of all most luring,
This one morn of all the year,
Read I — soul and body curing
In the seaward loggia here —
Once, twice, thrice, that chorus sweetest
(Fortune's darling, Sophokles!)
Of the grove whose steeds are fleetest,
Nurtured by the sacred breeze;

Of Kolonos, where in clusters
Blooms narcissus — where unfold
Ivied trees their leafy lusters
And the crocus spreads its gold;
Where the nightingales keep singing
And the streamlets never cease,
To the son of Laius bringing
Rest at last, forgiveness, peace.

Drops the book — but from its prison
Tell me now what antique spell,
Through the unclaspt cover risen,
Moves the waves I know so well;
Bids me find in them hereafter,
Dimpled to their utmost zone
With the old innumerous laughter,
An Ægean of my own?

Even so: the blue Ægean
Through our tendriled arches smiles,
And the distant empyrean
Curves to kiss enchanted isles:
Isles of Shoals, I know — yet fancy
This one day shall have free range,
And yon isles her necromancy
Shall to those of Hellas change.

Look! beyond the lanterned pharos
Girt with reefs that evermore,
Lashed and foaming, cry "Beware us!"
Cloud-white sails draw nigh the shore:
Sails, methinks, of burnished galleys
Wafting dark-browed maids within,
From those island hills and valleys,
Dread Athene's grace to win.

Sandaled, coiffed, and white-robed maidens,
Chanting in their carven boats;
List! and hear anon the cadence
Of their virginal fresh notes.
You shall hear the choric hymnos,
Or some clear prosodion
Known to Delos, Naxos, Lemnos,
Isles beneath the eastern sun.

'T is the famed Æolian quire
Bearing Pallas flowers and fruit —
Some with white hands touch the lyre,
Some with red lips kiss the flute;
You shall see the vestured priestess,
Violet-crowned, her chalice swing,
Ere yon cerylus has ceased his
Swirl upon "the sea-blue wing."

In the great Panathenæa
Climbing marble porch and stair,
Soon before the statued Dea
Votive baskets they shall bear,
Sacred palm, and fragrant censer,
Wine-cups —
But what vapor hoar,
What cloud-curtain dense, and denser,
Looms between them and the shore?

Off, thou Norseland Terror, clouding
Hellas with the jealous wraith
Which, the gods of old enshrouding,
Froze their hearts, the poet saith!
Vain the cry: from yon abysm
Now the fog-horn's woeful blast —
Stern New England's exorcism! —
Ends my vision of the past.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE COLONEL'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. CUTTING, THE NIGHT EDITOR."

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

"HE PROMENADED THE LONG VERANDAS, DÉBUTANTES LEANING ON HIS ARM."

"I SUPPOSE," said Major Hardeservice one day to his wife, when their daughter Eleanor, seven years old, was looking into a mirror and tossing her bright curls vainly, "that Nellie will marry a rich man."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said little Mrs. Harde-

service with a touch of pride. "Nellie will be very handsome, like you, Frank — straight and tall and fair."

Major Hardeservice had been straight and fair, and he was still handsome, with a firm and almost dashing carriage; but several years of service on the frontier under a burning sun, where in summer the hot air, from whatever direction it blew, came over a dazzling white plain, had turned a fair complexion to a permanent red. The Major's uniform, too, measured several inches more around the belt than when, as a slender lieutenant, he had assisted Miss Elizabeth Marwin to change her name. No doubt if a blush could have vied with his high color, his wife would have seen that the Major was pleased, for he was proud of his good looks, and Eleanor might have inherited her father's vanity.

"But Bess," said the big soldier, pulling a little dark-eyed creature up to his broad knee, and pressing a heavy mustache against the soft cheek, "will marry for love, dear. And she 'll make a good wife for a fortuneless soldier like me. She is like her mother."

The hot winds of the desert, and the blinding glitter of snow on crusted fields, had not spoiled the delicacy of Mrs. Hardeservice's cheek, and her blush was evident enough. It was such a pretty blush that the Major heightened it with his lips, and then went stalking out so heavily that the weight of his boots on the board walk could be heard until he reached the parade-ground.

In this way it came about that the family always thought and spoke of Eleanor as the future wife of some man whose fortune could be measured only by the beauty of his wife. That such a man would be worthy there never was any doubt.

But this was almost twenty years before the summer when Colonel and Mrs. Hardeservice and the Misses Hardeservice were spending the summer at Bar Harbor.

The pretty Eleanor, when she was fifteen years old (she did not deny three months later that she was sixteen), had been sent East to her Aunt Helen to receive in New York the social education befitting a rich man's wife. At that time she was as vain and as coquettish as any young girl who is pretty and fully aware of her beauty.

When little Bess, out on the withered stretches of Colorado, read her sister's letters about New York, she thought Eleanor a very fine lady, for Bess's big eyes had seen as yet only forts, and soldiers, and army officers who petted her, and big, square houses as hideous as dull-red paint could make them.

On the night when Miss Eleanor was "to come out," there was an additional military erectness to the Major's figure over two thousand miles away from New York. Mrs. Hardeservice was in as much of a flutter as if she herself were that night to make a pretty courtesy to full-fledged society. Bess, now fourteen, was in an ecstatic dream in which magnificent gowns, and wonderful music, and oppressively fragrant flowers set her head in a wild whirl. The sentry who paced out the dark night near the Major's quarters wondered at the lateness of the hour when the last light in the officer's house went out.

After this came long letters of afternoon teas, receptions, dinner-parties, cotillons, and countless other entertainments, so that Bess lay awake at night and pictured dukes and royal princes kneeling before Nell, while glittering palaces and fairy gardens danced before her eyes. She was a little disappointed when she received a photograph on the back of which was written, "To my dearest Bess, from her sister in her coming-out gown." Bess had expected to see a crown on the grand lady's head, whereas she was dressed very simply in white. But she was a very beautiful woman, and Mrs. Hardeservice looked at the picture many times that day.

Bess had gone to bed when Mrs. Hardeservice, looking at the Major as she spoke to him of Eleanor, saw that he was dozing. His hand was clenched around a newspaper so that the edges had split. She went up to him with tears in her eyes, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Frank," she said, half sobbing, "I want her."

The Major sprang to his feet. His arm shot out, his finger pointing steadily.

"I can march it in thirteen hours!" he cried, and then rubbed his eyes. "Nell, dear," he added with a short laugh, as if he were ashamed, "I have been fighting Indians again." He looked regretful to find himself in post instead of in the field. She was crying softly to herself when she went up-stairs.

Eleanor was twenty, and her father was a colonel, when his horse, carrying him over the plain at a hard gallop, plunged a leg into a prairie-dog's hole. The heavy Colonel was carried home white and limp, and Cæsar, the horse, was shot to end his suffering. The Colonel lay in bed for three months, and then went on the retired list. The family moved East, and after living in New York for a few months found a quiet little home in Mount Vernon, where the Colonel read the military publications, and army and navy notes in the newspapers — and fretted.

As for Eleanor, she had grown a wonderfully beautiful woman, and her triumphs were many. She was then tall and slender, with shoulders

which marked her spirit and pride. She held them up and back, and when she shrugged them it was like the gesture of a woman who ruled a people. Her throat and neck were marvelously beautiful. They were soft, and yet there was strength in them. Her head was firmly poised, and the hues of her hair were radiant. When she was pleased her eyes, and lips, and every curve of her features, smiled. When she was indifferent her face was like white marble.

Her winters were spent in New York with her aunt, and though no one doubted that she was, as the newspapers spoke of her, a "reigning belle," she did not get married. Not that she had no opportunities. There were hints without end in the publications that balance the accounts of society's ledgers. The smart young men who dawdled on the outer circles of her admirers could tell who was going to marry her. Sometimes they let slip the secret; sometimes they declared that they could not betray honorable confidences. There were mothers of daughters who frowned when desirable men followed in the haughty Miss Hardeservice's train. There were mothers of light-headed young men, possessed of ample fortunes, who trembled at the same time. And yet Miss Hardeservice did not get married. There was only one family that did not wonder at this. The Colonel was a little worried, for he was poor, but his serenity of mind never deserted him about his elder daughter's judgment. Mrs. Hardeservice was content to have her daughter, if only during the summers, and Bess loyally scoffed at every man who offered his name and fortune to her sister. Bess saw a little of Eleanor's world. She stayed in it for one winter. She was not abashed, but after that she chose to remain at home, and while her sister danced gaily or impassively in the social whirl, got her name in the "society" columns daily, and gracefully repulsed young men who swore that they would shoot themselves if she did not marry them, Bess read the "Army and Navy Journal" to her soldier father while he indulged in stolen naps, unmindful of social strife or Indian wars.

When Miss Hardeservice confessed to the Colonel one day, as her fingers played with his gray locks, that she was weary of it all, and begged him to take her to Bar Harbor on a family trip, where they could amuse one another, the Colonel, as he always did to every proposal of hers, cheerfully consented. He went to his desk, looked at his slender surplus in bank, wrinkled his brows a little, and made one more plunge into his account.

It was at Bar Harbor that Colonel Hardeservice began and brilliantly closed his last campaign. While the family adhered strictly to their plan of enjoying themselves very quietly and simply, it was not surprising that Eleanor should find at Bar Harbor friends who were unwilling to allow her to keep in the social background. But when it was proved after argument, pleadings, and protestations that she was determined in her resolve, her ardent friends did not force their admiration to the point of driving themselves into sympathetic retirement. Her father, valiant soldier that he was, stood before Eleanor. Her friends began to know him. They had not seen his like before. His candor, his freshness, his freedom from conventional restraint, and his fine, open self-reliance, nourished and ripened on frontier posts, caught the spirits of all who met him. It was then that the Colonel became a lion. He danced, he told stories of Western life, he promenaded the long verandas, débutantes leaning on his arm. Colonel Hardeservice was the central figure of Bar Harbor, and in defending his daughter from her admirers and suitors he gave back to society not only Miss Hardeservice, but her father.

The Colonel saw at first glance wherein Eleanor had been at fault. It was not true that there were no men who were her equals. There were many—too many. Only an old campaigner could pick from the flower of this army the most gallant and worthy captain. So while the Colonel conducted armies of young pedestrians up Newport Mountain, led dashing cavalry troops in buckboards over the island of Mount Desert, and watched social manœuvers with a critical eye, he searched carefully for his chief aide. In the flush of his victories he went beyond military operations. He planned a naval invasion of the dark-hued island which lay before his hotel. Seated in a fickle canoe managed by a young woman whose color was as fresh as the sea air,—the Colonel had never touched an oar or a paddle in his life,—he saw his fleet ground on the shore of the invaded land, and, standing up in his treacherous craft, gaily waved his straw hat and proclaimed the island a province of Mount Desert.

Those were joyous days for the Colonel. The eyes of the fashionable world were upon him. But he did not allow himself to forget his duty to Eleanor. His keen eye was always on the alert. The man whom he sought he soon found. At the same time he made a discovery which caused him, a father whose whole thoughts were devoted to the interest of his daughter, no little mental turmoil.

There were two men toward whom the Colonel's attention was drawn. He liked them both, and their admiration for him was shown in many ways. They were both wholly unlike the Colonel and wholly unlike each other. What made it hard for the Colonel to do his duty was

that his heart went out at the very start to the younger of the two men. And he was poor. He liked Alfred Strong because Strong reminded him of the army. He was bold, vigorous, impetuous, and a little intolerant. He spoke rapidly in an argument, almost nervously, but he talked well, for in his life as a newspaper man, from reporter to editor, he had seen a good deal of the world — "A good deal," he himself said, "which a man would be better for not seeing and knowing."

Philip Malcolm, Strong's friend, on the other hand, had never earned a penny in his life. He had been constantly in Miss Hardeservice's court for three years. He was rich, he was slow, and he was grave. The Colonel had great respect for his good sense. He decided that Malcolm was a most desirable son-in-law, and although he would have preferred Strong, he accepted the conditions, soldier-like, and was firm in his duty.

The striking difference between the two friends, Strong and Malcolm, was something like this:

"You are a lucky dog, Phil, to have your disposition," said Strong once, when Malcolm came up to the editorial rooms after a rambling trip abroad. "If I had your money, it would kill me. I should be chasing fancies from the north to the south pole. I could n't keep still, should get out of breath and run myself to death — die from heart-failure."

"I work just as hard in my way," Malcolm answered, "as you do. I am forced to amuse myself. That is the hardest work in the world. I 'm not fit for real, honest work. You can make your own living. That ought to be satisfaction enough."

He turned his dark eyes to look after something that was beyond his reach.

"Paint! paint!" cried Strong. "You paint well. That last bit of yours was good. Every one says so. How long did it take you? Two years!" exclaimed the editor. "I should drive at a picture night and day, spoil it in no time, and smash the canvas on a chair. You have patience; paint and do something."

Malcolm smiled at his ardor. "My dear fellow," he said, "it is easy enough for you to say that. That feeling is part of you. But I am different, and I make the best of it." Nevertheless, he looked discontented.

What made the Colonel attached to Strong was the editor's iconoclastic way of smashing at things.

"A newspaper man," said Strong to him, "is a freak of nature. He is shut out from those things which most people regard as the best part of life. He should never get married, for instance. It is n't fair to his family. He is an independent slave — a slave so long as he earns his living; independent when he starves. His whole self is put away, checked at the door, you might say, when he goes to his editorial desk. He gets no rest and no consideration, because every one around him lives at the same high tension, until he breaks down. Then there is a flurry. Every one is shocked. His paper sends him to Europe — can't do enough for him; but his nerves are gone. They are on so fine an edge that inactivity jars them. Look at me — thirty-five, a young man, and my paper has to exile me to Bar Harbor for the summer. I should not have lasted here a week," he added with a smile, "if you had not come along to cheer me up. It 's frightfully dull and flat. When I was a reporter I could work thirty-six hours at a stretch without a wink of sleep or a bite to eat save a sandwich wherever I could grab it. I would then go home, sleep ten hours, eat a good breakfast, and report at the office, bright and smiling for another fast. Now — why, it would kill me now," he said with a laugh.

"A soldier, too," said the Colonel. "Just like us. But you would n't change it."

Strong leaned back in his chair and smiled into the keen old eyes of the soldier.

"No, I would n't," he said; "not for the world. I live on it. The excitement and stimulus of it would keep me alive."

"So it does; so it did with me," cried the Colonel, warmly. He wished that Strong were wealthy. "I would give — oh, it 's all over with me now," he added gloomily.

After this talk Strong held first place in the Colonel's estimation.

Strong was on the veranda of the Colonel's hotel, talking with the veteran and Malcolm, when he first met Miss Hardeservice. She came walking up slowly from the water, a jacket trailing in her hand. There were then two small spots of color in her cheek, which looked brighter than they were above the white of her yachting-gown. It was after dinner, and the slanting sun sent shining flashes through her hair. When she sat down with them to rest, her several winters in New York showed in her face, for it became pale; but at times, as she talked, a touch of pink was in her cheek again.

"That color will refuse to come in two years more," said Strong to himself. He looked at her while he chatted with the little dark-eyed one, as he called the younger Miss Hardeservice.

"She is older than she looks," he thought. "Twenty-eight, or twenty-nine; no, twenty-eight." He wronged her by two years. After a while he drifted into conversation with her alone. It was perfectly aimless. He became

a trifle impatient with her. "She poses," he said mentally.

When he and Malcolm were walking to their hotel, he broke out suddenly, "She is handsome."

"Who is handsome?" said Malcolm.

"Why, Miss Hardeservice, of course." He knew all about Malcolm's suit, but he was very frank with his friend.

"I did n't like her mannerisms," Strong went on; "that is, I thought she assumed a weariness of some things. Perhaps she piqued my vanity by appearing to be a little bored. Is n't she just a bit of a coquette?" he blurted out.

"N—no, she is n't," answered Malcolm. "I once thought she was." He stopped for a minute. "But she is perfectly frank with men. I do not know of a single case where she has not been sincere."

"Well, I like the little one better," said Strong. "She is full of good sense, and she knows a deal. She rests me. She 's calm and placid, like the water down there. Her sister is more like those straight trees up on the hill."

Malcolm gave him no answer.

"But I must say, Phil," Strong went on, "that I have never seen a more handsome woman. She carries herself superbly. She seems to be all that a man could picture to himself. If she would only feel! Do you know," he said earnestly, "I can't get it out of my head that she poses. Hang it, Phil!" he jerked out in his quick way, forgetting his friend, "I think that girl wants to marry money."

"I don't believe it," answered the other, quietly, looking up over the hill. "No; you will like her better. She is much like her father."

"He is a sterling old soldier and a fine gentleman," said Strong. "I like him. I like the little one. I think I like them all, but I like the Colonel best."

It did not take the Colonel long, with his fine perceptions, to discover that Strong was falling in love with his younger daughter. This complicated affairs, but it eased his mind, for he would have found it against his inclination to oppose the editor had he tried to win Eleanor. Now he had only to broaden his field of operations and to make use of his military talents in massing his forces or performing flank movements. So the Colonel's ruddy face beamed, and his heart was light; but this campaign was no easy one.

"My troops," he used to say when holding councils of war with himself, "are undisciplined. They have a tendency to lose their heads." And this was quite true, though perhaps not in the sense which the Colonel meant it. They rather bewildered him at times. The forces were often thrown into utter confusion, so that he could not direct them all.

One of the difficulties was that Strong was impartial in his attentions. He was as uncertain as the wind. Malcolm's suit made little headway. It was impossible to tell whether he felt shy or hopeless.

There was also one phase of the situation which the commander-in-chief failed to take in: Strong and Malcolm were not so cordial to each other as they had been. This was scarcely the fault of Strong. He believed in a fair fight and the laurels to the victor. Malcolm, on the other hand, could not take up arms against a friend. He was never sure of his own position, and was even in more doubt about Strong. He was a shuttlecock on a battledore held by an irresponsible hand. If he went canoeing with Bess, it was because Miss Hardeservice and Strong were on the water together. If he found himself playing tennis with Miss Hardeservice for a partner, it was because Bess and Strong had already formed an alliance. Realizing this, Malcolm felt uncomfortable. But the Colonel was untiring in the use of his tactics, so that in the end he usually had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the battle wage as he wished. Then he would draw aloof and survey the field with a calm dignity and a soldier's pride. One could almost fancy him sweeping a plain with his field-glass. As he examined the war maps in his brain, his smile grew more eloquent and his face more ruddy.

One night, when he gave Bess a good-night kiss, he pinched her cheek affectionately, and looked down into her dark eyes with such a meaning glance that his daughter blushed furiously and ran away from him, involuntarily trying to hide her treacherous cheeks with her hands.

"Strong is in love with our Bess, dear," he said to his wife.

"I think he is, Frank," answered his wife, complacently.

"This has been known to me for some time," said the Colonel, nodding his gray head sagely.

"I don't think that Bess is very—fond of him," she answered, hesitating over the word.

"Don't you?" said he, with a mysterious smile. "He is just the husband for Bess, frank, brave, able, and—handsome," he added, looking at himself in a glass. "You are n't opposed to it, are you?" he asked anxiously.

"Not in the least. Bess will marry the man she loves. She could not be made to do otherwise. She has a great deal of spirit, only she seldom shows it."

"But she likes Strong."

"Yes, she does; but Bess is very shy. If she loved a man, she would be more likely to re-

treat from him. I should say that she was more likely to love Mr.—a man like—well, a man like Malcolm."

"You don't mean to say," cried the Colonel, jumping up in alarm, "that—"

"Oh, dear, no," cried little Mrs. Hardeservice, frightened by her husband's voice.

"What *do* you mean, then?" he asked in a relieved tone.

"I think that Mr. Strong is in love with Bess, that Mr. Malcolm has always been in love with Nell, but that such an idea never entered Bess's little head, while Nell does n't care for either of them. Nell seems to be tired of every one but us. She says that she is going to spend the winter at home. She has written to her aunt, and Helen is greatly vexed about it."

"My dear," said the Colonel, smoothing his ruffled dignity, "you should see with my eyes. Nell will be engaged to Malcolm before we leave this place."

"Never mind, Frank," answered his wife, gently; "it will all come out right."

"How blind women are!" reflected the son of Mars; and he smiled serenely.

PERHAPS Strong and Malcolm first confessed to themselves that their relations were a little strained on the evening when they just escaped a serious accident. They were out canoeing with the two sisters. Strong managed a canoe with fine skill. His boat was a mere shell, and his quick arms drove it through the still water like a knife-blade. It was as delicately poised as a spinning bicycle-wheel, and Strong, with another person in the craft, could keep it at all times on a perfect balance. He and the younger Miss Hardeservice were shooting about on the water before the island, while Malcolm and Miss Hardeservice, in a much heavier boat, were following in their wake. Strong wheeled his frail craft around in a pretty half-circle, a streak of white behind them showing their course. Then with a long sweep of his arm, showing brown and sinewy where his sleeves were uprolled, he sent the canoe skimming over the water, and drew in his paddle. This circular course brought them nearer Malcolm and Miss Hardeservice. Strong and the younger sister watched the water drip from the shining paddle as they drifted.

Malcolm was propelling his heavy canoe vigorously, and his boat promised to cross Strong's bows. He seemed a little excited. Miss Hardeservice's back was toward them, and she held her glove up where the sun touched her cheek.

They were not twenty yards away, and would cross very near the light canoe, when suddenly Malcolm's paddle stopped as he leaned forward saying something earnestly; his boat swerved, and came straight toward the other canoe. Strong's paddle was lying across his lap.

"Look out, Phil!" he shouted, as he seized it, and thrust it into the water; "you will cut us down!" His paddle gleamed behind him, and the canoe sprang ahead. Malcolm had not seen them. Before he could lift his hand, his boat shot along the stern of Strong's, grazing it and sending a shiver over the lighter craft.

"Sit still, sit still," said Strong in a low voice to the younger Miss Hardeservice, as the canoe tipped and rocked. Her face was pale. He brought his boat around until he was close up to Malcolm. He looked at his friend, and then at Miss Hardeservice. Malcolm was dazed, but she had a fine light on her beautiful face. Strong's eyes flashed, and when he spoke his voice was trembling.

"You just missed drowning us all, Phil," he said curtly, and turned his canoe toward the shore. His glance fell on his companion as his paddle flashed back and forth.

"I hope you were not frightened," he said, trying to smile.

"Oh, no," she answered; "you were so quick that I had no time to know that there was any danger." But her lip quivered.

Strong did not seem to hear her. His lips were pressed together, and where his straight brows approached each other there was a little knot.

Malcolm apologized to him that evening.

"I nearly made a fatal blunder," he said, "and I am ashamed enough of myself. You saved us all, Fred. Thank you very much," and he tried to wring the other's hand. "I was thrown out of my senses," he went on, hesitating. "I—I was greatly surprised by something. Don't be so stiff about it, Fred," he added, with a rising color. "Miss Hardeservice—that is, I made a terrible blunder."

"All 's well that ends well," answered the other, with a little laugh that was slightly harsh.

Not until the season was nearing its end did Colonel Hardeservice lose faith in his strategy, and not even then would he believe that he had been entirely mistaken in his plan of conducting his campaign. But he was harassed by misgivings. Apparently he had won the day. Strong was nearly always with Bess, and Miss Hardeservice was more kind to Malcolm than she had ever been before; but there was now an open restraint between every one. Strong and Malcolm had no more to do with each other than courtesy and civility demanded. The Colonel himself did not find the editor so entertaining or frank as he had been. Eleanor was the most natural of them all. She was as dignified as always, and if she were more bored

than usual, she did not allow herself to show it. Mrs. Hardeservice thought Bess was growing pale, and hinted at malaria. The Colonel pooh-poohed at her alarm, but went off for a drive with his favorite child.

"Your old father is unhappy, Bess," he said, as they followed the winding road down by the sea. "What is the matter with us, anyway?" He cut his horses sharply.

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"I think we are all homesick, papa," she answered softly. She was looking away from his eyes. "It is too gay for us here," she continued, laughing. "Look at that." A merry party in a large buckboard passed them on the road, sending up a cloud of white dust. Bright ribbons fluttered and colored caps danced as the party greeted the popular Colonel and his daughter. "You are an old soldier, and I am nothing but a soldier's daughter, and I think we are — we are out of our element."

The Colonel scented danger afar, but he could not locate it. He looked down at his daughter. Her dark eyelashes were low, but he thought he saw something bright there. He put out his big hand over her little one, trying to stroke it in a clumsy way.

"Would you like to go home?" he asked.

She turned her soft eyes to his. They were wet.

"Yes — thank you, papa," she said. Her words were only breathed: She hid her face on his sleeve for a moment, and the grizzled warrior slashed his horses furiously as if with a saber.

THE Hardeservices were going to leave Bar Harbor. Every one was sorry. The last season's débutantes begged the Colonel to stay until they went. He smiled at them all, and, shaking his gray head, reminded them that he was a soldier. Strong did not come near them for two days. Malcolm was unchanged. They were to start on Saturday. On Friday, Strong, reaching the top of Newport after a rapid climb, found Malcolm sitting on a rock. He was smoking a cigar, and did not notice the approach of his friend until Strong stood before him. Then he flushed.

"Hallo, Phil," said Strong in a friendly voice which strained after a natural tone, "communing with nature?"

"No," said Malcolm; "I came up here because I was disgusted with myself. Left my buckboard on the road down there. Did you pass it?"

"I did n't notice it," answered Strong, scanning the other's face. "Look here, Phil," he went on, "I came up here to work off steam." He looked down the mountain's steep side. "You don't dare go down Newport with me?"

Malcolm pulled out his watch.

"We have n't time," he said. "It takes four hours when you have good luck. It will be dark before we strike the road."

"Will you go and risk it?" asked Strong.

"Yes," said the other, with a glance at the sinking sun.

They began the descent rapidly. They were both in the mood for hard work. As they slipped down shelving rocks or made downward leaps, catching at roots and bushes to stop their too hurried course, their spirits lightened. They warmed to each other as in their college vacation days, when they had tramped through the White Mountains. Strong caught his foot once, and went stumbling headlong for fully twenty feet. His neck was in danger, but when Malcolm came up to him, making long jumps, the editor was laughing and panting. His cheeks were tinged, and his eyes were filled with flashing light.

"This is fine!" he said, between his heavy breathing.

"You 'll break your precious neck if you do that again," said Malcolm, and laughed.

The descent became more difficult. They reached the cliff part, and it took them over an hour to make thirty yards. They were lowering themselves by inches now on jutting rocks, exposed roots, and outhanging limbs of stunted trees. Strong was leading. He deftly slipped down to a shelf formed by the edge of a huge rock jutting out from the mountain-side. Malcolm was heavier, and could not get down. Strong jammed himself close to the rocky formation and leaned over, throwing his arms around the sharp protuberances of the rock.

"Put your foot on my back, and don't kick me over the side of the cliff, or we shall both be in the papers — in the obituary column," he said, laughing.

Malcolm let himself down upon Strong's back.

"Where is Atlas?" said Strong between his teeth, for Malcolm was heavy. "God, Phil!" he cried an instant later, throwing out one arm and catching Malcolm around the waist as he suddenly slipped off. "Steady, old man." Malcolm was suspended in air. Strong's muscles were like steel. He gripped the sharp rock with his left arm until the edges cut into his flesh. Bending his knees slowly, and with his teeth set, he strained down and back, dragging Malcolm up to the narrow shelf. He trembled when his arm released its hold. Malcolm was white. He looked down and shivered.

"It 's getting late," said Strong, not waiting for the other to speak. "We can't go down that way," he went on hurriedly. "I have

been down Newport a dozen times, and I never before got into such a box."

He looked around him. A rough line, a sort of crease, like a wrinkle in a stone face, ran along the side of the rocks.

"Stay where you are, and I will see where this leads to," said Strong.

He worked his way carefully until he disappeared around a knob of granite. Then Malcolm saw him crawling back.

"Come on," said Strong when he reached the shelf. "I guess we can make it this way."

The two felt their way, holding to the wall at their side. Malcolm was in advance.

"Here it is," said Strong, after they had turned the corner. "Now," he said, "I don't want you to be foolish, Phil. Don't object to what I am going to say. This is probably the only place on this side of the mountain which is practically impassable. We have had the bad luck to get into it. Now we can't both get out of it." He flashed a look straight into the other's eyes. Malcolm's jaw was set.

"Don't look that way," Strong said. "I know you want to stay, but that is out of the question. You could not get me down, and I can drop you as lightly as a feather. And now I am going to show you how. You see it is n't fifteen feet to the next place of footing. All you have to do is to land there. Now, if I lie down here," and he started to take off his coat, "and hold on to that sapling"—he kicked it with his foot—"I can swing you out far enough to drop you there. Now for it."

"I won't go," said Malcolm, doggedly. "I'll stick it out with you."

"No, you will not," answered the other. "Don't you see that it is our only hope of getting out of this? I let you down. You get shaken up, but not hurt. There, not forty yards from us, is a little ravine. That means that it is easy going there until you reach the brush. Get into the bed of the ravine, crawl under the briers, and you strike the road. You will probably meet a buckboard in the road. You can be back in two hours—three, anyway. Mark the place where you come out, get a rope and lantern, and return for me. You can throw up the rope to me, and then I am out of it."

Strong got down on his knees to carry out his program. Malcolm put his hand on his friend's shoulder to stop him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "The Colonel is to go away to-morrow morning." Strong got off his knees, but he did not answer. Malcolm also paused.

"Well?" said Strong, finally.

"Well," answered Malcolm, echoing the word, "it 's just this, Fred. I did come up the mountain to-day to think, and I made my decision before you met me. I made up my mind to ask her to-night, and if I go down I shall go straight to her and ask her. So I refuse to go, for I know that you—besides," he broke out, "you have just saved my life."

Strong leaned against the mountain-side. The sun had gone, and his shirt-sleeves shone white in the dusk. He started and picked up his coat. One arm was thrust into a sleeve, when he stopped and dropped the garment again. Getting down once more, he circled the young tree with his left arm.

"Come," he said; "I will let you down."

"Very well," said Malcolm, slowly. He sat on the edge of the rocky platform. He felt Strong's arm clench him just under his two arms. He could feel the nervous strength of it as it pinned him. Then Strong pushed him gently off. As Malcolm went over the side his eye caught sight of a crimson stain on the white of Strong's sleeve where the knife-like rock had gashed him when he saved Malcolm's life.

"What 's that?" cried Malcolm. "Blood?"

"Good-by, Phil, and good luck to you," said Strong, swinging the other out, and dropping him to the firm earth below.

"This is an outrage," cried Malcolm from below. "I shall stay here. You are cut, Fred."

"Run along and get that rope. It 's getting cold up here," answered Strong.

He could barely see Malcolm in the dusk as he reached the head of the ravine and turned to wave his hat. He heard an occasional crash as Malcolm beat his way through the brush; then there was silence, broken now and then by a rumble on the road far below him where some vehicle rolled along toward the town. He shivered with the chill of the approaching autumn, and buttoned his coat around his throat. He tried to follow in a mental calculation Malcolm's progress toward the town. He counted the steps he must have made, and as he thought of him getting nearer and nearer to the hotel where the Hardeservices were staying, his breath came quicker. He paced up and down on the little ledge. The cold stars were mocking him. His restless eye caught the sapling near him. He seized it and tugged at it. His hand stretched up as high as it could reach, and, with the vein in the center of his forehead swelling, he bent the young tree down until he held it fast in both arms. It was over the drop. He reached out, and, shutting his eyes even in the darkness, swung clear on the swaying tree. It sank and sank until he released his hold. He heard its hissing as it cut the air, springing erect again, and he was on the ground, shocked and stunned. He sprang to his feet and ran, half feeling his way to the spot where he knew the ravine began. He leaped, he ran, he stumbled over its uneven bed. His head was whirl-

ing, and his feet were flying. He plunged along until he reached the mass of briers. They tore his hands where he thrust them out to open a passage. They tripped his feet and pulled him to the ground. But he fought through them, impatiently and fiercely. And then he reached the road. He turned into it on a run. He ran until his feet were weighted with lead, and his lungs were choked. Nobody could see him, and nobody could hear him, and he waved his arms and burdened his lips with oaths. His ear caught the muffled beats of hoofs pounding in the dust-covered road. There was the hum of wheels before him. He crushed himself against the bushes at the roadside to let them pass. They stopped, and a light flashed in his white face. Phil's kindly eyes were peering into his. The great Colonel, who had been crying, even as the wagon approached, "To the rescue!" was tugging at his torn hand.

"Fred, old man," cried Malcolm—"Fred, how did you do it?"

Strong smiled faintly. He turned to Malcolm and gripped his hand.

"They are n't going till next week," Phil whispered in his ear.

"Great God!" cried the Colonel, "the boy is hurt. He is bleeding all over. Then he opened his lungs.

"Back to the hotel!" he roared, and the wheels went spinning toward Bar Harbor.

THEY were all dancing. It was the last dance of the season. The perfume of crushed flowers was in the air, and there was a hum in the room which arose above the music. You could hear words of farewell, light laughter, and pretty compliments. Malcolm and the younger Miss Hardeservice fell out from the moving throng, and went over to a corner where Mrs. Hardeservice sat admiring her two daughters. The Colonel was not there. He was up in his room framing a letter which would assist him to discount his pay in advance. Strong and Miss Hardeservice were promenading the room. Malcolm, Mrs. Hardeservice, and her younger daughter kept their eyes on them. They were a handsome couple. In Miss Hardeservice's cheek was a bright color. Her lips were parted in a half-formed smile, and her eyes sparkled under the light.

Strong's face had a light of reckless daring. Both tall and fair, many eyes followed them. Malcolm, watching them closely, showed in his face how he envied the fire and spirit of his friend. There was a look of hunger and discontent in his dark eyes. The younger Miss Hardeservice saw it, while she watched her sister. When Malcolm turned to her with a guilty start, she was slightly pale, and her fan was moving quickly. He dared not look into her soft eyes.

"Won't you go out for a promenade on the veranda?" he said.

The walking-space was crowded, and they found two chairs. He wanted to say something, but his lips were treacherous. They faltered and stumbled over the words. He was comparing himself with Strong. The editor was brave and reliant. Strong would ask Bess to marry him before she left Bar Harbor. He knew that, and he felt a pang when he remembered that this was the last night. If he could only make his lips say what he wanted them to confess. It startled him when he thought how every one fancied that he loved Eleanor. He looked at the little Miss Hardeservice in a frightened way. She was very quiet. Suddenly he bent over. Three words, and he was trembling fearfully. Something in her eyes and in the way her hand fluttered sent a flash of courage through him. The words came forth of their own will.

When they went back to Mrs. Hardeservice, Bess's olive cheek was tinted with a soft color. Strong was not about, and Eleanor had gone up-stairs to her father. Mother and daughter followed her. Bess, like a shy child, entered the room where her father and Eleanor sat. The pink in her cheek had not faded, and her eyes were soft and liquid. The old soldier's face was down between his hands. Eleanor sat erect, a little pale, and her eyes were feverishly brilliant.

Bess went up to her father and curled her arm about his neck, so that her hand rested on his cheek. The Colonel sighed. Eleanor had just told him that she was going to be married to Strong. His first thought had been of Bess, and the shock stunned him. Bess crossed the room to her mother, who was smiling softly, and, leading her up to the old man, knelt at his feet. He was kissing her as they told him the truth, and Eleanor was pressing his great hand to her lips. The old Colonel sobbed like a great boy, and then smiled through his tears.

Strong meanwhile was smoking a cigar before going to bed. Malcolm came up to him. He felt guilty. The editor greeted him warmly, over-heartily. He was elated, and his manner showed it; but he had the disposition of a conqueror. He felt that he could afford to be generously kind to his friend. They had both striven for the same prize, and he had won; all honor to a noble rival who had lost.

Malcolm was embarrassed. He could scarcely believe his good fortune. He had beaten a more able man, a man whom he loved, and for whom he felt sympathy; and yet he could not grieve for the other. It was fate that he should succeed over a better man. He

"AND THE TWO SMOKED IN SILENCE."

wanted to strengthen their friendship before the blow fell which should try it. He did not know how to begin.

Strong handed him a cigar, and tried to look serious. Malcolm's match sounded loud and out of harmony.

"Poor old Phil! how shall I tell him?" thought Strong. "It will be a great shock to him."

"I wish I had Fred's courage," Malcolm said to himself, "so that I could break it to him." And the two smoked in silence.

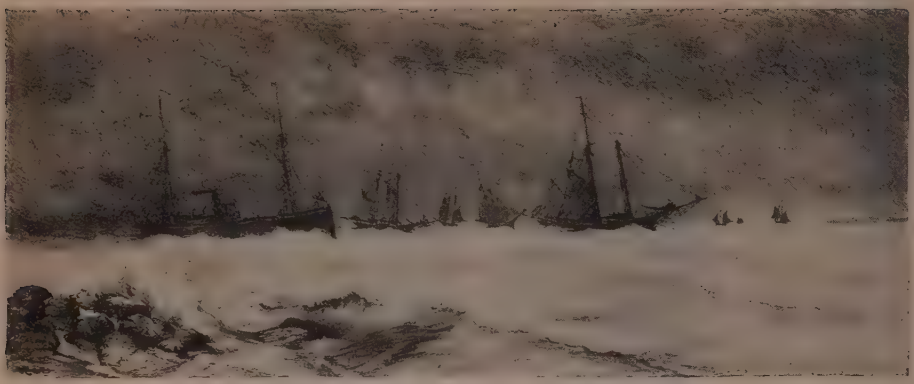
Ervin Wardman.

"LET THE DREAM GO."

I WAS so fain to love, dear!
Let the dream go.
The brightest vision dies of dawn,
The rose, of snow;
And blossoms all drift from the tree
When June winds blow.

I was so fain to live, dear!
Let the dream go.
Who heeds the faded blooms of May
That fall below?
And though Spring's self should weep for them,
They would not know.

Anne Reeve Aldrich.



A SOU'WEST GALE.

IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

WITH PICTURES FROM ETCHINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE arm of land called the Eastern Point, stretching out from the town of Gloucester and forming its harbor, possesses more attractions for one fond of the sea than does any other place on the coast that I know. Its shore toward the sea is protected by an armor of granite that breaks the force of storms, and within its shelter ride safely at anchor great barks from Italy and Spain, the fishing-fleet, and picturesque coasters, with their deck-loads of hay and timber. In the background rise the foreign-looking towers of the city, and at its extreme point is the old Eastern Lighthouse. Opposite, guarding the other side, is the rock of Norman's Woe, and stretching back toward the city are the dark Manchester Hills.

It was this intimacy with the sea that led me to make the Point my home. I moved into a farmhouse, a comfortable building of the American country type, surrounded by great birch-trees, a row of which stretched along the sea-wall across the lawn at its back, and beneath which I have the whole harbor spread out before me. In front of the house lies the lake, bordered by old willows and covered with lily-pads. Beyond the lake are Brace's Rock, the cliffs, and the sea.

Although life on the Point is lovely enough in summer,—I know of no place in the North where there are more song-birds,—its real interest and beauty begin in the autumn. In spite of its bleak exposure, it is warmer than Boston or Gloucester itself; the air is bracing, of course—and such color! The trees around the farm-house are of all colors, from the dark green of the willows in shadow to the silver of the birches in sunlight; farther away, tall elms line the old fort-road. Grass meadows stretch up toward the hills, and gray rocks jut from the green. Over the meadow thence to the sea are blueberry-bushes and rich furze, changing with different seasons, making a brilliant carpet in pleasant weather, or softly toned into grays when clouds hide the sun. Then comes the delicate fringe of pale-green sea-grass, changing at another season into a golden yellow. All the gamut of color exists in rich profusion, from the deepest to the highest tones, tempered generally by the blues of the atmosphere. It is a place in which to live and study, like some of the old towns of France. My dog and cat take walks with me, and we enjoy them together; for Nature tempers us brutes into reasonable beings, and we find content in her society.

From the high land on the middle of the Point the shore stretches off to Thatcher's Island, with its two needle-like lighthouses, and down the coast on a fair day the eye can make out Plymouth: one of real New England faith and enthusiasm can almost see the Rock. You take in the whole sweep of ocean, horizon, and sky. The vessels lie anchored at your feet in still waters, and the town nestles comfortably in the distance. One afternoon I was watching the schooners sailing out on their mackerel-trips. All sail was set, even to the great stay-sails high up between the masts, the wind being fair from the northeast. Two or three coasters were at anchor, with mainsails up to keep their noses pointed toward the wind; the sun was shining, but far down toward Marblehead the sky was black. One or two schooners anchored near shore were taking in their canvas, a sure

sign that the barometer was falling. Another, pointing out under full sail, came about. The sky and water in the west had turned so dark a purple that the usually brown seaweed showed a golden yellow. A lull came in the wind, allowing a dull rumble of thunder to roll from Manchester; a vivid fork of lightning shot across the sky with a splitting shock, and a low-lying yellow cloud of dust rose from Magnolia. The wind was starting from the west with a rush; all the ships were brought up to meet it; and sails were coming down with a run, a brilliant, uncanny white against the intense black sky. The schooners were almost human in their panic as the fierce squall broke and the rain came down as though the heavens had been ripped open.

Such storms seldom touch the Point; tearing in from the sea, they pass over the harbor toward Annisquam, and in as short a time as it takes them to come up, they have swept out again. Then the sun shines out against the clouds piled up in the east; the vessels pluck up fresh courage, and are again on their courses, or have come quietly to anchor. The great arch of a rainbow stretches from north to south, and the day dies in a glowing mass of splendor. As the stars appear faintly through the deep blue, the riding lights dot the harbor, bad weather, when I was rigged in oilskins and carried a lantern, it served only as an appetizer to a snug evening before the fire. One night in February I had gone as usual for the mail. The air was heavy with moisture; the night very dark and still. The glare from the town made the atmosphere brilliant in that direction, and the yellow lights of the vessels were reflected in the calm water almost to my feet. The only sound came from the booming foghorn on Thatcher's Island. A gentle wind sprang up, ruffling the reflections, and brought across the water to the ear the sound of a band playing in Gloucester.

That was the only time I remember when loneliness became oppressive. The music was not of the classic order, nor of the quieter kind, dreamy and soft, but of the real city German-band sort. I smelt New York, heard the abominable street-cars, saw the carriages driving fast to a dinner or the opera with a bit of white something inside, and I felt homesick. The hoarse whistle of a steamer offshore interrupted the music and my memories. Then the fog-bell sounded at the Point, and a white cloud of steaming vapor poured in from the sea and rushed past me over the harbor, blotting out the lights, the water, and everything but loneliness. My wretched lantern kept company

A FAIR MORNING.

the green of a new arrival creeping slowly to her berth; then come the splash of an anchor, the rattle of a cable; and night is here.

Some evenings, when the wind has died away, leaving the air damp with heavy dew, the quiet of the harbor is often intensified by a chance noise. The cry of a man on shore hailing a schooner to send a boat for him will only make the quiet doubly still. One has an instinctive desire to go out and tell him to hush. The road along the beach was my regular evening walk, to get the letters and New York paper. Generally it was a pleasant one, and even in with me on one side, and my ghostly shadow clung to me against the mist on the other. The trees dripped big drops that seemed to crawl in under my sou'wester and down my neck, and the salt air was fishy. That bad music had upset my contentment.

A winter's gale is always good and entertaining company, and a walk to the lighthouse sure to be exciting. The harbor is crowded with craft, coasters tugging at their anchors, burying their noses in the heavy southwest sea that rolls across the harbor. The more graceful fishermen courtesy to the black lighthouse-

THE SAILING OF THE SCHOONER.

tender and to the high, white steamers bound to Portland and Nova Scotia. Far out, many another craft under reefed foresail and jib is making for safety, sinking half-mast deep between the heavy seas. Seaward the cliffs are pouring cataracts of salt water inland, the very waves seeming glad to get ashore. A great angry, gray-green wall gathers together, and, as the back-wash runs out, piles up, and then hurls itself onward with dull thunder—to rise in a cutting mass of spray as it tears over the rocks. As darkness comes on, you climb over the slippery stone to a safe place, watching the ocean getting blacker and the rising columns of spray more ghostly; the shrieking wind and the noise of the waters sound like the cries of men cast away. I can almost see the wreckage to which they must be clinging, and it becomes too real to enjoy. I turn to go home, almost pitching headlong in my haste. I know absolutely that it is all imagination, yet as a great souse of spray comes pounding upon my back I do not linger. That last dash seems almost an evidence of contempt on the part of the ocean, and as I scramble into the furze and bushes inland I have very little breath with which to give a sigh of relief. The farm-house looks wonderfully cheerful as I pass the stone woman of Eastern Point standing grim in the gathering darkness, and as I take a last look at the rising and falling lights of the harbor my dog welcomes me into cozy comfort. The wind has risen and brought driving sleet, that dread of sailors. The house trembles with the shock

of the blast as it beats against the window-pane, and my thoughts and sympathies turn toward the man at the wheel, the fishermen in their dories on the Banks, or the helpless schooner, broken from her moorings on the Georges, going to destruction, and carrying death in her path to another.

Sunshine gladdens the earth when I wake; the wind is fresh from the west, and a clear blue sky reflects itself in the water. Already those transient guests, the steamers, are crossing the Dog Bar, pitching in the brilliant seas, and rising with a white mantle of foam. The rattle of the pawls, the creaking of blocks, the clank, clank of the windlass, and the slowly rising white sails, tell that soon all will be tearing on their courses with a bone in their teeth. It is a very forlorn old hooker that cannot shine as a beauty on such a morning. High up in the heavens white clouds throw down again the brilliant sunshine. It is a day when darkest life seems good.

My dory is called the *Folly*, but her name must have been a jest. I never knew a steadier boat at her moorings, and in going about, unless you put the helm hard alee long before you intended to bring up into the wind, she 'd bump into anything a quarter of a mile away. Had she only been worthy of her name, I could have blessed her with other than my ordinary thoughts on such an occasion. She has carried me out many a time at sunrise when the 'longshore fishermen were at their nets and lobster-pots, set only a few rods from land. Their boats were of all colors, faded by the wind and sea into perfect harmony with the water and sky. Their sails were of all shades of brownish gray and blue-white, all massed together around a herring- or mackerel-net, where men in yellow oil-skins were scooping in the fish, glistening as they shook off the last drop of their dear home with energetic flappings, and accommodated themselves to circumstances by losing their breath. Then as the *Folly* bore down upon them, just as likely stern first as not, threatening to break up their pleasant and fishy conversation into uncomplimentary fragments, I would bring up alongside of a kind, considerate friend whom I had paid high for fresh fish, and watch the scene. Many of the men in the dories were old commanders of schooners, their eyes bloodshot from long watching and driving salt spray. Too old to go on voyages, they cannot cast aside the habit of a life, but sail daily out to sea with a few clams or herring for bait, to haul in uncertain rock-cod, to jig for mackerel, or to have an old-time swear at cunners, dog-fish, and sculpins. I know one who is blind, but who hires a man to sail him out to sea in his dory every day, in order that he may not go to pieces on land. As they jibe the booms over and sail away past the lighthouse, leaving me and the *Folly* to wonder how we are most easily to get back to breakfast, I hear the wheezing echo of a laugh as some one calls, "Push on the mast, mister, and let her bile." As I laboriously get the *Folly's* head around, and haul in the sheet to drift home any way she kindly will, the mackerel-schooners are coming out. Their sails are in deep blue shadow, tipped and edged with brilliant white where they belly around to the sunlight, their gently rising bows awaking the water into a bright ripple.

In summer the fishermen are off after mackerel, following the schools of fish up and down the coast. Very often they only chase delusive hopes. They catch the mackerel in long seines, and sometimes they take more than they can handle, the net breaks, and then instead of joy there is interlarded sorrow. When the catch has been good, the schooner floats in at sundown, generally with just wind enough to give the skipper at the wheel excuse for idleness, while the crew are busy splitting and cleaning the mackerel. As they come to anchor off the farm-house, flares are lighted, and the work goes on. Then the bay looks like an American Venetian fête, if there is such a thing, and daylight finds a tired crew sleeping the sleep of men who have earned their wages honestly.

The fisherman's life on the Banks and the Georges in winter is a very hard one, though they live well on board — better than on shore. They have to, that they may stand the excessive cold; and their pay is like their lives, a floating doubt. The voyage is made on shares. From the gross profits of the catch are deducted the cost of bait and ice, and one fourth of one per cent. for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. One half of the net "stock," as it is called, goes to the owners of the vessel, the other half to the crew, from which is deducted each man's share of the crew's expenses; that is, cook's wages, water, medicine-chest, etc. They sail away full of hope and with a full larder. Arrived on the grounds, they anchor in about forty or fifty fathoms, and set their trawls. These are long lines, anchored on the bottom, and extending out from the schooner many hundreds of yards. To these, at intervals of a fathom (the distance varies for different fish), are attached shorter lines. These lines have to be attended in dories, each containing two men, who haul, bait, and land the fish in the boat, to be transferred to the schooner. Herein lie the danger and hardship, for the strong tides of the Banks and the shoal water pile up great combing seas. The cold is cruel, and the work hard. Suddenly down comes a fog, not the soft mist of summer or autumn, but a thick, heavy bank, soaked through with the penetrating cold of

the icebergs further north. Horns are blown from the vessel, but every year many dories are lost. One would think that common sense, if not law, would make each dory carry a breaker of water and pilot-bread; but none do, and either experience does not teach or the fishermen like such chances, for year after year comes the same old story of a lost dory and two men with the skipper and his crew, and the dread that must be theirs of telling who it is that is missing. Once I used to see an old man and a young woman on the rocks where I was painting. They came regularly every morning and afternoon, and carried an ancient telescope with which they searched the horizon. But the sea kept its secret from them, and the overdue

THE RETURN OF THE SCHOONER.

starved or dead of thirst. When the fog lifts they are many miles from their schooner, and are carried by the swift tides they know not whither. Then come days of hunger and thirst; hands are frozen to the oars; madness haunts them; and then—death. Sometimes they make land or are picked up by a passing vessel, in which case they often return before their own schooner; but that great happiness is rare. Then their vessel, which so gaily sailed out past the light, comes home with her flag at half-mast.

I HAVE sat under the trees on a morning when returning spring softens and lights up everything, and the birds have come, and the leaves are just breaking from their winter sheathing. Slowly a schooner rounds the Point, with her flag at half-mast. It is impossible to be careless in thought for that day; no matter what joy may be in your heart, you feel schooner never came. She had been out for four months, a long time for a voyage, but they could not give up that hope which was then their sole interest in life.

But a schooner's home-coming is generally of a brighter cast, and you find yourself quite as much in sympathy with the fishermen's joys as with their sorrows. Usually they sweep in from the northeast over a blue sea, and, passing the red buoy on the Dog Bar, turn the tiller for a straight and fair course up the harbor past Ten Pond Island. But they may come with a heavy fog. Then there is a screeching tug that seems to go out to patrol the coast, warning vessels off the rocks. She really hopes to find one so near danger that her assistance will be grateful to a wearied crew; or if the wind is light, as it generally is in a fog, she counts on the crew's impatience to get ashore. The fee is made up by the tired-out fishermen, and they pass up the harbor in luxurious ease.

R. Cleveland Coxe.

SONGS.

"BECAUSE THE ROSE MUST FADE."

I.

BECAUSE the rose must fade,
Shall I not love the rose?
Because the summer shade
Passes when winter blows,
Shall I not rest me there
In the cool air?

II.

Because the sunset sky
Makes music in my soul,
Only to fail and die,
Shall I not take the whole
Of beauty that it gives
While yet it lives?

III.

Because the sweet of youth
Doth vanish all too soon,
Shall I forget, forsooth,
To learn its lingering tune—
My joy to memorize
In those young eyes?

IV.

If, like the summer flower
That blooms,—a fragrant death,—
Keen music hath no power
To live beyond its breath,
Then of this flood of song
Let me drink long!

V.

Ah, yes, because the rose
Fades, and the sunset skies
Darken, and winter blows
All bare, and music dies—
Therefore, now is to me
Eternity!

"FADES THE ROSE."

I.

FADES the rose; the year grows old;
The tale is told;
Youth doth depart,—
Only stays the heart.

II.

Ah, no! if stays the heart,
Youth can ne'er depart,
Nor the sweet tale be told,—
Never the rose fade, nor the year grow old.

R. W. Gilder.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"I WAS NOT LOOKING AT YOU—I WAS LOOKING AT ALAN."

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—IV.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY THE AUTHOR.

XII.

THE physical shock Alan had suffered worked no sudden regeneration of his character, but the joy of his restoration floated the business of the compromise off the reef on which it had struck. Norrisson was now the generous host, the fatherly sympathizer, and Dunsmuir's great boom of happiness swept all contention and bitterness out of his soul. For the time he had ceased to think of his wrongs; he was ashamed to haggle about the terms of a surrender which had lost for him its vital significance. What mattered who built the ditch, or how? He blessed God that he had his son.

The question of managerial dictation to the chief engineer was not again raised; it was noticeable that all parties avoided it, and Westerhall sailed for the other side with the tacit understanding that all radical points of dispute were settled.

Alan had meant to take no advantage of his temporary importance. The household was prostrate before him; none of the old issues were revived between him and his father, except as he himself chose to revive them, in honest contrition. He had planned a different and much humbler home-coming. He had arranged the meeting in his own mind, very modestly, if also effectively; his father was to have seen him, first, with a pick in his hand, at work with the men. Perhaps he had counted on the robe and the ring and the feasting afterward. However, it had all been taken out of his hands, and his father had only his bare word for the intentions he was not strong enough as yet to put in practice: but Dunsmuir asked nothing, not even his boy's word. It was a specious content which could not last.

Summer was advancing, ever deeper in dust. The sky was tarnished with haze. The sunsets were longer burning out in the west, in colors more tragic. The river had sunk in its bed, and the eery laugh was no more heard. There was another sound as night fell, which made music in Dunsmuir's ears — the roll of the contractor's wagon-trains moving into the cañon, as the force on the work increased. By day clouds of dust, from the slow procession of scraper-teams, hung like the smoke of an artillery engagement along the crests of the mesa. Where Dunsmuir had been wont to watch for the light of one lone cabin twinkling close to the shore, a galaxy blazed by night along both sides of the gulch above Job's cabin; and on the beach below were tents and camp-fires, and men and cattle, and all the dirt and paraphernalia of a huge contractor's-outfit.

The cabin was no longer a possible place for Margaret. She lived, now, at the house, and Job camped with the force and visited her on Sundays, as he used before they were married. But they were not at home, as they had been in their bit of a room below, where Margaret was mistress and Job was man of the house. Dolly tried to lure them out of the hot kitchen into the parlor off the dining-room, where she and Margaret held their domestic consultations; but it was not the same to Margaret — going deliberately to sit there with Job in his best clothes, with nothing to do, and members of the family passing in and out with smiles of "How do you do, Job?" and affable questions about the work.

Nothing in life persists like the essential nature of our individual needs and peculiarities; the smallest of them are often the most insistent. The household, having been drugged with extreme joy, came to itself after a while, and discovered that nothing, not even Alan, had changed: only the work had "started up" and jostled them all out of their old places; and if it had brought them the long-looked-for rest and triumph and security, none of the elders had yet found it out. Job missed his old importance to the work; he missed Margaret, and thought that she worked too hard; and he sorely missed his home. He was not a skilled laborer. His record counted for little in the new organization, unless Dunsmuir found time to remember it. He had not been able to procure for Job any position better than that of a "pick-handle boss" under one of the sub-contractors. Job knew that his place could be filled at a day's notice. Dunsmuir was feeling keenly his private indebtedness to these tried friends, now that he had come, apparently, into his kingdom. He had intimated to Job that the closing deal had been hard upon him, financially. Job knew the water-right had not been sustained, and was not surprised; but he asked no

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

questions, and Dunsmuir could not bring himself to own that he had nothing to show for his share in his own scheme, after the years he had stood under it, but his salary and a trifle of stock not presently available. Debtors, who had respected his difficulties and accepted his promises, were "jumping" on him now that he was supposed to have made a prosperous alliance. Job and Margaret were treated with the distinction conferred upon relatives, and creditors in love: they were presumed to be willing to wait, and they waited; but the situation began to be felt, even on their side, now. If Dunsmuir could have talked with them openly, he might have drawn anew upon their lasting truth and warmth of feeling; but between his pride and soreness, and their pride and shyness, and their habit of waiting for the first word to come from him, the rift widened. Dunsmuir thought that, peasant-fashion, they distrusted him, and were feeling their pocket-injury; Job and Margaret thought him weakly uplifted, and oblivious of the past. They pitied him, as hand-workers pity the man who works with his head whose results do not check with the plain demands of life.

Meanwhile Alan, beset by the new distractions about him, fell into the old restive languor over his books. The rumor and stir of the camps fired his blood; the town was nearer than ever, with horsemen posting back and forth, and livery-teams, and telegrams. He had promised himself that he would never "kick" again; but within six weeks after his pathetic home-coming he was imploring his father to give him a chance elsewhere. He brought forward an offer made him by Mr. Norrisson of a junior clerk's place in the company's office in town, on a salary which seemed riches to the boy's habitual impecuniosity. The offer had included a home for Alan in his patron's house. Norrisson had taken a fancy to the lad, had petted him enormously as his guest, prophesying him the future of a man of affairs. Dunsmuir could see how the magnificence of Norrisson's business ideas, his splendid, easy way of living, had affected Alan's imagination, as the luxury of his house affected his body just rescued from the pit. Few things could have been harder for Dunsmuir than to see his son drift from his own control under an influence which he profoundly distrusted: but the fact had to be faced; no more issues could be taken now. Alan must go the way of his temperament, even as Philip, from the alien house, had been drawn the way of his.

One afternoon, quite at the beginning of the cañon work, Philip had climbed the slope beneath the bluffs to paint a target for a reference point on a rock conspicuous from the opposite side. The buck-sage was out of bloom, and, though seated close to the cave, he had not thought of its neighborhood until he heard footsteps, and saw Dolly loitering toward him. She had gone to seek a missing book in that unfrequented repository, and, seeing Philip at his tantalizing employment, curiosity dragged her to the spot. He took no notice till she was standing close behind him.

"That 's a very queer target," said she. "What do you practise with?"

"A Buff & Berger."

"What *is* a Buff & Berger?"

"It is a kind of transit they make in Boston."

"Oh. And are you really painting that thing because you must?"

Philip had drawn a circle on the rock, and quartered it, and was now painting the opposite quadrants white and red.

"I, or some other man," he said. "Did you think I was painting it for its beauty or its deep significance?"

"Why, it might signify things," said Dolly, seating herself for conversation.

"What things, for example?"

"Of course I can't think of anything when you ask me. It might be a chief's signal, a kind of cross-tarrie, if there were anybody to rise or anything to rise for."

"There speaks the daughter of the Duinhéwassel."

"No," said Dolly, rather regretfully; "we are not a clan family, on my father's side. His forebears were Saxon and Whiggish, and non-conforming, and non-everything. They were 'kickers,' as Alan says. Of course, you know, I am no Jacobite at this late day; yet I think there was just as good praying on their side."

"And some very 'pretty men,'" said Philip, smiling. "Still, you must allow for the glamour of a lost cause. The histories for children seek rather to be picturesque, I think, than sternly just."

"They had the best songs," said Dolly, "and when we are 'children'"—she returned his playful emphasis—"we fight as we sing."

"And when we are men, we fight as our girls sing. I hear you wasting a lot of pathos, even now, on that waefu' name of Charlie."

He looked at her, as he took a fresh brushful of paint, and forced her to return his smile, which she did with the pleasing addition of a fine large blush. He could at any time make her blush, but he did not value the symptom, knowing how little a change of color or the absence of it signifies with these innocent young faces.

The blush made her suddenly serious. "I am thankful there are no such wasteful quarrels now," she said. "But the uneasy spirit never dies: when the fighting stops the schemes begin."

"Are you not friendly to the scheme?"

"To my father's?"

"To ours. They are the same?"

"Nothing else, then, is the same. And nothing is as we used to think it would be when we dreamed of the work starting up."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, the cañon. It 's quite another place to what it was. Things I used to feel and think seem nonsense to me now. I am much older."

"Three weeks?"

"Three years."

"How many places have you ever seen outside the cañon?"

"None that I remember, unless you call the town a place."

"Why do you speak so scornfully? It is a very nice little town."

"You ought to think so, truly. It 's a sort of relative of yours; you have the same name, and the same parent, is n't that what they say?"

"Never mind what they say. Tell me some other things you have n't seen."

"But I 've never seen anything. If it 's a list of my ignorances you want I might sit here all the afternoon."

"Begin, then, by all means. Have you ever seen—the flag of your country, officially displayed?"

"Which is my country, I wonder? Alan says he would fight for the Stars and Stripes; but I should go with my father."

"Better postpone the decision till after your marriage."

"I shall never marry on that side, flag or no flag."

"*Bien*, but why?" asked Philip, opening his eyes.

"Well, I should not care to marry beneath a certain class, the class I 'm supposed to belong to," she argued seriously; "yet I have not been bred like the women of that class. I should never feel at home with them."

"But what can you know of them?"

"Oh, I have studied them for years; in the novels, you know, and in French—the tall girls with their high shoulders and their short upper lips, and the young men with their insolent Greek profiles."

"But you were speaking of the women."

"The women, of course; the duchess, and the husband-hunting mamas, and the little nobodies who are trying to get on, and the rude somebodies who crush them whenever they get the chance, and the flirting old maids, and the masher, and the dean—"

"And have you taken them seriously?"

"Why should n't I? They must be true, else how do you explain their tremendous vogue? Should you think a provincial stranger would be happy among them? Fancy their charity, their 'amenities'; how they would feel another's woe and hide the fault they see! My accent would be wrong, I should n't know their talk, and they would never care to know mine; and if I tried to be like them I should be affected."

Philip dissembled his intense amusement, and answered, "You are thinking of types."

"Well, I should be a type. When one is in the right place one is taken as a matter of course. It is n't thought necessary to whisper, 'She grew up in a cañon!' No; I 'd rather dream of the Old Country and call it home, than go there to find myself without a country."

"When you speak of the Old Country do you mean England or Scotland?"

"Both; but I was born in India, in the Punjab, in the great days of my father's work. I wish he had stayed where they know what an engineer is. Here his record counts for nothing; he might as well be a tinker. Anybody who can run a hand-level is an engineer in America."

"Thanks," said Philip. "*I* am an American engineer."

Dolly nodded at him very sweetly. "I have no prejudices," she assured him; and when Philip laughed aloud, she was quite mystified. "I used to dream of nothing," she went on, "but how my father was ever to get this work done. I used to long for the power to help him. You know a girl's only way to get power is to marry it," she confided to him, as a great discovery. "I mean a girl like me, with no education, or genius of her own. Yes; it was actually one of my make-believes—I must have been in pinafores. There should come a rich traveler to visit the cañon who would be astonished at my father's daughter. I should have been, not as I am, you know, but a dark-eyed, red and white wonderful beauty. But I would not listen to him till he had promised to back my father's scheme."

"He was to purchase your hand, then, by building the ditch?"

"Of course; what else?"

"Was there a heart anywhere in the business?"

"There was his heart. Do you think I would marry a man that did not care for me?"

"And where was your heart, meanwhile?"

"With my blessed, dear daddy," exclaimed Dolly, with perfect self-satisfaction.

"And these are the dreams of girlhood in a cañon! You must have read some very silly books."

"Is n't it a woman's duty to help her family?"

"It is her first duty to be honest, if she can."

"If we had always been free we might have been honest."

"'Is that a tale ye borrow'?" Philip re-

torted, "'or is 't some words ye 've learned by rote'?"

Dolly was caught by the quotation, which she was pleased to call felicitous, and omitted to observe that Philip's reply was merely an evasion.

He continued to question her, enjoying the frank side-lights of biography her answers shed upon the family past.

"And was Alan born under the Stars and Stripes that he should declare for America?"

"No; not he. We are twins, did you not know? After India we lived in a stupid house in Bedford Park while papa was looking up his scheme in this country. Sometimes we went to the sea, and sometimes to Dalgarnie, my grandmother's house in the north. Margaret tells us about those places till I think I can remember; but of course I cannot. I was but three when we came to the cañon; and there is something deadening in the sight of these bluffs that never change, and these lights and winds and sounds that go on from year to year. I wonder we are not all a little touched. I think we are a wee bit off, each one of us, in a way of our own."

She crowded herself closer into a hollow of the slope, clasping her knees, and talking in a sing-song, drowsy monologue to the tune of the river and the breeze stirring the dry hill-grasses above their heads. Philip stole a look at her from time to time, and wantonly nursed his job.

"Yes; I surely think we have been at times a little warped," she mused aloud, encouraged by his silence. "There used to be a sound—I think you have never heard it—a sound inside of all other sounds, like a ringing in the ears; I cannot describe it. We used to hear it when the river talked at night. Well, you cannot think how I used to dread that sound; it was like a wicked laugh. Margaret said it was 'unchancy.' And now it seems such perfect nonsense. I wonder I 'm not ashamed to tell you. But the spell is broken now."

"I would have had it last long enough to include me," said Philip. "And so the cañon is quite spoiled, you think?" he questioned, half jealously.

"I did not say spoiled; not the same."

"Still, you would not have liked to stay here as it was?"

"I should have had to, I fancy, whether I liked it or not. I could have kept my make-believes. Now I don't care for them any more."

"Ah," murmured Philip. "And the rich traveler—what would you say to him now?"

"I don't need him now: the work 's going on without him."

"But if the work should stop; how then? Would you be ready to make that same bargain?"

"I told you I was a child."

"Tell me some other things you used to think when you were a child. A girl's flights are so different from a boy's."

"You would laugh."

"Never! Am I such a Philistine? Do you think I have no bees in my own bonnet?"

"Have you ever heard the cañon-bird?" asked Dolly, shyly.

"Once—twice; never since the work began."

"You have noticed that, too? I think it does not like the work; and I am so sorry."

"Is the bird supposed to be an omniscience that has to be propitiated?"

"I knew you would laugh!"

"But it is you who are laughing."

"Do you know—there is no such bird."

"You mean it is not set down in the bird-books?"

"Not that we can find. And not one of us has ever traced the song. It is a shy singer; its voice, if you 've noticed, comes from far away, for all it 's so piercing. We hear it only in shady, quiet places like the poplars or the big cut, or up in the shadow of the bluffs; and no one has ever heard it beyond the cañon. It was after we had the sorrow here: my mother was taken, and then it began to be heard, and only in those places that she loved. This I have never said to any one. When I was a little girl I used to think it meant that I was doing right or was going to be happy, whenever I heard the bird. It was my four-leaved clover, my new moon over the right shoulder. Did I not tell you we are a little touched?"

After a silence, Philip said: "Do you remember the first time that you deigned to look at me? You stood below the bluffs, and we heard the bird."

"Oh, if you mean that time! I was n't looking at you at all. I was looking at Alan," said Dolly, disingenuously; and as she spoke came the rare, piercing, faltering note, dropping through the silence. She could not help but look at him now; and Philip blessed the bird.

XIII.

"I HAVE something for you," said Philip one day on his return from town, handing a neat parcel to Dolly.

"A jeweler's box for me? Who can it be from?"

"The rich traveler, I think, must be not far off. Seebright said it was for 'some of the cañon folks,' and as it seems to be a woman's toy I conclude it must be for you."

Dolly was in a twitter of curiosity as she opened the velvet box, and turned its contents out upon her palm. The bauble's weight was

more than she was prepared for; it fell, and rolled the length of the room.

"What an odd thing! Whatever can it be meant for?"

"To hang about your neck, apparently," said Philip, examining it as he picked it up. It was in size, shape, and weight the pattern of a rifle-ball, polished, and gilded, and pierced to receive the loop of a slender gold chain; and round the middle went a gold band engraved with a legend in Spanish, which Philip translated at Dolly's command.

"He 's a Don, you see, not an English somebody; and he says that 'Love flourishes from a wound.'"

"What rubbish!" cried Dolly, blushing. "Have n't you heard something like that before?"

"Remarks of that kind are not expected to be original; and he may have been hampered in his observations by the very trifling circumference of a bullet. Do bullets stand for arrows in the language of the western *amoroso?*"

"How do you know he is western? He knows Spanish, it seems."

"He adapts it vilely from the Latin. '*Virescit vulnere virtus*' is the fountain of his wit. Dolly, it 's come to a pretty pass; people turning virtue into love on your account!"

"You know that it can have nothing to do with me." Dolly began to look teased. "What does Seebright say?"

"He says that one of his assistants took the order, and the young man's amusements overcame him somewhat, and he mixed his labels up, and has since been fired. All the direction on the box was 'The cañon.'"

"It might be some joke of Alan's—the expensive chiel!" mused Dolly. "But I never knew Alan meddle with sentiment, and he could never have got his verb right."

"Alan's Spanish is improving," said Philip. "Did you know he was taking lessons?"

"No, I did not. And who is his teacher?"

"My father's cook."

"His Spanish, then, will match his English," sighed Dolly.

"Not at all. Enrique prides himself. He can turn a phrase as neatly as an omelet; he is a professional writer of love-letters, moreover, and by his own account he has plenty of practice."

"Dear me, are there so many of them—those Mexicans?"

"They may be stronger in feeling than in numbers."

"I hope Alan does not go among them," said Dolly, looking troubled. "I hear that the Vargas family have moved to town; and if Alan should be careless, and forget his promise—"

"What promise?"

"Why, you know, about Antonia Vargas helping him out of the cave. Her family would take it very ill if Alan should make it common talk."

"He might placard the town with it," laughed Philip; "not one in a hundred would ever believe the story. I should n't myself, only for the letter in evidence."

"What would you have believed, pray?" asked Dolly, offended by his joking.

"I should have thought the lad must have been a trifle rattled about the time he saw an angel in petticoats descending, hand over hand, thirty feet on a three-quarter-inch rope. Try it yourself, some time."

"I don't see what difference it makes what anybody believes. Antonia knows what she did, and whether she wants it talked of. Alan is so careless, and I feel that, somehow, Pacheco shadows him, still."

"Pacheco has made it impossible for himself to come back. He has stolen a horse, which is worse for him, I understand, than to have killed his man."

"Pacheco is betrothed to Antonia Vargas. He will come back for her."

"Are you sure of that?"

"So they say; and she defended him with a pistol."

"A countryman is a countryman; and it may have been her Mexican idea of hospitality."

"Alan ought to be very careful," Dolly repeated.

"By the way, was the bullet taken from Alan's arm, do you know; or did it pass clean through?"

"Alan has the bullet; he is prouder of it than—" Their eyes met. "You do not think?" Dolly questioned, flushing hotly.

"It was just a fancy," said Philip; "and I am not very proud of it. Still, as a joke, you know."

"Alan is not that sort of boy at all," pronounced Dolly. "You make me wretched."

"Come, now, I did n't say that he was. But I did hear Alan say, once, that if ever he met Pacheco's girl he would give her back her bullet."

"Don't you think you had better make some inquiries?"

"Of Alan? Hardly."

"Of Seebright, perhaps."

"I think," said Philip, "that I shall spend more of my evenings in town."

"Oh, thank you!" Dolly raised her eyes full of warmest gratitude to his.

"Do you think me an offensive prig? I feel quite an old fellow of my years with Alan."

"Oh, Alan is a perfect child; and sometimes a perfect hoodlum. But don't you think he is a dear?"

"I think he is very nearly related to a dearer than dear."

"Please don't try to be funny; I want to think," said Dolly.

"Wait, and do your thinking to-night; or leave it to me. There is one little fault I have to find with the cañon family —"

"I should think you might have found several." Dolly tried to look indifferent.

"Not a fault, perhaps, but a tendency. You take things — most things — too seriously."

"Oh!"

"And some things not seriously enough."

"As, for instance?"

"The fact that I am exiling myself of evenings, when the cañon is most the cañon to me, all for your brother's sake, who will not thank me, — far from it, — and you see nothing in it at all!"

"I would do as much for you."

"Thanks. For my brother, supposing I had one?"

"For either. If you needed such companionship or influence as mine, I should think nothing of giving it, at any cost. I should feel so flattered to have been of use."

"Why do you assume that I don't need it? As a fact, I am distinctly preferring another's needs to my own."

"Because" — Dolly hesitated, blushed, and broke into a smile — "because you seem to think you want it. Now the thing we want is very seldom the thing we need."

"Who told you that, pray? You got it out of books, where you get all your strained, conventional notions of self-sacrifice. Not that I blame you; all self-centered people grow morbid in solitude, and your still waters have bred lilies, while some would have bred ugly weeds."

Dolly put aside the words with a gesture of disgust. "I hate to be analyzed!" she exclaimed. "What can it matter? Weeds or lilies, we are always a collection of curiosities you have unearthed, and are studying at your leisure. I am very tired of it."

"And I am tired of being totally and always misunderstood, and treated as a stranger. Now, to-night, if I should be late to dinner, why should you not sit with me, as you would with Alan or your father? What is my position in the household?"

"Margaret says you are 'just an apprentice, nae mair,'" said Dolly, wickedly.

"Very well; then why not give me my meals with the men?"

"I will sit with you," Dolly relented, "if you are n't too late. I will bring a book — as I do with Alan."

"If you do, I shall take the book away."

"Indeed, will you?"

"Just try me. If you come to keep me company with a book, miss, that book is forfeit, and the penalty I shall name, and take."

"I wish you would take this." Dolly held out the box at arm's length; Philip took it and her hand with it.

"What manners!" she exclaimed. "I think Margaret was right — 'an apprentice, nae mair!'" and she fled before Philip could make reprisals.

During their first weeks together in the cañon the young people had behaved maturely, talking in well-constructed sentences about books and manners and the conduct of life; and Philip told Dolly about his school-days and vacations abroad, and compared the apparent fullness of his experience with the narrowness of hers, of which she was much ashamed; and contrasted the slightness and poverty of his intimacies with her constant, warm, concentrated life of home, which she took as a matter of course, and he considered a marvel of preciousness and unusualness. But youth and gaiety, and the high-tide of summer weather, and the propinquity of morning, noon, and night in the same small house, soon brought them to a pass which included romps and quarrels, and flights of ecstasy unaccounted for; and Philip, who always spoke of Miss Dunsmuir to the young lady's father, called her Dolly to herself, and felt toward her as to a darling, irresistible child, and sometimes as to a young goddess, far beyond his reach.

He had missed, through his mother's theories of education, all those girl-friendships which had been his birthright, which he had not lost his taste for, nor forfeited his right to enjoy. Beautiful girls and women he had met in all the ways conventionally prescribed, some of them sufficiently intimate; but never had he assisted a pretty girl in a white apron, with her hair pushed into a cap, perched on the library-steps, to dust and arrange her father's book-shelves; or watched her whip meringues or ice a cake; or train her wind-blown roses; or ransack trunks in an attic under the brown eaves; or mount a restless pony — for Dolly's drilling in this feat had fallen to him instead of to Alan, as legitimately planned. He had seen her in all her very few and simple home frocks, but never in a dinner- or dancing-dress. He had done everything with her but the conventional thing — from fighting her futile theories of life, to laying a fire on the hearth, or sitting by and measuring the spaces while she changed the buttons on his riding-coats; which, with his life of constant exercise in the light air of the plains, were getting all too tight in the chest and too loose in the waist. He had taken into his own hands those little services which a brother can perform for a sister, or pungently neglect; and Philip neglected nothing. Such privileges had

been too rare in his life to be undervalued; and of course the particular girl made a difference. Dolly was unique: a surprise every day, in that she could be both so childish beyond belief, and so deliciously womanly as almost to bring the tears to his eyes. Most of all he prized his evenings — for then she was all woman — on the wan sands where the river's "curmurring" forced them to be silent, or up among the pierced shadows of the poplars, or up again in the solemn, clear light that brooded on the bluffs.

In keeping a brotherly watch over Alan's evenings Philip had lost many an evening of his own; but now and then the sacrifice was richly rewarded. He and Alan began those rides together which the boy had once coveted; miles of twilight country they covered, silent for the most part, Philip, in spirit, with Dolly by his side. He had never yet had the chance to ride with her, and so he was always scheming and dreaming about it. One evening she drove down with her father, and the cañon family dined all together in town. Mr. Norrisson was absent, and Philip did the honors with fastidious recklessness. He had spent the better part of the day elaborating his preparations; he had arranged the flowers in his mother's dressing-room, — hers in name, though she had never entered it, — heaping roses upon roses wherever roses would go, and choosing with difficult fancy the most beauteous ones for Dolly's bouquet. He knew how she would come, in her little home-made habit, and he exulted in thinking of her dear simplicity in contrast to the stupid braveries of that money-built house. He was at pains to make the contrast as great as possible, that he might gloat upon her difference, which she neither understood nor knew to value.

She had been a full hour in the house, and Philip was wondering what should keep her so unconscionably long up-stairs. Now Dolly had never been in such a splendid room in her life before, so intricately arranged for the gratification of the exterior life of woman, the adornment of her person, and her study of that person when adorned. Never had she seen herself so plenteously, repeatedly reflected in mirrors, long, and wide, and multiple. She was standing in front of one of these, stepping back and forth, smiling in a curious, surprised intimacy with her own full-length figure, when Philip knocked at the door, begging her to make a little haste.

"Has papa come?"

"Not yet; but may n't I speak to you? I want to ask you —" Dolly opened the door: her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes brilliant yet shy — "I want to ask what you think of this room. It was done by a famous decorator who has never seen his work; nor has my mother, for whom it was intended."

"What would my opinion be worth? I have never seen anything but our poor rooms. I am thinking how strange that we should be here! You will never know how strange, that *I* should be here."

"In the palace of the Beast?" Their eyes, meeting, took away the scoff from the words. "I know more than you think; more perhaps than you know yourself."

"Well, it does n't matter," said Dolly, absently. "We are the changelings of the scheme. What you have I might have had, perhaps; but I never cared — until now. Now I care, sometimes."

"For what do you care?"

Dolly frowned in her way when she was disposed to be very practical.

"Do you know, I think to-day will be a good time for you to put me through my dinner paces."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I don't think you realize quite how provincial I am — what a perfect desert-islander. I have never dined in a fine house in my life, and dinner fashions are always changing; our cañon ways must be far behind. To-day we shall be by ourselves, and I shall not mind your correcting me if I make mistakes. But, perhaps," she hesitated, "of course it will not be a swell dinner for only us."

"Such as you will find it, the house can do no more," Philip assured her, gravely. "The table is in full regalia; Enrique has been commanded to sacrifice to his gods; Wong has every stitch of canvas set; he rustles like a Channel breeze; myself you see in riding-dress, but only to match yourself."

"How nice of you!" cried Dolly. "Then we can have a regular rehearsal — wanting the clothes; but the clothes will not matter. Mind, now, that you watch me!"

"Dolly, you are growing terribly ambitious. You are thinking of that Englishman, confound him! You are preparing to meet the duchess and the masher."

"No," said Dolly, sincerely, with a shade of trouble in her voice; "I am only comparing myself, that ought to be a lady, with ladies who belong in a room like this. If you will believe me, I don't even know what half of these things are for!"

"If by those 'ladies' you mean my mother," said Philip, forced to be serious though he wanted to catch her in his arms and call her a precious little goose, "I can tell you that when she was your age she had no such room as this, which, by the way, she disdains; she was breaking colts, like a young Diana, on the range; and if she had a four-bit hand-glass to do her back hair in, it was as much as she had. And she

was happy then — and, I am told, made others happy."

"But of course she must have wanted all these things, by instinct, before she ever knew what they were."

"Are you afraid you have n't the instincts of a lady? Pity you are such a little savage! My mother wanted, always has wanted, the thing beyond. So do I. Would you like a room like this, Dolly?"

"I certainly should like a few of those acres of wardrobes. I spend my life trying to find places to put things. And I confess there is a fascination in a long mirror."

"I should think there might be — for some persons."

"It is n't altogether vanity. You can't think how awkward it is never to have seen how one's skirts hang. Not that there would be much pleasure in it, for mine hang very badly."

"When you are not in them."

"Why do you say those things? It is n't like you, and I don't enjoy it."

"You must get used to it if you are going to be a society girl."

"There you are unjust. Why should I not wish to know all the ways? You may think I shall never have need of any but my own; but I was not born in a cañon."

"Dolly, my — well, it is useless. Words are useless. You could never understand — I mean, there is but one way to make you. Will you take my arm?"

"Why should I?"

"Because it is supposed to be the thing to do."

"Oh," said Dolly, meekly, and took it. She was visibly wrought upon by her surroundings in a way that might have amused Philip more, but that the world of things had had such serious meanings for his mother, who was a priestess of bric-à-brac, and studied her surroundings as if the art of life, like that of the stage, largely consisted in how one is costumed and in what chair one shall sit — and he grudged this cult its possible importance in the girl's fresh fate.

"There is another thing," she agitated dreamily, as they passed down the wide, thick-carpeted stairs. They had halted on the landing to get the effect of the hall below, and the light of a colored window threw flaming gules and amber and tints of serpent-green on her pale golden hair and dark-clad shoulders.

"What is this other thing? Something wicked and worldly, of course."

"No; only just human. Dancing is the right of every girl that lives and moves, and I can never dance because there is no way to learn. And what shall I do if ever I go where dancing is? My heart would break with the music! Surely it 's as bad to be foot-tied as tongue-tied; and they talk of nightingales heart-stifled in their dells!"

"This is very serious," said Philip. "I perfectly agree with you; dancing is more a girl's right than silver-backed brushes and acres of wardrobe. But what 's to be done about it?"

"Do *you* know how to dance?"

"I was supposed to once."

"Ah, then could you teach me — I mean, *would* you?"

"Would I? well, I think I would with some persuasion — '*con mil amores*,'" he murmured under his breath, pressing the arm that lay in his against his side.

Dolly pushed herself away from him angrily:

"I should like to know what excuse you had to answer me like that."

"You asked if I would teach you —"

"And you might have said yes or no, as a gentleman would."

"Well?"

"But you answer offensively, in words you could n't say in English."

"Could n't I! Would you like to hear how they sound in English? I told you the simple truth. Would I teach you to dance, you asked me, and I said I would with a thousand loves — and I will, with a thousand thousand! To dance or to anything else I know and it befits you to know."

"Befits! I have no words — I declare I cannot tell you how I *hate* the way you treat me! Your insufferable patronage, your air of being always so superior — and then your stupid school-boy freedoms! If I am serious, you make fun of me; if I play, you take advantage. I wish you would do either the one thing or the other."

"Yes," breathed Philip. "Only tell me which."

"Either leave me alone entirely, or treat me — treat me like a woman — a person of sense."

Dolly sat down in a dolorous heap on the landing-step, and buried her face in her handkerchief; her shoulders shook as if she were crying.

"I will, Dolly." He took the place on the step beside her. "How shall I treat this person of sense?"

"You spoil everything. You are making fun of me now," Dolly sobbed, and by the same impulse began to laugh immoderately.

Philip waited till she became quieter. "If I am to treat you like a woman, dear, I shall have to spoil things more — very much indeed. And things might be a good deal worse between us — worse for me. That is why I have waited."

Dolly, with her face still hidden, shook her head impatiently.

"To be plain with you is one way," he continued. "The other is simply impossible. It 's no

use pretending I could live in the same house with you and leave you alone entirely; I'm not 'superior' enough for that. Shall we be serious, then? I know I often hit the wrong note trying to make sounds that mean nothing, because I have to avoid the one note that would go to my soul. Would it spoil things very much if you knew that I love you, dear?"

Dolly would not look up. He could see only a bit of her neck, above the collar, and the curve of one little crimson ear.

"I shall ask for nothing. But please get used to the fact. Come, take my hand! It need not worry you or make any difference; only remember, and forgive me when I blunder. And let us talk and laugh and quarrel as we did before. Why do you hide your face? Am I never to look at you again?"

"Not at dinner," Dolly specified.

"Not at dinner, then: but shall we not ride?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed in a tone of relief. "I wish we were on horseback now."

It was Saturday night, and they rode to the cañon, the three young ones together, Dunsmuir taking the team home alone. Alan rode ahead, and sometimes he sang in his loud, expressionless tenor; and Philip noted that he had a new song, a very tender one—"*Aforrado de mi vida*." It suited Philip exquisitely; it voiced his aching dream. "Lining of my life"; "slender bit lassie"; soul of the mystic soul of beauty, dear little human comrade without whom the lights and shadows of the world were nothing; foretold to her lover by every hope, withheld by every fear!

She rode with her face to the west; her pale face, her hands, her hair, were as luminous as flowers at evening in a dusk border. Over the west, from horizon to zenith, spread a marvelous copper-pink glow, a light without a shadow, while all the land beneath was dark. Low in that sublimated west Venus shone forth at her setting, the one star in the heavens, though crowds awaited the lifting of twilight's colored curtain. The radiance deepened; it changed to a lurid brassy hue. The sage-green hills turned livid; the aspens shivered and paled against the cold, purple east. The night-wind, creeping down the gulches, breathed its first long sough.

They checked their horses, and signed to one another to look at the hills. Slowly the strange refulgence was withdrawn; diffusing, to concentrate later on a lower key, to pause and softly brighten to the tender verge of starlight; and then the wind would blow, and no heart not strong in happiness could bear that senseless riot and rapture, prolonged throughout the night, under wild reaches of midnight sky, under the white stride of the Milky Way; with soundings of the river's stops; with whisperings amidst the poplars' dusky files—cowled shapes against the dark, closing and parting, with rifts of stars between. As their horses jostled down the sidling trails, often his knee was against her saddle-girth; and once he took her hand, silently, without question, and she let it stay, while she made hurried little speeches about the view, which he did not attempt to answer. His heart was full; he took deep breaths of resolution to be patient,—perhaps even generous,—since, until the work was done, all the cañon days, and most of the evenings, were his in which to win one little girl who had seen no one else (Dolly's chances were not so many that he need have hurried her). But never would he allow her to pass the cañon's bounds without her promise. How would the story of the Sleeping Beauty have ended had the Prince waited to tell his love until the Princess had awakened to more than just himself and the dull old palace of her dreams? If all the world loves a lover, all the world knows that he is selfish.

XIV.

MARGARET felt herself superseded in these days, and thought that the pressure of waiting was nothing to the estrangements of success. Dolly was sweet, sometimes over-sweet, in speech and manner; but she was absent in mind, variable in spirits, inconstant about her work, and less and less with Margaret, as time went on, and more and more with Philip. Matters went often "agley" in the housekeeping. The marketing, which had been Job's business in town, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, was now the business of no one in particular, where everybody was so driven by the work. Mistakes were made, and there were loose expenditures that harrowed Margaret's soul. There was a constant bustle of coming and going, and company not expected, and meals out of season. After the petty routine of years, Margaret had lost the knack of doing things quickly. And Dunsmuir was one who hated explanations. He never listened to them, never gave them if he could help it. Thus he misunderstood many little domestic situations, which he settled offhand, peremptorily and sometimes unjustly, sooner than talk things over, as the women loved to do. But Margaret could no longer count upon Dolly. It goes hard with one lone woman when the child of her arms who once understood understands no longer, or has ceased, perhaps, to care. Once Margaret had had her douce little man every night to comfort her with his wise silence and moderate judgment, but now she saw him only Sundays, in a constrained, unhomelike way; she would not take this time to complain of things too trivial to be saved up; yet they made the sum of a strain which was beginning to tell upon her temper and health and spirits.

It had not occurred to Dolly that Margaret could have anything to complain of. She had never asked, but she supposed that her father must have paid his debt; what could he be doing else with his salary, which seemed wealth to Dolly? She knew nothing of the cost of Western living, nor of the debts in town to people who were not so patient as Job and Margaret, or not so helpless. The wash was supposed, now, to go below to a Chinaman at the camp; but Margaret had heard of the heathen custom of mouth-sprinkling, and, week by week, she snatched from pollution what she called the pick of the wash, and did it herself, and got little credit for doing it. She saw with dismay that the bed- and table-linen was going fast, nor could Dunsmuir be induced to replace it, according to her ideas of economy, with cheaper stuff, fit to be tossed about in the common wash and whipped to rags on the line by winds that came laden with dust.

"Have we no more linen in the house?" Dunsmuir would demand, when Margaret mentioned buying. There was linen, to be sure, a sacred store laid by in trust for Dolly — Margaret would have been ashamed, indeed, of her stewardship had there not been fine old glossy Scotch damask, and sheeting wide and heavy, with beautiful embroidered markings, tied with ribbons, in piles of dozens and half-dozens, and fragrant with dried rose-leaves and with lavender. But long before she had got through this explanation, Dunsmuir would cut her short.

"Use what we have. What are you saving it for, woman? Do ye think I cannot buy my daughter her marriage linen, if ever she come to want it?"

"Maybe, then, ye 'll ken how many pund sterling went t' the fillin' of thae kists ye 're sae blythe of emp'ying."

But though Margaret had in a measure her say, she had not her will. No more linen was bought, and she was forced to visit the "kists" more than once, reducing the sacred hoard, at what cost to her pride and her feelings no one in the house took the trouble to understand. Dolly had taken an irritating way of rousing herself, periodically, to an unwonted critical interest in the house, when she would do over portions of Margaret's work without advising her or stating her objections. This was as much as the older woman could bear; and at times she saw no good reason why she should stay where even her work failed to satisfy. Yet she felt that never had Dolly needed her as now, though the child knew it not. Margaret watched her, in her light but perilous intercourse with the first young stranger she had known, distrusting Philip, distrusting the powers of nature to protect Dolly from piteous delusions, distrusting the whole connection, business and social, with the sinister house of Norrisson. She would stand her ground, was her determination, though all should feel her in the way. Both Dunsmuir and Dolly were as children, misled and bedazed, in Margaret's eyes.

Meanwhile a trouble of her own was creeping upon her, and she failed to read the warnings. Job had come, one Sunday, in a sad condition of bruises; she was ashamed to have him seen of the family. He had had a fall, he told her; but it seemed a simple thing, for a man of his age, to tumble off his own cabin steps in broad day. She upbraided him for clumsiness; she even suspected a more discreditable cause, and repented the suspicion afterward with tears. On another Sunday he complained of his head, and spoke heavily of the work as though it were too much for him. Margaret thought her man was getting babyish; it ill consorted with their circumstances that he should be discouraged with work at fifty-five. It fretted her that he seemed to grow forgetful of things she told him, of messages and errands; his slowness of speech seemed to have affected his comprehension. She was often impatient with him, often irritable, while he grew more stolid, it seemed, and often slept away the greater part of the one day they had together. More than once he spoke as if he expected her to keep house for him in the autumn at their homestead, quite as if she were a young, untrammeled girl. It irritated her, after all that had come and gone, to have to explain that she could not leave her child alone in a family of men-folk, with a Chinaman in the kitchen who would take advantage, and waste the food and fuel, and break the dishes and hide the pieces, and warp the brooms, and use the best towels to clean the paint. Job should know these things without words; and the words were forgotten by the next Sunday, and the delusion abided that she belonged to none but him, and was free to go when he asked her. She was the more round with him that she was conscious herself of a secret leaning toward the same folly. Both she and Job were too old to work at the pleasure of others. They needed their own times, and to work in their own way. This Margaret felt, but saw no way to indulge the weakness; and she had no more hesitation sacrificing Job to the family than herself, for was he not her "man"?

One Sunday he told her that she must make up her mind, for he had given notice of his intention to "quit" work for the company. Word had gone forth that the water would be down as far as his land by the following spring, and if they were to benefit by it, it was none too soon to get their land in shape. He had waited too many years now, he said, to lose the first season.

Margaret was astonished at Job's forthputtingness, venturing to make such a decision without consulting her. However, the thing was done; he could not be off and on with a job like that. It gave some shadow of excuse, she was weak enough to own, to her own desertion. The bitterest part of that business was the evidence of her senses, sharpened by feeling that no one felt it as she did. Dolly did not realize — how should she, who had always had a Margaret? — what it would be not to have one. And she was as happy as a child in the prospect of visiting Margaret in her own house; she had never had a place to visit. She was busy, too, sorting over her closets and bureaus for little additions to Margaret's humble outfit; jellies and canned fruits and dishes that could be spared, and towels and napkins and pillows, from the hoard Margaret had guarded. These things Margaret flatly refused with a flushed and tearful face,— would she rob the house, indeed? — but they were packed and smuggled into the wagon without her knowledge.

Nothing, since Alan's frank desertion to the commercial side of the scheme, had hurt Dunsmuir like the sight of that honest pair, with their boxes and humble effects piled around them, jolting out of sight down the cañon road with the knowledge they would never come back as they went. It would so have comforted Job and Margaret had they known; but Dunsmuir was too proud to dwell upon his sentiments to these people to whom he owed hard money. In a month or two he hoped to make all square; he would take that opportunity to speak of the greater debt — the one beyond return.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

SONNET.

[W. J. WINCH.]

CARRY us captive, thou with the strong heart,
And the clear head, and nature sweet and sound!
Most willing captives we to thy great art
And thee together, held in chains and bound.
Never the angels sang at heaven's gate
In more divine, pure, noble, perfect tones.
Beside thy gift what then is royal state,
And what are pomps and powers, and kings and thrones?
Sing, and we ask no greater joy than this,
Only to listen, thrilling to the song,
Breathing a finer air, a loftier bliss,
Than to the dim and cloudy earth belong;
Borne skyward, where the wingéd hosts rejoice,
On the great tide of thy melodious voice!

Celia Thaxter.

MY SHELL.

A SHELL upon the sounding sands
Flashed in the sunshine, where it lay:
Its green disguise I tore; my hands
Bore the rich treasure-trove away.

Within, the chamber of the pearl
Blushed like the rose, like opal glowed;
And o'er its domes a cloudy swirl
Of mimic waves and rainbows flowed.

"Strangely," I said, "the artist-worm
Has made his palace-lair so bright!
This jeweler, this draftsman firm,
Was born and died in eyeless night.

"Deep down in many-monstered caves
His miracle of beauty throve;
Far from all light, against strong waves,
A Castle Beautiful he wove.

"Take courage, Soul! Thy labor blind
The lifting tides may onward bear
To some glad shore, where thou shalt find
Light, and a Friend to say, 'How fair!'"

Theodore C. Williams.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELATIVE EXISTENCES.

By Frank R. Stockton.

N a certain summer, not long gone, my friend Bentley and I found ourselves in a little hamlet which overlooked a placid valley, through which a river gently moved, winding its way through green stretches until it turned the end of a line of low hills and was lost to view. Beyond this river, far away, but visible from the door of the cottage where we dwelt, there lay a city. Through the mists which floated over the valley we could see the outlines of steeples and tall roofs; and buildings of a character which indicated thrift and business stretched themselves down to the opposite edge of the river. The more distant parts of the city, evidently a small one, lost themselves in the hazy summer atmosphere.

Bentley was young, fair-haired, and a poet; I was a philosopher, or trying to be one. We were good friends, and had come down into this peaceful region to work together. Although we had fled from the bustle and distractions of the town, the appearance in this rural region of a city, which, so far as we could observe, exerted no influence on the quiet character of the valley in which it lay, aroused our interest. No craft plied up and down the river; there were no bridges from shore to shore; there were none of those scattered and half-squalid habitations which generally are found on the outskirts of a city; there came to us no distant sound of bells; and not the smallest wreath of smoke rose from any of the buildings.

In answer to our inquiries our landlord told us that the city over the river had been built by one man, who was a visionary, and who had a great deal more money than common sense. "It is not as big a town as you would think, sirs," he said, "because the general mistiness of things in this valley makes them look larger than they are. Those hills, for instance, when you get to them are not as high as they look to be from here. But the town is big enough, and a good deal too big; for it ruined its builder and owner, who when he came to die had not money enough left to put up a decent tombstone at the head of his grave. He had a queer idea that he would like to have his town all finished before anybody lived in it, and so he kept on working and spending money year after year and year after year until the city was done and he had not a cent left. During all the time that the place was building hundreds of people came to him to buy houses or to hire them, but he would not listen to anything of the kind. No one must live in his town until it was all done. Even his workmen were obliged to go away at night to lodge. It is a town, sirs, I am told, in which nobody has slept for even a night. There are streets there, and places of business, and churches, and public halls, and everything that a town full of inhabitants could need; but it is all empty and deserted, and has been so as far back as I can remember, and I came to this region when I was a little boy."

"And is there no one to guard the place?" we asked; "no one to protect it from wandering vagrants who might choose to take possession of the buildings?"

"There are not many vagrants in this part of the country," he said; "and if there were, they would not go over to that city. It is haunted."

"By what?" we asked.

"Well, sirs, I scarcely can tell you; queer beings that are not flesh and blood, and that is all I know about it. A good many people living hereabouts have visited that place once in their lives, but I know of no one who has gone there a second time."

"And travelers," I said; "are they not excited by curiosity to explore that strange uninhabited city?"

"Oh, yes," our host replied; "almost all visitors to the valley go over to that queer city — generally in small parties, for it is not a place in which one wishes to walk about alone. Sometimes they see things, and sometimes they don't. But I never knew any man or woman to show a fancy for living there, although it is a very good town."

This was said at supper-time, and, as it was the period of full moon, Bentley and I decided that we would visit the haunted city that evening. Our host endeavored to dissuade us, saying that no one ever went over there at night; but as we were not to be deterred, he told us where we would find his small boat tied to a stake on the river-bank. We soon crossed the river, and landed at a broad, but low, stone pier, at the land end of which a line of tall grasses waved in the gentle night wind as if they were sentinels warning us from entering the silent city. We pushed through these, and

walked up a street fairly wide, and so well paved that we noticed none of the weeds and other growths which generally denote desertion or little use. By the bright light of the moon we could see that the architecture was simple, and of a character highly gratifying to the eye. All the buildings were of stone and of good size. We were greatly excited and interested, and proposed to continue our walks until the moon should set, and to return on the following morning — "to live here, perhaps," said Bentley. "What could be so romantic and yet so real? What could conduce better to the marriage of verse and philosophy?" But as he said this we saw around the corner of a cross-street some forms as of people hurrying away.

"The specters," said my companion, laying his hand on my arm.

"Vagrants, more likely," I answered, "who have taken advantage of the superstition of the region to appropriate this comfort and beauty to themselves."

"If that be so," said Bentley, "we must have a care for our lives."

We proceeded cautiously, and soon saw other forms fleeing before us and disappearing, as we supposed, around corners and into houses. And now suddenly finding ourselves upon the edge of a wide, open public square, we saw in the dim light — for a tall steeple obscured the moon — the forms of vehicles, horses, and men moving here and there. But before, in our astonishment, we could say a word one to the other, the moon moved past the steeple, and in its bright light we could see none of the signs of life and traffic which had just astonished us.

Timidly, with hearts beating fast, but with not one thought of turning back, nor any fear of vagrants, — for we were now sure that what we had seen was not flesh and blood, and therefore harmless, — we crossed the open space and entered a street down which the moon shone clearly. Here and there we saw dim figures, which quickly disappeared; but, approaching a low stone balcony in front of one of the houses, we were surprised to see, sitting thereon and leaning over a book which lay open upon the top of the carved parapet, the figure of a woman who did not appear to notice us.

"That is a real person," whispered Bentley, "and it does not see us."

"No," I replied; "it is like the others. Let us go near it."

We drew near to the balcony and stood before it. At this the figure raised its head and looked at us. It was beautiful, it was young; but its substance seemed to be of an ethereal quality which we had never seen or known of. With its full, soft eyes fixed upon us, it spoke:

"Why are you here?" it asked. "I have said to myself that the next time I saw any of you I would ask you why you come to trouble us. Cannot you live content in your own realms and spheres, knowing, as you must know, how timid we are, and how you frighten us and make us unhappy? In all this city there is, I believe, not one of us except myself who does not flee and hide from you whenever you cruelly come here. Even I would do that, had not I declared to myself that I would see you and speak to you, and endeavor to prevail upon you to leave us in peace."

The clear, frank tones of the speaker gave me courage. "We are two men," I answered, "strangers in this region, and living for the time in the beautiful country on the other side of the river. Having heard of this quiet city, we have come to see it for ourselves. We had supposed it to be uninhabited, but now that we find that this is not the case, we would assure you from our hearts that we do not wish to disturb or annoy any one who lives here. We simply came as honest travelers to view the city."

The figure now seated herself again, and as her countenance was nearer to us, we could see that it was filled with pensive thought. For a moment she looked at us without speaking. "Men!" she said. "And so I have been right. For a long time I have believed that the beings who sometimes come here, filling us with dread and awe, are men."

"And you," I exclaimed — "who are you, and who are these forms that we have seen, these strange inhabitants of this city?"

She gently smiled as she answered: "We are the ghosts of the future. We are the people who are to live in this city generations hence. But all of us do not know that, principally because we do not think about it and study about it enough to know it. And it is generally believed that the men and women who sometimes come here are ghosts who haunt the place."

"And that is why you are terrified and flee from us?" I exclaimed. "You think we are ghosts from another world?"

"Yes," she replied; "that is what is thought, and what I used to think."

"And you," I asked, "are spirits of human beings yet to be?"

"Yes," she answered; "but not for a long time. Generations of men, I know not how many, must pass away before we are men and women."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bentley, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to the sky, "I shall be a spirit before you are a woman."

"Perhaps," she said again, with a sweet smile upon her face, "you may live to be very, very old."

But Bentley shook his head. This did not

console him. For some minutes I stood in contemplation, gazing upon the stone pavement beneath my feet. "And this," I ejaculated, "is a city inhabited by the ghosts of the future, who believe men and women to be phantoms and specters?"

She bowed her head.

"But how is it," I asked, "that you discovered that you are spirits and we mortal men?"

"There are so few of us who think of such things," she answered, "so few who study, ponder, and reflect. I am fond of study, and I love philosophy; and from the reading of many books I have learned much. From the book which I have here I have learned most; and from its teachings I have gradually come to the belief, which you tell me is the true one, that we are spirits and you men."

"And what book is that?" I asked.

"It is 'The Philosophy of Relative Existences,' by Rupert Vance."

"Ye gods!" I exclaimed, springing upon the balcony, "that is my book, and I am Rupert Vance." I stepped toward the volume to seize it, but she raised her hand.

"You cannot touch it," she said. "It is the ghost of a book. And did you write it?"

"Write it? No," I said; "I am writing it. It is not yet finished."

"But here it is," she said, turning over the last pages. "As a spirit book it is finished. It is very successful; it is held in high estimation by intelligent thinkers; it is a standard work."

I stood trembling with emotion. "High estimation!" I said. "A standard work!"

"Oh, yes," she replied with animation; "and it well deserves its great success, especially in its conclusion. I have read it twice."

"But let me see these concluding pages," I exclaimed. "Let me look upon what I am to write."

She smiled, and shook her head, and closed the book. "I would like to do that," she said, "but if you are really a man you must not know what you are going to do."

"Oh, tell me, tell me." cried Bentley from below, "do you know a book called 'Stellar Studies,' by Arthur Bentley? It is a book of poems."

The figure gazed at him. "No," it said presently; "I never heard of it."

I stood trembling. Had the youthful figure before me been flesh and blood, had the book been a real one, I would have torn it from her.

"O wise and lovely being!" I exclaimed, falling on my knees before her, "be also benign and generous. Let me but see the last page of my book. If I have been of benefit to your world; more than all, if I have been of benefit to you, let me see, I implore you—let me see how it is that I have done it."

She rose with the book in her hand. "You have only to wait until you have done it," she said, "and then you will know all that you could see here." I started to my feet, and stood alone upon the balcony.

"I AM sorry," said Bentley, as we walked toward the pier where we had left our boat, "that we talked only to that ghost girl, and that the other spirits were all afraid of us. Persons whose souls are choked up with philosophy are not apt to care much for poetry; and even if my book is to be widely known, it is easy to see that she may not have heard of it."

I walked triumphant. The moon, almost touching the horizon, beamed like red gold. "My dear friend," said I, "I have always told you that you should put more philosophy into your poetry. That would make it live."

"And I have always told you," said he, "that you should not put so much poetry into your philosophy. It misleads people."

"It did n't mislead that ghost girl," said I.

"How do you know?" said he. "Perhaps she is wrong, and the other inhabitants of the city are right, and we may be the ghosts after all. Such things, you know, are only relative. Anyway," he continued, after a little pause, "I wish I knew that those ghosts were now reading the poem I am going to begin to-morrow."

Frank R. Stockton.

TEARS.

NOT in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow;
But in the sky of sorrow,
Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the years:
The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears.

John Vance Cheney.

BEACHED.

According to a superstitious observance among certain fisher-folk, the recovered boat of a drowned fisherman has ended its sphere of usefulness, and is beached, with curses and solemn imprecations by the assembled neighbors. A reference to the custom is made in "A Daughter of Fife," by Amelia E. Barr.

THEY have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Only sunbeams lave her sides, as they float out to the west;
Only sand-drifts kiss the bow, where the sparkling wave has pressed.

Even little children pause and grow silent, with great eyes,
To point their rosy hands in awe upon her where she lies.

The laden boats go by, with their snowy sails outspread;
The merry laughter echoes on the shore beside the dead;

Not a thought from those who prized her, that she knew well, face to face;
Not a glance upon the sea-starved one, so lonely in disgrace.

They have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Throughout the long night, waves sob the tale unto the tide;
And she writhes in her anguish, and she moans in her pride.

And her strong heart-timbers shrink through the quivering summer day,
And the thirsty beams cry out for one touch of salty spray.

They have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Oh, the pity in the fisher's hut, where lights burn dim and low!
Oh, the great nets idly drying, as the swift tides come and go!

Oh, the empty platters waiting, when the oaken board is spread!
Oh, the rude hearts broken, breaking, with the breaking of the bread!

Back she came, with ragged mainsail, plowing through a veil of foam,
Like a frightened steed a-quiver, pressing for the gates of home;

In the roar and in the tempest, she had weathered through the gale,
But her humble sun-browned lovers came not back beneath her sail.

They have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

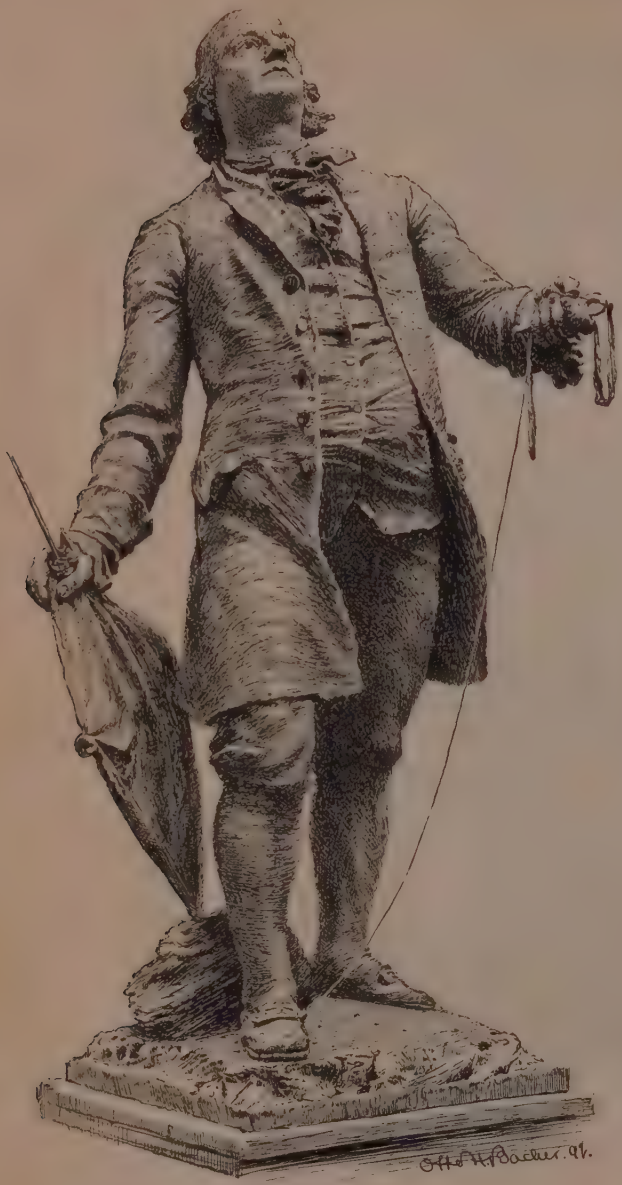
ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—III.

TO the building for the department of Electricity was assigned an area 350 feet on the court and 700 feet long, the major axis running north and south. Though peculiarly fortunate in its site, having an important frontage on the lagoon as well as on the court, it was the smallest building of the principal group. It thus became incumbent on its architects, Messrs. Van Brunt & Howe of Kansas City, so to design this building that it should not be overwhelmed by the superior mass of its neighbors, and that, if possible, it might have such characteristics as should at once conceal and justify its inferiority of size; which inferiority, however, is only comparative, the actual area to be occupied being considerably in excess of that covered by the Capitol at Washington. Its purposes seemed to suggest a playful animation of outline, somewhat like that of the early French Renaissance in the châteaux, approaching even the fantastic joyousness of Chambord, combined with a certain delicacy or preciousness of detail, which might legitimately differentiate it from the rest in regard to expression, while, in respect to general style and feeling, and in loyalty to scholastic types, it should still belong to the same architectural family.

The area is conveniently divisible into 23-foot squares by two systems of parallel lines crossing at right angles. Upon the intersection of these lines the columns and piers of the exterior and interior are placed. This module of 23 feet, being somewhat less than that adopted for the other buildings, assists in carrying into execution that more delicate scale of design, that nervousness of movement and avoidance of massiveness, which, as we have intimated, seem to be suggested by the idea of electricity. It soon became evident that the space set aside for this department of the Exposition, though covering 4.85 acres, would be insufficient to meet the demands of exhibitors, unless the largest possible amount of floor-space which could be gained within it should be made available to them. This at once suggested a second story of flooring, covering as large a space as the necessary openings for the admission of daylight from the roof into the central parts of the first story would admit. To obtain the obvious advantages of grand central avenues in both directions, it was clear that the building should be crossed by longitudinal and transverse naves, open from floor to roof and free from columns. The module of 23 feet enters fifteen times into the width of the building. Five of these modules, or 115 feet, are taken for the width of the naves, and they are covered with pitched roofs, supported by steel arched trusses, set 23 feet on centers, and lofty enough to permit a line of clearstory windows to be elevated above the rest of the building, which, for its part, is divided into five aisles on each side of the longitudinal nave, each one module wide, and these are covered with continuous flat roofs, with a series of skylights over the central aisles corresponding with openings in the second floor. Access to these galleries is obtained by grand staircases, one on each side of each of the four main central porches.

The main exterior architectural expression depends upon these simple primary conditions. Where these high naves abut against the center of each of the four façades, an important entrance pavilion is naturally established. As for the inclosing architectural screen walls around the rest of the building, the interior module of 23 feet naturally produces a corresponding series of divisions into bays, which must be 60 feet high to the cornice for the sake of that unity of style agreed upon for all the court buildings. These screen walls are hardly long enough to permit the arrangement of the bays in groups or large divisions, without by this means drawing attention to that comparative inferiority of size which it appeared to be the obvious duty of the architects to conceal or condone; nor do the conditions of the plan suggest such groups or divisions anywhere except in the center of each front. Each bay, therefore, is made complete in itself, and is so devised as to admit of repetition all around the building, interrupted only by such slight breaks, with variations of *motif*, as are essential to illustrate the plan, to furnish bases for frequent towers, and to prevent the monotony from becoming mechanical and fatiguing, but not of sufficient emphasis to clash with that expression of continuity which is recognized as an important element in noble architecture, and which, in the present case, is an echo of the plan.

THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.



CARL ROHL SMITH, SCULPTOR.

STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FOR ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

Now the horizontal line, which is the predominant characteristic of all classical buildings, implies dignity and repose. But the present object is to obtain in some way an expression of brightness and movement. To this end the piers, regularly spaced, 23 feet on centers, along the façades, are treated as boldly projecting pilasters, resting upon a stylobate 8 feet high, which is made continuous to prevent the composition from becoming disjointed, but having the cornice and the paneled attic above the cornice broken around them. Each pilaster, so emphasized and detached, is finished with a pedestal upholding a staff for banners and for a constellation of electric lights, thus carrying the vertical line lightly to the sky, and securing an effect somewhat similar to that of a pinnacled buttress. This order of piers, or pilasters, is adjusted to the proportions and details of the highly enriched Corinthian of Vignola. Between each pair of pilasters the bay is divided horizontally, on the line of the gallery floor, by a subordinate Ionic entablature, supported by two jamb pilasters and by a central column of that order, the space above being treated with an arch deeply embayed. Behind this architectural screen are placed the windows, set in bronze frames. These openings occupy an unusually large proportion of the wall-veil, because of the necessity of throwing abundant light across the five ranges of aisles in both stories. Near each end of the façades this continuity of similar open bays is relieved, or punctuated as it were, by a solid bay of the same width, but of slightly increased projection, pierced with a small window in each story, the upper one having a balcony supported by sculptured brackets. The narrow pavilions thus formed are finished on the attic line with highly enriched pediments, and form the basis of a more emphatic expression of vertical energy by supporting in each case a slender open campanile of the Composite order, rising suddenly from behind the balustrade of a platform, on the corners of which are planted tall candelabra with groups of electric globes. On the long fronts, midway between each end pavilion and the central

porch, the succession of similar bays is again broken by a postern doorway, set in a narrow intermediate and subordinate pavilion, crowned with a low square dome decorated with eagles.

As we have already intimated, where the transept abuts against the center of the long east and west fronts, an important central pavilion is developed. In pursuance of the scheme of this design, which is to take advantage of every opportunity to emphasize its vertical elements, this pavilion is flanked by two towers, one bay wide and three bays apart. Each of the towers supports an open belvedere, crowned with a high, round attic, decorated with festoons and vases, and roofed with a stilted dome, after the manner of Sir Christopher Wren. Each of these belvederes finishes with a girandole, 195 feet from the ground, furnished with a corona of incandescent lights under a reflecting canopy. Between these towers projects a flat-roofed portico, composed of columns 42 feet high, continuous with the order of Corinthian pilasters of which we have spoken, arranged upon a plan with rounded corners, so that, by the necessary multiplication of breaks and returns in the entablature at the angles, the seriousness of the more classic *motif* might be tempered to the lighter mood to which the architecture of this building is committed. Above is a high Composite attic with windows, set between the towers, and finishing with a balustrade, decorated with obelisks. Twenty-three feet behind this balustrade the gabled end of the transept roof may be seen.

The north front, toward the picturesque lagoon, being, by its position, relieved to a certain extent from strict conformity to the classic ideal, seemed to invite a greater freedom of treatment than was admissible elsewhere. Here, therefore, the order of the façades, after passing the point of demarcation furnished by the corner pavilions, is made to sweep around two apsidal projections, 115 feet in diameter, between which is recessed the north porch, composed of two towers, similar to those of the east and west porches, flanking a broad central pavilion, pierced with a great arched window, corresponding with the arch-lines of the steel trusses in the long nave, and divided by transoms and mullions. The sky-line between these towers is made horizontal, and the spandrel panels of the arch are occupied by gigantic reclining figures typifying Investigation and Discovery. The porch is formed by the Ionic order of the façades, which is extended between the apses in the form of an arcade of five arches supporting a wide terrace or balcony.

DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE.

PORCH OF ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

Up to this point, for the reasons stated, the design of the Electricity Building is characterized by an emphasis of vertical expression un-

usual in academical architecture, the sky-line being fretted by ten campaniles, varying in height from 154 to 190 feet, and by the four square intermediate domes, which mark the position of the posterns. But, on the south front, it was necessary to make a concession to that spirit of grandeur and ceremony which should prevail around the great court of the Exposition. Accordingly the vertical line, predominant elsewhere in the building as a foil to its long, low, horizontal mass, is here subordinate to the spirit of repose. To this end the campaniles on the corners are set back from the front, but connected with it by gabled pavilions, 23 feet wide, and the principal entrance of the building on this side is treated as a triumphal arch, 60 feet wide and 92 feet high, of which the archivolt springs from the main cornice as an impost, the jambs being formed of coupled full columns of the main order with corresponding pilasters. This arch is crowned with a classic pediment containing an escutcheon, which bears the electromagnet as a symbol of electricity, and is supported on each side by a female figure representing the two principal industries connected with this science —electric lighting and the telegraph. Above, in contrast with the somewhat fantastic movement of the sky-lines elsewhere, rises a solid elevated attic, forming a severe horizontal outline against the sky. This central mass is buttressed on each side by great consoles, supporting emblematic statues and resting on pedestals, continuous with the clearstory of the nave, and embellished with medallions of Morse and Vail, the American discoverers of the electric telegraph. The most famous and most cherished association of America with the history of the science of electricity is the discovery of the electric properties of lightning by Franklin. The architects determined, therefore, that a statue of the patriot-philosopher should stand under this great arch, and that to him the main porch on the court should be dedicated. This work was intrusted to the Danish-American sculptor, Mr. Carl Rohl Smith, whose conception of the subject is happily realized in a spirited figure, 15 feet high, representing Franklin as the philosopher, with the historic kite and key, observing the storm-clouds. This noble statue is elevated on a high pedestal in the center of the porch, and behind and over it is formed a colossal niche, of which the triumphal arch is the frame, covered with a half dome or conch, divided by ribs, and profusely enriched with bas-reliefs, recalling, in general aspect, the much admired hemicycle or belvedere in the court of the Vatican palace, and, in detail, the characteristic stucco embellishments in the vaults of the Villa Madama. Around its curved walls is carried the great order of the building, with grouped pilasters. On the main frieze of this niche is written the famous epigram of Turgot in honor of Franklin:

ERIPUIT COELO FULMEN SCEPTRUMQUE TYRANNIS.

In the five bays of the niche are the main doorways, three of which, in the back, open into the central nave; the other two, toward the front, give access to an open ambulatory or portico, which forms the first story of the court frontage of the building. To this portico the subordinate Ionic order of the façades is arranged to form a screen, with two detached columns in each bay. Upon the frieze of this order, where it occurs in the hemicycle, appear the names of the most famous deceased Americans connected with electricity: Henry, Morse, Franklin, Page, and Davenport; while outside, upon the same frieze, in alphabetical order all around the building, are the names of sixty-six great electricians of all ages and countries, whose names have passed into history. The fame of living electricians must rest upon their displays within the structure.

So far as practicable, the decorations of this building are devised to suggest its uses, the conventional embellishments of the orders being varied by the frequent recurrence of the electromagnet and lamp, and the recesses of the hemicycle and porticos being enriched with color. It is intended also to illuminate and emblazon the architectural features at night with an electric display of unprecedented interest and magnitude.

The architectural modeling of this building was done under a contract with the Phillipson Decorative Company of Chicago, the sculpture of the main pediment being from the hand of Mr. Richard Bock of Chicago.

THE suggestion which has been made that that part of the Electricity Building toward the lagoon would permit of a freer treatment, by reason of the more natural conditions in the landscape of that region as compared with the artificial character of the court, has a much larger and more important application. All the buildings which we have been considering, because they formed a distinct group, and inclosed an area where art was everything and nature nothing, were for obvious reasons developed according to classic formulas. It seemed proper that, in this entrance-court of the World's Exposition, the world should be received with a formal and stately courtesy, illustrated and made intelligible by an architecture which is the peculiar expression and result of the highest civilizations of history. It was like the use of the Latin language, which, by monumental

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A DRAWING BY E. ELDON DEANE. S. S. BEMAN, ARCHITECT.

MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

usage, lends dignity to modern inscriptions, and, by tradition, embalms the liturgical service of the Roman Catholic Church. For reasons equally obvious, the other buildings, which are mainly in charge of the local architects, and which are to be placed in a region where natural conditions are intended to prevail, might receive a development much less restricted in regard to style, and, by following more romantic lines, might be more happily adjusted to their surroundings. These surroundings invite picturesqueness, freedom — qualities peculiarly grateful to American genius, which is naturally impatient of authority and discipline. But we think it will be seen that the architects of Chicago have known how to express these qualities without that license which unhappily is also American; yet with an exuberance, or even joyousness, entirely consistent with refinement of feeling, and in every way appropriate to an occasion of high national festival.

Because of its intermediate position, the Electricity Building may perhaps be considered, in some respects, a transition between these two extremes of architectural thought. At all events, in its sister building, that of Mines and Mining, which occupies a site next west of the Electricity Building, lies parallel with it, and is of nearly the same dimensions, the architect, Mr. S. S. Beman of Chicago, has made a frank departure from the pure classic tradition, exhibiting an adaptation of form to use, of means to ends, in entire conformity with the practical spirit, without caprice, and without sacrifice of any essential quality of art. The contrast between these two buildings clearly illustrates how even the conventional forms of architecture may be so handled as to express a fundamental difference of sentiment, corresponding to the difference of occupation.

Mr. Beman's plan for the Mining Building is included within construction-lines giving an extreme length of 700 feet and an extreme width of 350, and he has found it convenient, for reasons hereafter to be explained, to establish 21½ feet as a general module of dimension in laying out his construction. The general scheme of an interior the greater part of which is to be occupied by masses of classified ores, by heavy mining appliances of all kinds, and other bulky exhibits requiring large space and considerable clear height, should provide for a wide, central, open area as little encumbered by columns as possible. Thus the preliminary consideration of this problem seemed to point directly to a study of construction. The roofing of large

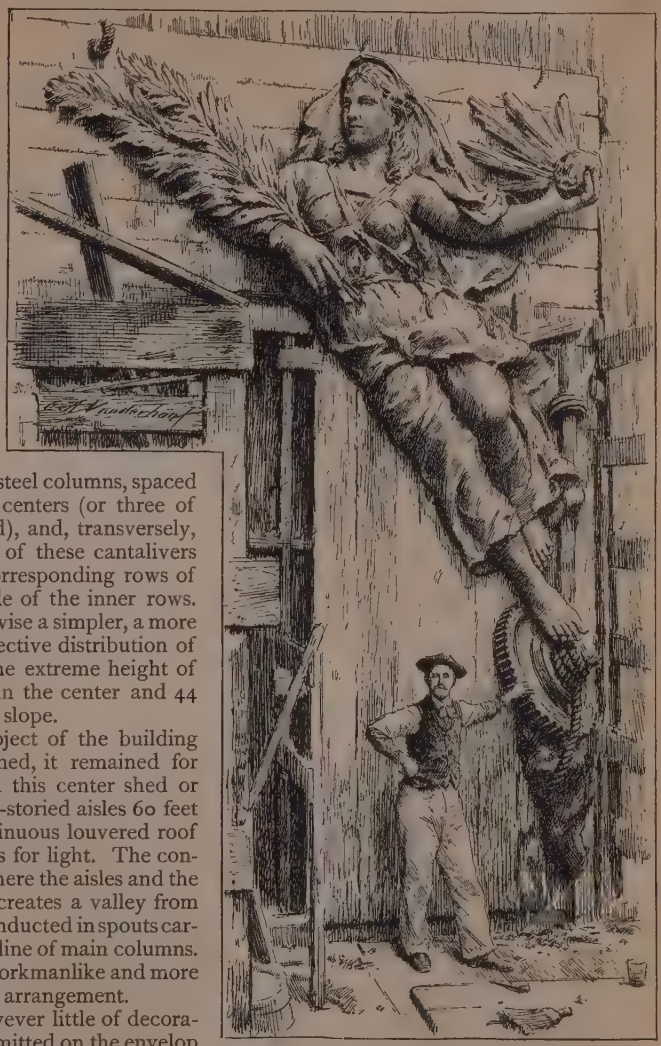
DRAWN BY H. G. RIPLEY.

SOUTH PORCH OF MINES BUILDING.

spaces under similar conditions for the Pullman Company had prepared Mr. Beman to apply a valuable practical experience to the conditions here presented, the result of which was that he was enabled to roof in an area 230 feet wide by 580 feet long (60 feet inside his boundaries all around) by the use of a very light and elegant system of cantaliver trusses, supporting a longitudinal central louver with clearstory lights, and bearing upon two rows of steel columns, spaced lengthwise 64½ feet on centers (or three of the modules above noted), and, transversely, 115 feet; the outer ends of these cantalivers being anchored to two corresponding rows of columns 57½ feet outside of the inner rows. It would be difficult to devise a simpler, a more economical, or a more effective distribution of constructive features. The extreme height of this shed-roof is 94 feet in the center and 44 feet at the bottom of the slope.

The main practical object of the building being thus happily attained, it remained for the architect to surround this center shed or nave with a system of two-storied aisles 60 feet wide, covered with a continuous louvered roof provided with clearstories for light. The conjunction of roof-slopes, where the aisles and the central nave are joined, creates a valley from which the water can be conducted in spouts carried down with the outer line of main columns. Nothing could be more workmanlike and more practical than this whole arrangement.

However much or however little of decorative character may be permitted on the envelop or inclosure of a building of this sort, it cannot be elevated into the domain of architecture unless this inclosure is developed rationally from the essential conditions of structure behind it, and is in some way made expressive of its uses. Moreover, in the present case it is essential that it should be brought, as a whole, into the great architectural family of which it is to form a part, by any concession or adjustment that may be found most convenient. At the outset it would seem that the uses of the building, the comparatively coarse and rough character of the exhibit within, require a massive treatment of the exterior, and that the architectural language employed should in general be such as to express this idea, as it is capable of expressing every



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. RICHARD W. BOCK, SCULPTOR.

STATUE OF "GODDESS OF FORTUNE."

sentiment, however various, desirable to be conveyed in building as a fine art. It naturally follows that the unusual distribution of the interior supports of the roof structure, 64½ feet on centers, should be expressed in the architectural scheme of the exterior on the sides by a corresponding distribution of piers, and that these piers should be made massive, as if constructed with heavy rusticated masonry laid up in marked horizontal courses. In order to give additional emphasis to these expressive buttresses of strength, the whole entablature or cornice of the building is broken around them, and they are surmounted by decorated pedestals or so-

cles supporting banner-staffs. Considerations of proportion give to these piers a width of 10 feet. It also follows logically that the wide bays between these great piers are divided into three segmentally arched divisions of one module each, corresponding to the spacing of the minor supports of the gallery floor; which, in its turn, compels the establishment of a horizontal paneled division in each of these arched divisions, thus forming the first- and second-story window-openings needed for the proper illumination of the building. In all their divisions and subdivisions, therefore, these bays are developed from the structure by growth, and not forced upon it by caprice.

The necessity of bringing the north and south ends of the design into a common scale of height with the court buildings, at the points where comparison is challenged between them, suggests the raising of the main cornice here to a level 11 feet higher than that established on the long fronts by structural conditions. These ends are thus converted into distinct façades of seven great bays, the two corner bays and the central bay in each becoming marked as pavilions, the former being 60 feet wide, to correspond with the width of the inclosing galleries behind them, and the latter, which, from considerations of proportion, grows into a width of 80 feet, becoming the main portal of the building. In all cases the massive and buttress-like character of the piers is insisted on, and, in order to preserve the unity of the design, each constitutes the pedestal of a banner-staff, thus conferring the conventional holiday aspect on a sky-line which might otherwise appear too serious and severe for association with the other buildings of the group. The larger scale of the north and south fronts and their more monumental character have suggested the occupation of each of these seven bays by a great arch, those on the corner pavilions being closed with windows, and the intermediate arches being open with a two-storied loggia behind; but in the central bay the idea of the portal compels the raising of its cornice, the crowning of it with a highly decorated frontispiece in pedimental form, and a marked increase in width, height, and depth of the arch, which is not divided by the loggia of the second story. The superior height and development of this feature also seems to mask the glazed gable-end of the great roof of the central hall; which, however, may be seen in perspective 60 feet behind the line of frontage. The corner bays are furnished with visible low domical roofs supporting circular lanterns. In order to obtain a necessary amalgamation between the monumental masses which form the ends of the building and the long inferior curtain-wall with its nine bays on the east and west sides, it is found necessary in the central bay of these sides to establish a proportionate distribution of masses by repeating in it the motive of the corner bays with their higher entablature, and by crowning it with a pediment, treating the archway as a subordinate entrance or exit in the middle of the long fronts.

Mr. Beman has not attempted to follow the historical styles with precision. Indeed, the logical development of his façades has necessarily conferred upon them a proper modern character. We, however, may see here the influence of the example of the great modillion cornices of the Italian palaces of the sixteenth century, and much other Italian detail of the best eras, mingled with some of the elegant license of the modern Renaissance of France; and in the treatment of the balconies of his loggia, and of the Doric order which upholds them, we may discover a return to the Rome of the Cæsars. The sculpturesque modeling of this building was executed in the ateliers of the Phillipson Decorative Company of Chicago.

Henry Van Brunt.

LARKIN G. MEAD SCULPTOR.

CENTRAL PEDIMENT OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.[1]

By Henry B. Fuller.

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

V.

Salzburg: Mephisto among the Manuscripts

AURELIA WEST, on witnessing the departure of her Italian acquaintance from Flüelen, by the grandest of all the routes leading down into his own native country, had supposed herself irretrievably devoted to the Teutonic side of the Alps, and reasonably beyond the reach and influence of any other land or race. Had she not just passed within a few hundred yards of the Rütli, still flourishing greenly with the memories of mountain freedom? Was she not now within a mile or two of the birthplace of the liberator and hero of the land? Had she not beheld within the last hour the monumental rock commemorating at once the hero and his poet? Was she not now surrounded on every hand by scenery the noble grandeur of which might well match and offset even such name and fame? Aye, truly. How pitiful, then, that a wall dingily stuccoed and rudely lettered with the simple word *albêrgo* should so put the unthrift and melody of Italy before her as to wipe out completely the glorious Vierwaldstätter See, and make all Switzerland as but a thing that was not! How deplorable that the good-natured clamor of a company of untidy, uncoated young fellows playing tenpins with the ordinary sprinkling of *sei* and *sette* and *otto*, and no more than the usual allowance of *adesso* and *allora*, should have been equal to the canceling of the lines on Tell's own pedestal, and even able to obliterate the lofty inscription on the Mythenstein itself! To think that Schiller and William Tell, and Altdorf and the Axenstrasse and the Frohnalpstock, and other Teutonicalities innumerable, should have been bowled over and sent flying helter-skelter by the hand of an ignorant, unwashed Italian peasant! To think that one who had but to pick and choose among the multiplied magnificences of all Helvetia should, even for a single moment, experience an unreasoning impulse to forego Leman and Lucerne, Pilatus and the Jungfrau, the Tête Noire and the Gemmi, the Oberland and the Dolomites, in order to plunge headlong across the St. Gothard and make one's instant way to Como and Venice and Rome! But such is Italy.

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This was the acute and incongruous emotion that sported with Aurelia West as she stood before the Tell statue at Altdorf, and a feeling not altogether dissimilar — being different in degree only, and not in kind — came over her after the first day or two of their stay in Salzburg. They were on the extreme northern edge of the Alps, and yet there were many things in the aspect of the place to suggest that they might be on the extreme southern edge. Aurelia did not fully apprehend the complication of considerations that had combined to this effect; she did not know that frequent conflagrations had well nigh wiped out the bristling awkwardness of German medievalism, or that the magnificent but mistaken tastes of a long line of baroque bishops had favored the Italian influence in architecture no less than in music; but she had some sense of the moderation and restraint shown everywhere in the skylines, and the various domes and church-towers, and fountains and palace-fronts, seemed almost unbroken reflections of Fontana and Bernini and Maderno. Indeed the handsome quays along the Salzach might almost have come from Pisa; the high-perched old fortress up on the Mönchsberg suggested Bellinzona, or even the Belvedere at Florence; the outlines of the encircling mountain-amphitheater, with the Hochstaufen, the Untersberg, the Tennengebirge and the rest, seemed sufficiently suave and fluent to harmonize with the other features of the panorama; while from every convent and abbey — Benedictine, Ursuline, Franciscan — came subtle whiffs of a somber, uncompromising, and poetically mysterious Catholicism. It seemed like Italy; indeed, it almost was Italy — Italy in a blond wig.

Nor was Aurelia long in discovering that in leaving the Lake of Uri for the valley of the Salzach they had simply exchanged one hero for another. Patriotism gave way to melody; Tell was supplanted by Mozart. The fanatical frenzy of the musical amateur appeared early and in all its virulence both in Zeitgeist and the Governor, and it became evident that as long as they remained in Salzburg — most exquisitely lovely of all German towns though it be — nature was to take a place secondary to art. They visited in rapid and regular course the house where Mozart was born, the house in which he subsequently lived, that other house (removed hither all the way from Vienna and set up on the Kapuzinerberg across the river) in which he composed certain of his works, and also that other house where manuscripts, portraits, and piano combine to make a veritable little Mozart museum. Zeitgeist caressed with a shining eye the faded physiognomy of that meager little clavier, and the young women gave forth a sympathetic sigh as they scanned the painted lineaments of its one-time owner, but the Governor's attention was almost completely concentrated on the manuscripts; a thousand musical bees were already buzzing in his bonnet, and he was coming to feel that to leave Salzburg without a leaf or two of copy from the master's own hand would be to confess their visit pitifully resultless indeed.

But he was prepared to be very reasonable in his demands; he would make a point of keeping his expectations quite within the bounds of moderation. To hope for a loose page from the "Zauberflöte" or the "Entführung" would be unwise; to look for a bit of scoring out of one of the great symphonies would be absurd. But something — any little thing at all, however small, however simple — should be, must be, found: a scrap from some one of all those numberless masses, a trifling set of exercises for the piano; though truly the thing he most desired was some little sonatina or other arranged for cello, piano, and the *flauto transverso* — an unlikely combination, indeed, but still among the possibilities. Included in their lodgings on the quay there was a dimmed old rococo salon of the last years of the last century, and it had struck him that an evening of chamber-music there — a kind of memorial service, read, as it were, from the master's original manuscript — would not be inappropriate. He seated the Chatelaine at the *passé* piano, dressed her in brocade, powdered her hair, canopied her with loves and graces, and illumined her with clusters of wax-lights. Zeitgeist and he completed the group, but they were both indeterminate in costume, and not too plainly in view; while Fin-de-Siècle and Aurelia West merely existed negatively, and quite outside the frame, as audience. To provide the proper *pabulum* for such a feast he would use any fair means, and if fair means were found to fail, then he would use —

Aurelia West lent herself sympathetically to the Governor's idea; she had some sense of the fit, the effective, the pictorial, and she was already revolving plans of her own, according to which the Chatelaine was to be shown properly situated, attended, circumstanced; but Fin-de-Siècle held quite aloof — apparently — from all this musical madness. He had but an imperfect sympathy for any form of art whose method of expression was such as to make impossible the incorporation of criticism. What expression of opinion was there in a fugue? What point could possibly be maintained by a sonata? Why should the artist, pen in hand, choose to content himself with the inarticulate, when the articulate itself, with all its wonderful opportunities for comment, criticism, controversy, was within equal reach and of infinitely

greater influence? How infinitely better to argue than to rhapsodize; how much finer to judge than to create; how far superior the commentator to the mere fancifier!

It was from the heights of the Kapuzinerberg, well above the monastery and none too many steps from the threshold of Mozart's own house, that Fin-de-Siècle was waving with so much energy, and hardly less sincerity, the red flag of modernity. Across the river lay the old town, penned in by the long heaving sweep of the ragged and uneasy Mönchsberg, and above the high-heaped towers of Hohen-Salzburg the last segment of the rocky, snow-flecked amphitheater began to lapse away easily into the featurelessness of the Bavarian plain. Below them, in the square between the quay and the towered flank of the cathedral, rose the statue of the immortal composer himself, and before this presence the oriflamme flaunted by Fin-de-Siècle took on, in the Governor's eye, a tinge more sanguinary still. To find the mainspring of art in a criticism of life, as a certain great *Anglais* had expressed it, was, he declared, absurd; to base it on a fondness for the representation of life, like a certain acute *Américain*, was better, though inadequate: but to see art both as the exercise and the result of a trained self-expression — a self-expression prompted by the inner necessities of the individual — was better still. From this point of view the main consideration was the artist himself; he must look to it that his self-expression was adequate, correct, emollient. The artist was the exact opposite of the polemist, the one expressing himself, the other impressing himself; nor should one ignore the fact that the value of words, in an age of words, was likely to be overestimated. The second consideration involved the circle to whom the artist made his close, immediate appeal, as well as those impressionable outsiders, unknown to him personally, but presumed to exist somewhere in a state of receptive and responsive sympathy. The third consideration was the — but for the artist absolute, the artist pure and simple, there is no public. As regarded other art-workers, those prompted by emulation, request, mimicry, or necessity to duplicate, imitate, extend the work resulting from the exercise of this first creative impulse, there was a word for them: one man is an artist, another is "artistic"; just as one man is a gentleman while another is only a "gentlemanly person." Really, the great thing was that the artist should feel the prompting of the creative spirit in him, and should realize the relief that comes from an outward and sensible expression of the inward and the insensible. Then it was largely a question of selection, proportion, arrangement, presentation; and even if the outward form were partial, broken, obscure, fragmentary — the Governor paused and glanced modestly askance. His thoughts had turned toward Aventicum, and he hoped that some one might see the way to weaving a laurel wreath and placing it upon his brow then and there. But no one offered to, and he made the mortified resolve that the next time he went fishing he would use a bigger bait.

Zeitgeist did not feel prompted to go out of his way to support Fin-de-Siècle, but he disliked to see the Governor put himself deliberately in the wrong by ruthlessly classing artworkers of the second rank among the amateurs. Taste and technic, he thought, were enough, without creative intelligence, to put a man among artists and to keep him there. The idea, however, that the artist was the central point in his own circle he accepted readily enough; and the other idea, too, that the artist's proper and primary appeal was to his own circumference. Had not the Salzburg master himself declared that no one should try to be a composer save him who wrote because he must? And had he not to a lavish and unprecedented degree showered his own quick-coming fancies, for the asking, or less, upon friends, family, associates, mere acquaintances? What other spirit, indeed, would have made chamber-music what it was — the great feature of the greatest musical age? Chamber-music, in fact, was this young man's besetting dissipation. His apprehension of music was mainly intellectual; he delighted in the tough, the abstruse, the over-technical. He trudged on in the treadmill of a fugue with a light-footed alacrity, and could follow a subject in double counterpoint from the score with absolute avidity. A lady had once told him that the playing of his quartette was tiresome. To whom? he had asked. To her, she had replied. And then he had quieted her by saying that chamber-music was meant to interest, not the listeners, but the performers. As for the Governor, his delight was wholly in his own work. He played quite indifferently, but he took more pleasure in the uncertain pipings of his own flute than in any sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies in which he had no share. I doubt if even the very harmony of the spheres would have seemed quite to his taste, unless resulting in part from the puckering of his own lips.

But it was idle to stand disputatiously on the panoramic height of the Kapuzinerberg in expectation that some chance breeze from below might waft them up a page of manuscript; so during the course of the day the Governor repaired to a certain small shop in an obscure part of the town where, as a friend had advised him, he might be able to satisfy his requirements. It was in a street close to the base of the Mönchsberg, against whose steep rise the houses were

attached, and in whose side they were partly excavated. The place was in charge of a substantial matron, who drew her hand across her mouth with a kind of anticipatory relish, and who jostled aside a collection of dusty and dented curios to make space for the spreading out of her musical merchandise. She had something to show, and she knew it; she opened up in a way that more than redeemed the promise of the place, and that made the Governor's wish seem not so very difficult of gratification, after all. She had not only Mozart—that was merely the beginning. She had Gluck, Haydn, Mendelssohn; Rossini, hotchpotchy, an omelet in notes; Liszt, bizarre, erratic, a playing to and fro of chain-lightning; a letter of Beethoven's, a sad jumble; a page of Rousseau, the slow, painstaking momentumlessness of the half-amateur; and bits of the local master *à discretion*. One of these last Zeitgeist held in his hand, studying it long and carefully. Then he handed it over to the Governor and asked him if it were possible to detect in such pen-work any peculiarity of character or temperament that could properly, even possibly, explain the life and death that the composer was made to live and die. What other manuscripts of all those lying around them could compare with Mozart's in caré, order, regularity, lucidity?—a golden mean between the downright, bull-headed vigor of Bach and Handel on the one hand, and the over-delicate, too refined touch of Chopin, or the morbid and nebulous page of Schubert on the other; a pattern of arrangement, of moderation, of general reasonableness that almost, indeed, grazed the commonplace. The general course of his life, too, had exhibited the same effect of moderation, self-possession, and decorum that his manuscripts displayed. His father, a sober and exemplary Christian, had given his childhood instruction (if such extraordinary and mysterious precocity in all matters musical can be said to have received or required instruction), and had accompanied his youth and early manhood (an exceptionally filial one) with advice and watchful care. Accustomed from his earliest years to the most ungrudging, most unbounded recognition of his marvelous gifts, he had earnestly struggled on in a career which he felt his own qualifications demanded and deserved. His was a nature foreign to excesses of whatever kind; in the main he was temperate, self-controlled—he kept himself well in hand. His disposition was noticeably sunny and sanguine; his personality was peculiarly sympathetic and winning. His self-respect, while an active quality, was not so bumptiously self-assertive as to put him at an undue disadvantage in the society of the day, while his name and fame received an early and wide effusion through France, the academies, conservatories, and theaters of Italy, and all the courts of Germany. But—

The Governor could not escape the pitiful force of this *but*. He gave a faint sigh, and absent-mindedly creased and recreased the dingy leaflet in his hand, quite unconscious of the indignant impatience of the shopwoman. Yes, he declared; here, if anywhere, was reason for belief in the active interference of a malignant fate in human affairs; no career that he was at all acquainted with showed such a disheartening discrepancy between cause and effect—such a painful, inexplicable hitch between means and end. It was not enough to say that Mozart was naturally something of an innovator, and was too absorbedly bent on the free vent of his own copious fancyings to keep within academic bounds: Gluck had broken through the bars more completely, and had compelled recognition in a widened field. It would not do to say that the line between the musician and the servant was not drawn very clearly in that day, and that where all the great families—the Esterhazys, the Gallitzins, the Lichtensteins—maintained complete orchestras, and ordered new symphonies and serenatas just as they ordered new coats or new table-cloths, the very number of musicians employed would work against the full recognition of the individual. Haydn, under these conditions, had made himself a permanent and respected place. It was not well to lay too great stress on the clouds of infinitesimal and multitudinous cabalists that swarmed and stung on every stage to the desperation of the composer and his sympathizers: all the other composers of the day labored under the same disadvantage as well. It would not be greatly to the purpose to say that the astounding precocity of Mozart's childhood had prejudiced his subsequent career; for the boy who at four composed pieces for the clavier, at six astonished the monks of Wasserburg by his performance on the organ, at seven rebuked the slow appreciation of the Pompadour, and at fifteen conducted his own opera at Milan to the wonder and admiration of all Italy, never received an iota of appreciation from his chief patron and most evil of all evil stars, the Archbishop of Salzburg, who fed him at table with valets and cooks, and who rewarded the complete dedication of his time and talent by an honorarium of two ducats a year. Indeed, the more one pondered the case the more one was tempted to escape from its meshes by recourse to reasons too puerile, too simple, to be accepted by many as reasons at all. Was it not probable that Mozart, with his enjoyment of familiar human intercourse, showed too great a facility in sliding down to meet non-genius on its own plain, common,

every-day level; no pretension, no attention; no claims, no consideration? And was it not more than likely that most of Mozart's misfortunes came from his peculiarly insignificant physique, in a day when "presence" counted for so much? What chance had this poor little fellow of holding his own against the robust, overtopping prince-bishop, the lordly Hieronymus von Colloredo, with his horses and hounds, his trains of swarming servants and retainers, and the bevies of magnificent women with whom he loved to surround himself? The same chance that a butterfly has amid the belchings of some soot-blackened chimney; the same chance that a bubbling spring has against the associated spades of a crowd of clod-heaving navvies. But that such a soul should have passed away singing, as we may say, and surrounded, in all literalness, by its mates, and that the body it left behind should have been carelessly hurried to the common trench —

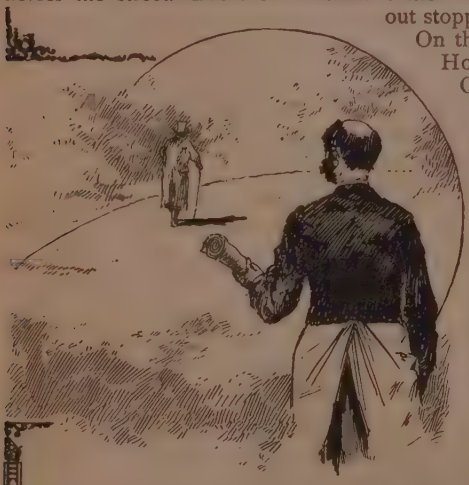
The exasperated shopkeeper snatched her maltreated manuscript from the Governor's unconscious hand and laid it on top of the others, which had already been placed back in their box. The Governor put his sympathies into one pocket and got his purse out of another, and came away with such purchases as Zeitgeist's taste and acumen, added to his own, could contrive. But all the Mozart manuscripts were not in the hands of the laity, as it presently came to be discovered. Salzburg is nothing if not ecclesiastical, and there is quite a round of churches and convents for those disposed to make the most of the place. Some of these places are inaccessible to ladies, and some of them are quite out of the question for gentlemen; but at such as were practicable for both the Chatelaine's friends were able to note how easy it was for her to slide from the secular into the devotional. The unconscious simplicity of these transitions was viewed by Aurelia West with a kind of awed embarrassment; her own devotions were of course performed only at stated intervals and under circumstances conventionally correct; she herself was more or less unable to feel the efficacy of week-day prayer, and really preferred to worship in the company of other ladies gowned and bonneted for that purpose. It surprised her a good deal to see with what an indulgent interest these extemporaneous devotions, briefly undertaken in dusky corners, were regarded by the young men, for she knew that the Chatelaine's uplifted eye found no counterpart in either of them. Fin-de-Siècle, far from looking up to religion, looked down upon it, while Zeitgeist looked aslant at it with a level gaze that claimed to see the good and the bad in every system, and to weigh them quite coolly and indifferently against each other. But they both appreciated the devotional as an element in the female character, the one feeling that to the *ewigweibliche* we must look more and more for faith and imagination, and the other holding that a serious, large-eyed young woman, with a strong affinity for the *prie-dieu*, made the most charming of frontispieces — what a pity that in the best-made books of fiction a frontispiece was no longer *chic*. And neither of them, I fancy, would have resented a churchly wife.

In one of these churches, one morning, the Governor having inexplicably vanished, the young men were taking advantage of so appropriate a time and place to air their theological views. Zeitgeist had already upset the sacred chronology, to the scandal of Aurelia West, and Fin-de-Siècle was engaged in cracking a series of ornamental flourishes against the supernatural about the startled ears of the Chatelaine, when the Governor, emerging from nowhere in particular, as it seemed, came tripping toward them, to the great relief of the orthodox sex, with a twinkle in his eyes and a dusty document in his extended hand. He announced with great glee that he had just got hold of another Mozart manuscript, and he justified himself before the reproachful Chatelaine, who appeared to be suspecting some grave impropriety or worse, by a statement of the facts. He had burst unexpectedly at once into the sacristy and into a rehearsal. He had found a lank old man in a cassock seated before a music-rest in the midst of a dozen little chaps dressed in red petticoats and white over-things, and every one of those blessed choristers was singing at the top of his lungs — had any of them heard it? — his own proper part in a Mozart mass from a real Mozart manuscript. They were being kept to the mark by a pair of lay brothers who played — incredible and irreverent combination! — a tuba and a bassoon; and the master had quieted his obstreperous aids, and had come straight to him in the most civil manner, and — well, here was the manuscript; twenty florins well spent. It was not a mass, — oh, dear, no; let nobody think it, — it was a little trio — la-a-a, la la la, la-a-a, that was the way it went. These parts, here, were for two violins, probably, but they would go well enough on the flute and the upper strings of the cello. Really it was not so difficult after all, this finding of manuscripts, and he felt that he could soon leave Salzburg quite content.

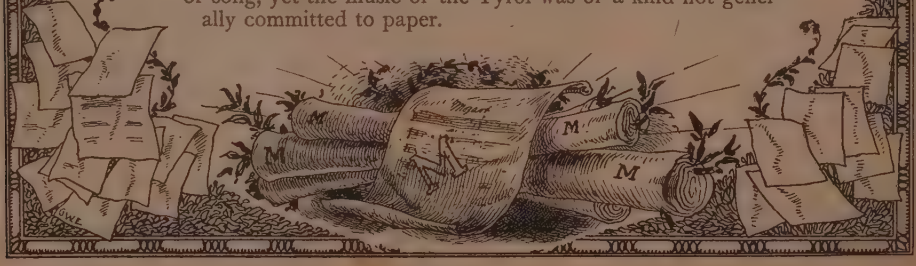
The Governor's content was raised a degree higher still a little later in the day, as he was strolling among the clipped hedges and marble statues of the old archiepiscopal pleasance behind the Schloss Mirabell — a garden cut after the old French mode, and as little expressive of sanctity as are the fatigued gaiety and worldly

charm of a wearied beauty just home from a ball. The Governor was all the time conscious that his was not the only pair of lungs breathing in the world-weary atmosphere of this sophisticated retreat, and he presently perceived, modestly hovering about behind a hedge of arbor-vitæ, a youth with a battered brown portfolio under his arm. The Governor was presently examining the contents of this portfolio (with an interest that did not quite rise to enthusiasm, however), and had soon committed himself to an appointment for the inspection of more Mozart manuscripts. On his return to his lodgings he found a most flattering note awaiting him from one of the dignitaries of the cathedral. A number of original manuscripts by the great Mozart had just come to light in the church library, and the Governor, as an eminent amateur, was invited to attend a private rehearsal from the same.

The next day the Chatelaine made a visit to the Ursuline convent on the Nonnberg. The Lady Superior was more than gracious, and from her own private cabinet she abstracted a bit of music which she charged the Chatelaine to convey to her distinguished relative — a little song in the own, authenticated hand of their beloved Wolfgang Amadeus. When Bertha placed this offering in her godfather's hands the old gentleman gave a quiet sigh: for a lad was then waiting below for an answer to a note that he had brought from the shop in the Gstättengasse,— other Mozart manuscripts having developed in that dusky quarter; while before him on the table lay the prospectus of a publisher who was shortly to bring out a series of Mozart quartets, just discovered. When the Governor sallied forth next morning, a seedy-looking individual who had been waiting half an hour on the pavement opposite thrust his hand into the inside pocket of a shabby coat as he came stepping rapidly across the street. But the Governor turned his head the other way, and hurried on without stopping.



On their last day they climbed up once more to Hohen-Salzburg to pay to the Canterbury of Germany the parting tribute of a final general view. They indulged in a modest little luncheon at the restaurant which offers refreshment at the entrance to the castle. Here, while Zeitgeist was settling the score, and the rest were endeavoring to fasten a lasting impression of so much beauty on their minds, a waiter slid up confidentially alongside the Governor with his fingers fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket — Fin-de-Siècle looking on with a smile in which suspicion might have detected a trace of the sardonic. Would his lordship be pleased to look at a bit of music, genuine beyond all doubt, and written by no less a master than — The Governor turned a look of pleading expostulation upon him, collected his young people, and hurried down the hillside in all haste. On their way to the station a boy who stood on a crossing waiting for their cab to pass jerked a paper from a bundle that he carried under his arm and thrust it out toward the Governor. The old gentleman shuddered, and commanded the cab-driver, through the other window, to prod up his lagging beast. And as the train pulled out, he sighed a sigh of relief at the thought that while the land to which they were bound was indeed a land of song, yet the music of the Tyrol was of a kind not generally committed to paper.



VI. THE DOLOMITES: SCIENCE IN PANIC.

It is not to be supposed that the Governor passively accepted the occurrences at Salzburg as a mere series of coincidences totally disassociated from any propelling cause; but it was not until Zeitgeist made some allusion to certain social movements on the part of Fin-de-Siècle and himself, during their stay in that town, that the old gentleman began to suspect the Count (finally assured of the real nature of the retreat near Constance) of having adopted retaliatory measures. At Salzburg, Zeitgeist was within a hundred miles of home, and many of the personages in residence there were well known to him; so on his making a casual allusion to Fin-de-Siècle's sudden quickening of the social spirit, and to the satisfaction which both of them had derived from a little round of visits, the Governor was able to formulate his theory. There was nothing in Fin-de-Siècle's course that he could really resent, for one may be gorged to-day yet recover his appetite to-morrow; but he sighed to think that the young man's desire for a revenge more immediate than adequate should have so irreverently involved the great master. However, the revenge had not been without its tinge of ingenuity, for it was a Gaul who had smitten a Teuton; but it pained the Governor to feel that just as Wagner was unable to escape the wrath of associated Frenchmen at home, so Mozart should have been unable to escape the malice of a single Frenchman abroad. But then there were satisfactions: the well-known facility of the composer, and his long residence in Salzburg, made it likely enough that all those purchases were genuine, and it was pleasant to see that the appreciation of a once-neglected genius was now so great and growing.

However, no further complications ensued, for Fin-de-Siècle presently dropped away from the little party, as he had done before, and so came to no greater familiarity with the Dolomites than he had enjoyed through Axenquist and his models. It was this collection that had first drawn their attention toward those peculiar manifestations in south Tyrol, and when Zeitgeist declared that he had already been over a part of the ground, it was agreed that he should conduct the rest of them over the ground, too. There was something in the fantastic and extravagant exaggerations of that region which started up all the latent Americanism in Aurelia West; and she, who had viewed the flowingly poetic outlines of the Alban mountains from the steps of the Lateran with no particular appreciation, had risen to an enthusiastic interest over the jagged pinnacles and splintered spires by which the brain-turned Swede had portrayed the wild and fantastic outlines of the Rosengarten and the Ampezzo-Thal. The Chatelaine, too, was willing enough to forego for a while the Doric severity of the Valais to wonder over the rigid and riven Gothicity in which rose Pelmo and Tofana, and Sorapis and Antelao, and Civita and Cristallo, and Marmolata and Hohe

Schlern, and Croda Malcora — a landscape in words alone. Already they saw those lofty and rugged valleys, hedged in by cloven precipices and rimmed with a raggedness of escarped battlements, and imaged to themselves a serried succession of pale and isolated peaks starting out dim and haggard through the dawn, or glaring crudely in the dazzling sunlight, or glowing threateningly in the red flush of sunset, or rising bare and desolate and spectral in the ghastly pallors of the moonlight. Meanwhile the Governor nervously handled his little hammer, and Zeitgeist was supposed to busy himself about the roads and the inns.

Their week in the Dolomites was to be not a promenade, but a scramble — a thing assumed by the mountaineering Zeitgeist and understood well enough by the Governor and the Chatelaine, but not dreamed of by the luxurious Aurelia, who smoothly inferred a succession of drives in properly equipped vehicles, and a regular series of four-franc dinners at table d'hôte — certainly nothing less than three. So by the time they had reached Cortina, and had sat down to dinner (as persons of distinction) on the landing, Aurelia began to experience a silent but deep-set sense of injury Rocchetta, indeed, rose invitingly across the valley; Tofana had graciously cast away its portentous cloud-drapery; Malcora opened wide its glacial and mysterious amphitheater: but all that went for nothing. For they had driven into town in a rasping, rattling, mud-bespattered something, drawn by a pony and a mule, and their meager dinner of broth and lettuce-heads and omelets was placed before them on a rough table which no friendly willingness, no anxiety to please, could smoothly cover or adequately fill. She looked protestingly toward the complacently unconscious Zeitgeist, at once the general of the expedition and its commissary, as if to ask why she should ever have been brought to this rude and benighted place. Poor child! she utterly failed to realize that she was dining in state in the capital of the district, on the line of the only highway by which the region was traversed, and she was mercifully spared the knowledge that what she had already undergone was indeed only a promenade compared with that she was yet to undergo.

She rebelliously stirred her spoon around in her broth, and recurred with an intensified resentment to a little lecture which Zeitgeist had once read her for her scant appreciation of the fare and of the service of certain villages in the Haslithal and around Kandersteg. He had asked her to observe how anywhere in Switzerland, in town or hamlet, in places famous or obscure, one was certain of a good meal, well cooked and civilly served. She had tried to extinguish him by an account of a huge caravansary in the remote regions of buttes and sage-brush, where, five hundred miles from anywhere, she had found the electric light, a full orchestra, the telephone, and all the delicacies of every season. But he had not been greatly impressed; he had rejoined that it was the general average that counted, and that a civilization which grew up out of the ground was one thing, while a civilization fetched from afar on a mortar-board and slapped on with a trowel was another. Nowhere in her country, except in a few leading establishments in the great centers, had he found acceptable fare and attention, and nowhere was civility a certainty; an uncouth, insolent "independence" upset all calculations, and really nullified many an outlay; even those who would behave not always could. Whereas on the Continent every little place, however remote, however humble, could offer palatable fare, cleanliness, and courtesy. All this she remembered, and, remembering, rebelled, though still she did not openly complain. And on the morrow they left for another place — a worse one.

For just after breakfast tidings of the most distasteful nature came to greet the Governor — from Auronzo, too, their objective point. It had been their plan to pass around the great pyramid of Antelao on to Cadore and the Titian country generally, but the new intelligence decided him to push at once over the mountains to Caprile instead, in quite the opposite direction. The word was brought by a strapping young peasant, who had been tramping and scrambling across the mountains since daylight, and who had been impelled to this exertion by a visitor now at his native place — a *forestiere*, in general; a Frenchman, in particular; an elderly individual of a very exacting and peremptory disposition; a stout walker and a mighty wielder of the geological hammer; a man of scowls and pursed lips and severely sudden turns of the head; in other words, the worthy Saitoutetplus of Neuchâtel, whose message was that he was now in the Dolomites, that he had been trying to catch up with the Governor for the last three days, and that he might be looked for in Cortina within the next twenty-four hours.

This news at once put the Governor in a tremor. The sensitive old gentleman had not met his colleague since that mortifying fiasco at Aventicum, nor did he feel himself able to face him even now. He took the presence of Saitoutetplus among the Dolomites as more than an unkindness — as something almost equaling a cruelty. He had indeed known Saitoutetplus to describe himself as a grand-nephew of the great Dolomieu, and had more than once heard him refer to a trip through

south Tyrol as among the possibilities; but his presence here now could be accounted for only on the ground of an ungenerous desire to gloat over a friend whose ardent and imaginative nature had put him at a disadvantage. So within an hour the Governor and his friends had left Cortina — the cleanly, the cheerful, the Germanic — for a long course of travel among the huddled and disheveled hamlets of Venetia, the Chatelaine seated firmly on a brown horse, Aurelia perched precariously on a sorry sorrel, the Governor straddled on an opinionative mule, and Zeitgeist trudging along on foot with the bearers of the baggage.

It was a rigorous and diversified route, and led them across lofty alps and under melancholy groves of pine, through whose openings they glimpsed the pale distortions of distant Dolomites, and at one stage their guide condemned them to an hour's scramble up the rocky bed of a dried-up torrent. It was an ordeal for all of them; and the Governor, since he alone knew why it was all undergone, was the only one who was sustained by the feeling that what he was suffering by moving was much less than what he would have suffered by remaining at rest. Pelmo and Marmolata looked down with a stony indifference on all this anguish; and when they stopped at a chalet for the refreshment of milk, only to find the place barred and bolted, and to spy the inhabitants thereof swishing their scythes on the mountain-slopes a thousand feet above their heads, the martyred Aurelia seated herself on an upturned butter-tub, and openly lamented the lost luxuries of Cortina, whose cleanly rooms now stretched out like the great state apartments of some palace, whose broths and omelets were a banquet truly fit for monarchs, and whose brisk little felt-hatted *kellnerinn* was a ministering angel indeed. And it was sunset when the vast wall of Monte Civita flashed a rosy signal to them from its pompous, organ-like front, and the compact and dingy habitations of Caprile appeared in the valley below.

The Governor and Bertha spent the next day in botanizing up the valley of the Livinalungo, while Zeitgeist made a solitary feint in the direction of the Marmolata glacier. Aurelia kept her room during the entire day, not because it was a close, low-ceiled little place, with a complete command of the noise, odor, and disorder of the stable-yard, but in spite of that; and she revived her flagging energies on a diet of broth evolved from a pair of skinny and sapless fowls, not because she liked it, but because it was that or nothing. And about half-past four there came a rap on the door, and a new misfortune developed when a letter, addressed to the Governor and brought across the mountains by one of the Cortina hostlers, was handed in to Aurelia as the sole representative of their party now on the ground. The handwriting of the address indicated great decision and indomitable resolution, and the last word ended with a big splutter that seemed the mingled symbol of haste, indignation, and a grim sense of ultimate triumph. When this missive was put into the Governor's hands, fear passed on to panic and his flight was turned into a rout. The persevering Saitoutetplus was sorry, he wrote, that his first message had arrived at a time when their preparations for departure had advanced so far as to make any further delay impracticable; he was anxious to see his friend for a scientific conference of considerable importance, and he should therefore come on at once to Caprile, arriving there next day at noon. The Governor at once informed Zeitgeist and the Chatelaine that important and unexpected intelligence made it necessary for him to reach Botzen on the Brenner as soon as possible,— conveying the impression that his letter had come from that quarter,— and that they must prepare to leave Caprile for Primiero before ten o'clock the next morning.

The Governor scouted with an injured indignation the idea that Saitoutetplus's persecution had nothing behind it but a desire to discuss the geological origins of the Dolomitic region. Never would he meet the man if he could possibly avoid it; and if he were constrained to meet him in the end, still nothing, nothing in the world, could compel him to agree with him. If Saitoutetplus seemed disposed to uphold the coral-reef theory of the formation of the Dolomites, he himself should hold out for the theory of volcanic action, obsolete though it might be. If Saitoutetplus preferred the volcanic theory, then he should make up some new theory right out of his own head,— a thunder-and-lightning theory, for instance; a theory of crags splintering and crashing under the constant and concentrated fury of a thousand thousand forked and jagged thunderbolts — a theory, in fact, drawn from the heavens above and equally good with one drawn from the earth beneath or from the waters under the earth. But as for anything like an agreement between them — impossible!

The way to Primiero was a long and tangled succession of paths, lanes, footpaths, mule-tracks, wagon-roads, which led southward with faint hints of Italy in the dim blueness of distant valleys; but for the panic-driven Governor (whose every step was now taken for really no better reason than that it had a predecessor and so must have a successor) the dominant feature of the landscape was his redoubtable colleague of the college, who started up here, there, and everywhere. As they boated across the lovely lake of Alleghe, the Governor al-

most looked to see an extended arm raising above the surface of the water, not the sword of the legend, but the *vade mecum* of the geologist; the shadows cast by the lazily floating cumuli upon the broad, screen-like front of Civita appeared in his eyes as the image of a stubborn and contentious professor on the rostrum; while from every door and window in the piazza at Agordo a determined index-finger seemed threatening to thrust itself, with the intention of arresting the fleeting philosopher, and of having the whole matter argued out then and there.

On from Agordo the road lay through the quicksilver country; and Aurelia West, as she progressed slowly over that bare, scorched, and stifling tract, and experienced the novel sensation of the perspiration drip, drip, dripping from the tip of her nose, reverted longingly to the haymakers' chalet up above Caprile. How cool the wind had been there, how fresh the flowers, how pleasant the shade to the north of that rude and bedraggled wall, how refreshing the milk in its great coarse vessels (for they had found an attendant peasant at last), how glorious the lofty, wide-spread view, how particularly comfortable the seat made by that upturned tub! The Chatelaine, however, went on steadily and sturdily enough, and Zeitgeist, who was coming to regard Aurelia with considerable impatience and resentment, had nothing but admiration for her companion. Thoroughgoing and inexorable mountaineer, he was conceiving a great admiration for a young woman whose powers were so staying, and who was so fully equal to looking after herself. She could disentangle her own stirrups, she could mount her own horse, and she had a knack of helpfully slinging the tea-bottles across her saddle. No hard scrabble could wrench her ankles, no steep climb could altogether take her wind. If she fancied a flower, she scrambled for it instead of weakly yet imperatively demanding that it be brought to her; and a complexion whose soft bloom came from within rather than from without took no querulous and incessant heed of wind and weather.

On the other hand, Miss West had given him no rest. Her unceasing demands, exactions, expectations, all through Switzerland, had buzzed about his head like a swarm of gnats, and her indulgence in the superfine only as far back as Caprile had impelled him to tell her that that sort of thing would never do. She had reduced the willing and painstaking landlady there to a state of tears by her complaints and criticisms, and Zeitgeist had been obliged to tell her that the chief Dolomite innkeepers were not to be treated in any such fashion. They were persons of some means, position, and consequence; they were the possessors of immensely long genealogies, many of them having ranked as noble even as late as the last century; they were independent of travelers' coin, keeping open house less for profit than for public convenience; they maintained the tradition of an old-time hospitality, and were to be treated with more consideration — or at least more forbearance — than she was showing. Aurelia gulped down this information with a stony fortitude; to suffer was bad enough, but to suffer in silence —

More suffering awaited her at Primiero, where Zeitgeist, whose rôle was not to fetch and carry, to defer, and to dance attendance, unburdened himself of the vexation and indignation of a month by uttering some very pointed phrases on the tyranny of the American aristocracy. Aurelia was in a state of exhaustion approaching collapse,—a situation where invective might well have given the *pas* to generosity,— but she plucked up enough spirit to declare that there was no aristocracy in America; the aristocracy of slavery was dead and gone, the aristocracy of intellect had never existed there, or anywhere else, for that matter; and as for the aristocracy of wealth, that, she had once heard her father say to her stupid brother, was a simple matter of the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow kind, and might well be trusted to dispose of itself. Zeitgeist regarded her with a sinister satisfaction. True, the aristocracy of slavery was as dead as Pharaoh, and the aristocracy of brains was but a poetic mirage, and the aristocracy of wealth had no stability, since the talent and energy of the American usually worked itself out in a single generation; but why should anybody be deceived into imagining that a vast, settled, complicated society — a society largely urban and daily becoming more so — does not develop privilege, draw lines, and bring on the elevation of the *aristos* in one shape or another? The ultimate reaching of such a state was, under ordinary human conditions, unavoidable, and America, so far as his observation went, was now suffering under the rule of an aristocracy,— novel, indeed, but incredibly wide-spread, close-knit, firm-rooted, all-pervasive, and ultra-tyrannical,— the aristocracy of sex. He stopped in the polishing of his spectacles, and gave Aurelia a sharp and sudden look, as if to ask her what she thought of *that*. She laid hold of both arms of her chair, and braced herself for the next instalment.

What was American society, mademoiselle, but a magnificent galley in which husbands and fathers toiled at the oars, while wives and daughters sat above in perfumed idleness? He had met a gentleman in New York, the possessor of twenty millions of florins, who had told him that he was working for his board and clothes — he seemed to be employing a recognized phrase. This unfortunate toiled more

incessantly than his meanest clerk, and had absolutely not a single pleasure; but his wife and daughters, along with a hundred others like them, resided in a great hotel, without duties, insensible of any obligations, and unoccupied except by their own diversions. Were not the corridors of society full of young men dancing and dangling after silly little girls with flowers and favors and theater-tickets, asking nothing in return but a word or a smile, and sometimes even thankful for a snub? Aurelia nodded silently. Did not woman lead man into the dining-rooms of American hotels? Did not man wait for woman's permission before bowing to her on the public street? Was not all culture, all study, all leisure, all the mechanism that worked on toward the amenities and refinements, so completely in the hands of woman that few girls of position and opportunities were able to select a satisfactory husband from their own circle? Aurelia nodded again. And yet it was in such a land as that, the veritable paradise of woman, that the abhorrent reptile of female suffrage had reared its hideous head, and had dared to hiss out its demand for "equal rights." Was it not a shame, mademoiselle? Was—it—not—a—*shame?* But the exhausted Aurelia was far beyond the reach of argument, even when emphasized by a smart smack on the top of a table. She was asleep.

They remained at Primiero three or four days. Aurelia was glad enough to understand from the Governor that his correspondent at Botzen would no longer exact such an undue haste from them. Primiero offers a ruined castle perched on a precipitous crag, besides two or three little churches and various reminiscent scraps of history more or less Venetian, and with these Aurelia and the Chatelaine occupied themselves until the time came to move on to Predazzo—with the history, more especially, since two nights of wild weather had practically laid an embargo on locomotion. Nor had all traces of that wildness vanished by the time set for their departure from Primiero. Mud filled the roadways, mist filled the air, all the woods were full of ominous rushing sounds, and every gully echoed with the grinding and thumping of onward-hurrying stones. The way led across many a foaming torrent and through many a clammy cloud. Now and then they passed a hay-wagon wrecked and abandoned, and more than once the smaller of their donkeys, his legs lost to sight, appeared like some new aquatic creature floating on a stream of mud. And just at the point where the Chatelaine, gathered up in her bedraggled skirts and steadied by the water-soaked Zeitgeist, was running nimbly along a low wall of loosely piled stones, her weaker sister, cowed by the puddle, broke down, added her tears to those of the weeping sky, and sobbed for recollection of the road past the quicksilver-mine, when the way had been so dry, the sun so warm, the air so clear! Nor could she be consoled in any way until, upon their arrival at Predazzo, they found the diligence for Botzen standing before the inn door. It had just come in, but it would be going back to-morrow; so here was connection with the world at large and deliverance from the wilderness.

The next afternoon, as they drew up before the diligence

bureau at Botzen, a short, stout figure clad in black broadcloth stood widely and firmly planted in the doorway; a fat, round, smooth face flashed a look of grim triumph upon the dismounting Governor, and Saitoutetplus stood confessed. The Chatelaine greeted him with all the cordiality of an old friend; Aurelia declared that had she but understood with whom the appointment had been made she would have tried harder to bear up through their hasty, headlong flight; and the Governor, with a complicated smile, which was crowded with too many elements to allow much room for that of sincerity, expressed himself overjoyed that after all these perils, and delays, and accidents, and endeavors, a relenting fortune had permitted him to meet his dear colleague at last.

(To be continued.)

Henry B. Fuller.

GLIMPSES OF WILD LIFE.

I.

ANY glimpse of the wild and savage in nature, especially after long confinement indoors or in town, always gives a little fillip to my mind. Thus, when in my walk from the city the other day I paused, after a half-hour, in a thick clump of red cedars crowning a little hill that arose amid a marshy and bushy bit of landscape, and found myself in the banqueting-hall of a hawk, something more than my natural-history tastes stirred within me.

No hawk was there then, but the marks of his nightly presence were very obvious. The branch of a cedar about fifteen feet from the ground was his perch. It was worn smooth, with a feather or two adhering to it. The ground beneath was covered with large pellets and wads of mouse-hair; the leaves were white with his droppings, while the dried entrails of his victims clung here and there to the bushes. The bird evidently came here nightly to devour and digest its prey. This was its den, its retreat: all about lay its feeding-grounds. It revealed to me a new trait in the hawk — its local attachments and habits; that it, too, had a home, and did not wander about like a vagabond. It had its domain, which it no doubt assiduously cultivated. Here it came to dine and meditate, and a most attractive spot it had chosen, a kind of pillared cave amid the cedars. It was such a spot as the pedestrian would be sure to direct his steps to, and, having reached it, would be equally sure to tarry and eat his own lunch there.

The winged creatures are probably quite as local as the four-footed. Sitting one night on a broad, gently rising hill, to see the darkness close in upon the landscape, my attention was attracted by a marsh-hawk industriously working the fields about me. Time after time he made the circuit, varying but little in his course each time; dropping into the grass here and there, beating low over the bogs and bushes, and then disappearing in the distance. This was his domain, his preserve, and doubtless he had his favorite perch not far off.

All our permanent residents among the birds, both large and small, are comparatively limited in their ranges. The crow is nearly as local as the woodchuck. He goes farther from home in quest of food, but his territory is well defined, both winter and summer. His place of roosting remains the same year after year. Once, while spending a few days at a mountain lake nearly surrounded by deep woods, my attention was attracted each night, just at sundown, by an osprey that always came from the same direction, dipped into the lake as he passed over it for a sip of its pure water, and disappeared in the woods beyond. The routine of his life was probably as marked as that of any of ours. He fished the waters of the Delaware all day, probably never going beyond a certain limit, and returned each night at sundown, as punctual as a day-laborer, to his retreat in the forest. The sip of water, too, from the lake he never failed to take.

All the facts we possess in regard to the habits of the song-birds in this respect point to the conclusion that the same individuals return to the same localities year after year, to nest and to rear their young. I am convinced that the same woodpecker occupies the same cavity in a tree winter after winter, and drums upon the same dry limb spring after spring. I like to think of all these creatures as capable of local attachments, and not insensible to the sentiment of home.

But I set out to give some glimpses of the wild life which one gets about the farm. Not

of a startling nature are they, certainly, but very welcome for all that. The domestic animals require their lick of salt every week or so, and the farmer, I think, is equally glad to get a taste now and then of the wild life that has so nearly disappeared from the older and more thickly settled parts of the country.

Last winter a couple of bears, an old one and a young one, passed through our neighborhood. Their tracks were seen upon the snow in the woods, and the news created great excitement among the Nimrods. It was like the commotion in the water along shore after a steamer had passed. The bears were probably safely in the Catskills by the time the hunters got dogs and guns ready and set forth. Country people are as eager to accept any rumor of a strange and dangerous creature in the woods as they are to believe in a ghost-story. They want it to be true; it gives them something to think about and talk about. It is to their minds like strong drink to their palates. It gives a new interest to the woods, as the ghost-story gives a new interest to the old house.

A few years ago the belief became current in our neighborhood that a dangerous wild animal lurked in the woods about, now here, now there. It had been seen in the dusk. Some big dogs had encountered it in the night, and one of them was nearly killed. Then a calf and a sheep were reported killed and partly devoured. Women and children became afraid to go through the woods, and men avoided them after sundown. One day as I passed an Irishman's shanty that stood in an opening in the woods, his wife came out with a pail, and begged leave to accompany me as far as the spring, which lay beside the road some distance into the woods. She was afraid to go alone for water on account of the "wild baste." Then, to cap the climax of wild rumors, a horse was killed. One of my neighbors, an intelligent man and a good observer, went up to see the horse. He reported that a great gash had been eaten in the top of the horse's neck, that its back was bitten and scratched, and that he was convinced it was the work of some wild animal like a panther, which had landed upon the horse's back and fairly devoured it alive. The horse had run up and down the field trying to escape, and finally, in its desperation, had plunged headlong off a high stone wall by the barn and been killed. I was compelled to accept his story, but I pooh-poohed the conclusions. It was impossible that we should have a panther in the midst of us, or, if we had, that it would attack and kill a horse. But how eagerly the people believed it! It tasted good. It tasted good to me too, but I could not believe it. It soon turned out that the horse was killed by another horse, a vicious beast that had fits of murderous hatred toward its kind. The sheep and calf were probably not killed at all, and the big dogs had had a fight among themselves. So the panther legend faded out, and our woods became as tame and humdrum as before. We cannot get up anything exciting that will hold, and have to make the most of such small deer as coons, foxes, and woodchucks. Glimpses of these and of the birds are all I have to report.

II.

THE day on which I have any adventure with a wild creature, no matter how trivial, has a little different flavor from the rest; as when, one morning in early summer, I put my head out of the back window and returned the challenge of a quail that sent forth his clear call from a fence-rail one hundred yards away. Instantly he came sailing over the field of raspberries straight toward me. When about fifteen yards away he dropped into the cover and repeated his challenge. I responded, when in an instant he was almost within reach of me. He alighted under the window, and looked quickly around for his rival. How his eyes shone, how his form dilated, how dapper and polished and brisk he looked! He turned his eye up to me and seemed to say, "Is it you, then, who are mocking me?" and ran quickly around the corner of the house. Here he lingered some time amid the rose-bushes, half persuaded that the call, which I still repeated, came from his rival. Ah, I thought, if with his mate and young he would only make my field his home! The call of the quail is a country sound that is becoming all too infrequent.

So fond am I of seeing nature reassert herself that I even found some compensation in the loss of my chickens that bright November night when some wild creature, coon or fox, swept two of them out of the evergreens, and their squawking as they were hurried across the lawn called me from my bed to shout good-by after them. It gave a new interest to the henroost, this sudden incursion of wild nature. I feel bound to caution the boys about disturbing the wild rabbits that in summer breed in my currant-patch, and in autumn seek refuge under my study floor. The occasional glimpses I get of them about the lawn in the dusk, their cotton tails twinkling in the dimness, afford me a genuine pleasure. I have seen the time when I would go a good way to shoot a partridge, but I would not have killed, if I could, the one that started out of the vines that cover my rustic porch, as I approached that side of the house one autumn morning. How much of the woods, and of the untamable spirit of wild nature, she brought to my very door! It was tonic and exhilarating to see her whirl away toward the vineyard. I also owe a moment's pleasure to

the gray squirrel that, finding my summer-house in the line of his travels one summer day, ran through it and almost over my feet as I sat idling with a book.

I am sure my power of digestion was improved that cold winter morning when, just as we were sitting down to breakfast about sunrise, a red fox loped along in front of the window, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and disappeared amid the currant-bushes. What of the wild and the cunning did he not bring! His graceful form and motion were in my mind's eye all day. When you have seen a fox loping along in that way you have seen the poetry there is in the canine tribe. It is to the eye what a flowing measure is to the mind, so easy, so buoyant; the furry creature drifting along like a large red thistledown, or like a plume borne by the wind. It is something to remember with pleasure that a muskrat sought my door one December night when a cold wave was swooping down upon us. Was he seeking shelter, or had he lost his reckoning? The dogs cornered him in the very doorway, and set up a great hubbub. In the darkness, thinking it was a cat, I put my hand down to feel it. The creature skipped to the other corner of the doorway, hitting my hand with its cold, rope-like tail. Lighting a match, I had a glimpse of him sitting up on his haunches like a woodchuck, confronting his enemies. I rushed in for the lantern, with the hope of capturing him alive, but before I returned the dogs, growing bold, had finished him.

I have had but one call from a coon, that I am aware of, and I fear we did not treat him with due hospitality. He took up his quarters for the day in a Norway spruce, the branches of which nearly brushed the house. I had noticed that the dog was very curious about that tree all the forenoon. After dinner his curiosity culminated in repeated loud and confident barking. Then I began an investigation, expecting to find a strange cat, or at most a red squirrel. But a moment's scrutiny revealed his coonship. Then how to capture him became the problem. A long pole was procured, and I sought to dislodge him from his hold. The skill with which he maintained himself amid the branches excited our admiration. But after a time he dropped lightly to the ground, not in the least disconcerted, and at once on his guard against both man and beast. The dog was a coward, and dared not face him. When the coon's attention was diverted the dog would rush in; then one of us would attempt to seize the coon's tail, but he faced about so quickly, his black eyes gleaming, that the hand was timid about seizing him. But finally in his skirmishing with the dog I caught him by the tail, and bore him safely to an open flour-barrel, and he was our prisoner. Much amusement my little boy and I anticipated with him. He partook of food that same day, and on the second day would eat the chestnuts in our presence. Never did he show the slightest fear of us or of anything, but he was unwearied in his efforts to regain his freedom. After a few days we put a strap upon his neck and kept him tethered by a chain. But in the night, by dint of some hocus-pocus, he got the chain unsnapped and made off, and is now, I trust, a patriarch of his tribe, wearing a leather necktie.

The skunk visits every farm sooner or later. One night I came near shaking hands with one on my very door-stone. I thought it was the cat, and put down my hand to stroke it, when the creature, probably appreciating my mistake, moved off up the bank, revealing to me the white stripe on its body and the kind of cat I had saluted. The skunk is not easily ruffled, and seems to employ excellent judgment in the use of its terrible weapon.

Several times I have had calls from woodchucks. One looked in at the open door of my study one day, and, after sniffing a while, and not liking the smell of such clover as I was compelled to nibble there, moved on to better pastures. Another one invaded the kitchen door while we were at dinner. The dogs promptly challenged him, and there was a lively scrimmage upon the door-stone. I thought the dogs were fighting, and rushed to part them. The incident broke in upon the drowsy summer noon, as did the appearance of the muskrat upon the frigid December night. The woodchuck episode that afforded us the most amusement occurred last summer. We were at work in a newly planted vineyard, when the man with the cultivator saw, a few yards in front of him, some large gray object that at first puzzled him. He approached it, and found it to be an old woodchuck with a young one in its mouth. She was carrying her kitten as does a cat, by the nape of the neck. Evidently she was moving her family to pastures new. As the man was in the line of her march, she stopped and considered what was to be done. He called to me, and I approached slowly. As the mother saw me closing in on her flank, she was suddenly seized with a panic, and, dropping her young, fled precipitately for the cover of a large pile of grape-posts some ten or twelve rods distant. We pursued hotly, and overhauled her as she was within one jump of the house of refuge. Taking her by the tail, I carried her back to her baby; but she heeded it not. It was only her own bacon now that she was solicitous about. The young one remained where it had been dropped, keeping up a brave, reassuring whistle that was in ludicrous contrast to its exposed and helpless condition. It was the smallest woodchuck I had ever seen, not

much larger than a large rat. Its head and shoulders were so large in proportion to the body as to give it a comical look. It could not walk about yet, and had never before been above ground. Every moment or two it would whistle cheerily, as the old one does when safe in its den and the farm dog is fiercely baying outside. We took the youngster home, and my little boy was delighted over the prospect of a tame woodchuck. Not till the next day would it eat. Then, getting a taste of the milk, it clutched the spoon that held it with great eagerness, and sucked away like a little pig. We were all immensely diverted by it. It ate eagerly, grew rapidly, and was soon able to run about. As the old one had been killed, we became curious as to the fate of the rest of her family, for no doubt there were more. Had she moved them, or had we intercepted her on her first trip? We knew where the old den was, but not the new. So we would keep a lookout. Near the end of the week, on passing by the old den, there were three young ones creeping about a few feet from its mouth. They were starved out, and had come forth to see what could be found. We captured them all, and the young family was again united. How these poor half-famished creatures did lay hold of the spoon when they got a taste of the milk! One could not help laughing. Their little shining black paws were so handy and so smooth; they seemed as if incased in kid gloves. They throve well upon milk, and then upon milk and clover. But after the novelty of the thing had worn off, the boy found he had encumbered himself with serious duties in assuming the position of foster-mother to this large family; so he gave them all away but one, the first one captured, which had outstripped all the others in growth. This soon became a very amusing pet, but it always protested when handled, and always objected to confinement. I should mention that the cat had a kitten about the age of the chuck, and as she had more milk than the kitten could dispose of, the chuck, when we first got him, was often placed in the nest with the kitten, and was regarded by the cat as tenderly as her own, and allowed to nurse freely. Thus a friendship sprang up between the kitten and the woodchuck, which lasted as long as the latter lived. They would play together precisely like two kittens; clinch and tumble about and roll upon the grass in a very amusing way. Finally the woodchuck took up his abode under the floor of the kitchen, and gradually relapsed into a half-wild state. He would permit no familiarities from any one save the kitten, but each day they would have a turn or two at their old games of rough-and-tumble. The chuck was now over half-grown, and procured his own living. One day the dog, who had all along looked upon him with a jealous eye, encountered him too far from cover, and his career ended then and there.

In July the woodchuck was forgotten in our interest in a little gray rabbit which we found nearly famished. It was so small that it could sit in the hollow of one's hand. Some accident had probably befallen its mother. The tiny creature looked spiritless and forlorn. We had to force the milk into its mouth. But in a day or two it began to revive, and would lap the milk eagerly. Soon it took to grass and clover, and then to nibbling sweet apples and early pears. It grew rapidly, and was one of the softest and most harmless-looking pets I had ever seen. As my family was away for a month or more, the little rabbit was the only company I had, and it helped to beguile the time immensely. In coming in from the field or from my work, I seldom failed to bring it a handful of red clover blossoms, of which it became very fond. One day it fell slyly to licking my hand, and I discovered it wanted salt. I would then moisten my fingers, dip them into the salt, and offer them to the rabbit. How rapidly the delicate little tongue would play upon them, darting out to the right and left of the large front incisors, the slender paws being pressed against my hand as if to detain it! But the rabbit proved really untamable; its wild nature could not be overcome. In its large box-cage or prison, where it could see nothing but the tree above it, it was tame, and would at times frisk playfully about my hand and strike it gently with its fore feet; but the moment it was liberated in a room or let down in the grass with a string about its neck, all its wild nature came forth. In the room it would run and hide; in the open it would make desperate efforts to escape, and leap and bound as you drew in the string that held it. At night, too, it never failed to try to make its escape from the cage, and finally, when two thirds grown, succeeded, and we saw it no more.

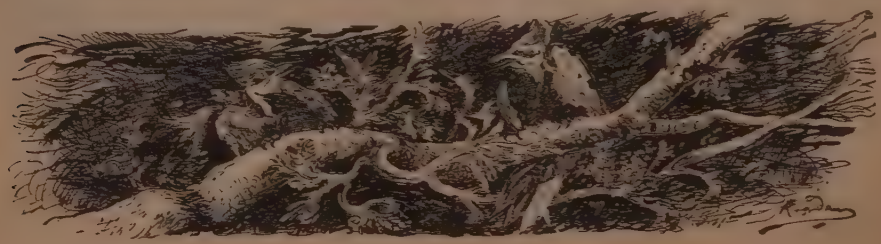
III.

How completely the life of a bird revolves about its nest, its home! In the case of the wood-thrush, its life and joy seem to mount higher and higher as the nest prospers. The male becomes a fountain of melody; his happiness waxes day by day; he makes little triumphal tours about the neighborhood, and pours out his pride and gladness in the ears of all. How sweet, how well-bred, is his demonstration! But let any accident befall that precious nest, and what a sudden silence falls upon him! Last summer a pair of wood-thrushes built their nest within a few rods of my house, and when the enterprise was fairly launched and the

mother-bird was sitting upon her four blue eggs, the male was in the height of his song. How he poured forth his rich melody, never in the immediate vicinity of the nest, but always within easy hearing-distance! Every morning, as promptly as the morning came, between five and six, he would sing for half an hour from the top of a locust-tree that shaded my roof. I came to expect him as much as I expected my breakfast, and I was not disappointed till one morning I seemed to miss something. What was it? Oh, the thrush has not sung this morning. Something is the matter; and recollecting that yesterday I had seen a red squirrel in the trees not far from the nest, I at once inferred that the nest had been harried. Going to the spot, I found my fears were well grounded; every egg was gone. The joy of the thrush was laid low. No more songs from the tree-top, and no more songs from any point, till nearly a week had elapsed, when I heard him again under the hill, where the pair had started a new nest, cautiously tuning up, and apparently with his recent bitter experience still weighing upon him.

After a pair of birds have been broken up once or twice during the season, they become almost desperate, and will make great efforts to outwit their enemies. The past season my attention was attracted by a pair of brown thrashers. They first built their nest in a pasture-field under a low, scrubby apple-tree which the cattle had browsed down till it spread a thick, wide mass of thorny twigs only a few inches above the ground. Some blackberry briers had also grown there, so that the screen was perfect. My dog first started the bird, as I was passing by. By stooping low and peering intently I could make out the nest and eggs. Two or three times a week, as I passed by, I would pause to see how the nest was prospering. The mother-bird would keep her place, her yellow eyes never blinking. One morning as I looked into her tent I found the nest empty. Some night-prowler, probably a skunk or fox, or maybe a black snake or red squirrel by day, had plundered it. It would seem as if it was too well screened: it was in such a spot as any depredator would be apt to explore. "Surely," he would say, "this is a likely place for a nest." The birds then moved over the hill a hundred rods or more, much nearer the house, and in some rather open bushes tried again. But again they came to grief. Then, after some delay, the mother-bird made a bold stroke. She seemed to reason with herself thus: "Since I have fared so disastrously in seeking seclusion for my nest, I will now adopt the opposite tactics, and come out fairly in the open. What hides me hides my enemies: let us try greater publicity." So she came out and built her nest by a few small shoots that grew beside the path that divides the two vineyards, and where we passed to and fro many times daily. I discovered her by chance early in the morning as I proceeded to my work. She started up at my feet and flitted quickly along above the plowed ground, almost as red as the soil. I admired her audacity. Surely no prowler by night or day would suspect a nest in this open and exposed place. There was no cover by which they could approach, and no concealment anywhere. The nest was a hasty affair, as if the birds' patience at nest-building had been about exhausted. Presently an egg appeared, and then the next day another, and on the fourth day a third. No doubt the bird would have succeeded this time had not man interfered. In cultivating the vineyards the horse and cultivator had to pass over this very spot. Upon this the bird had not calculated. I determined to assist her. I called my man, and told him there was one spot in that vineyard, no bigger than his hand, where the horse's foot must not be allowed to fall, nor tooth of cultivator to touch. Then I showed him the nest, and charged him to avoid it. Probably if I had kept the secret to myself and let the bird run her own risk the nest would have escaped. But the result was that the man, in elaborately trying to avoid the nest, overdid the matter; the horse plunged, and set his foot squarely upon it. Such a little spot, the chances were few that the horse's foot would fall exactly there; and yet it did, and the birds' hopes were again dashed. The pair then disappeared from my vicinity, and I saw them no more.

John Burroughs.



THE GREAT PLAINS OF CANADA.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE northern portions of the two great continents which make up the non-insular land surface of the globe afford room for great plain areas wholly unlike, in extent at least, any similar areas in other latitudes. On both continents these broad tracts are very much alike in general features. They lie well toward the Arctic Ocean; they slope gradually toward the northern sea; their river-systems converge toward the pole; and they are scantily wooded and mostly covered with nutritious grasses. Marshes of great extent abound, and such lakes and inland seas as exist are shallow and more or less brackish in character. At the northern edge of the continents the surfaces sink more and more to the sea-level; the streams grow sluggish and broad; and the frozen sea invades the land in countless inlets, bays, and channels, leaving above the surface many low, swampy islands, which are little more than mud-banks.

No one, I think, who is acquainted with the great plains of our own western continent lying north of the great lakes can read the narratives of the expeditions sent out in search of the *Jeannette* explorers, or Mr. George Kennan's accounts of Siberian travel, without being impressed with the likeness suggested between the Asiatic steppes and the "Great Lone Land" of the western hemisphere. Many of Mr. Kennan's descriptions of the country through which he passed on his memorable journey to the penal colonies and the prison mines of eastern Siberia are equally well suited to the almost boundless tracts west of Hudson's Bay, and northward to the region of the Great Slave Lake. Indeed, I know of no more graphic and truthful portraitures of many parts of what used to be marked on the maps as British North America, and is now more commonly known as the British Northwest, or the Canadian Northwest, than these same narratives; but I am sure no words or pictures can adequately convey to the mind the real impressions which these regions make upon one who lives among and travels over them in long journeys in summer and winter. It is one thing to talk of vastness and solitude and silence, of transparent air and illimitable sunshine in summer, or of fierce, howling winter tempests shutting down about the lonely traveler as he struggles forward, the only spot of color in the weltering waste of snow, with no friendly shrub or tree or sheltering hill greeting his tired senses, only to find an enforced halting-place where darkness overtakes him, from whose frozen torpor and death no morning may arouse him—it is quite another to have experienced these things in one's own person.

Among the mountains there are grandeur and solitude: mists wreathe the lofty summits, and lie along the valleys where the rivers run; morning and evening bathe the snowy, ice-clad peaks in floods of golden and crimson glory; from moment to moment shadows, tints, and tones of color come and go to mark the passing hours; and climb where you will, the prospect is always limited, bounded, varied. Even the barren, unsociable sea is not without changing aspects and motions, fraught indeed, at times with danger and terror; but the traveler who has passed many seasons in the grandest mountain scenery, or has sailed on many a sea, has yet to find, in an acquaintance with the great plains, a new set of novel and strange experiences.

Perhaps the first thing which will impress him will be the absence of what Mr. John Burroughs calls an atmosphere. For the first time in his life he will feel that he is out of doors, or that his eyes have been suddenly opened. Objects which under other circumstances would have tempered and softened outlines, or would be altogether invisible, now seem as sharply defined as the shadows of houses or trees in the glare of the electric light. There is no toning of the light, and between the blades of grass on the ridge of some slope many rods away from him, he sees with utmost distinctness to unimaginable distances. The sky rises like a wall about him, and through the limitless air the sun shines like a resplendent disk of burnished metal. Upward, if he look long and steadfastly, he will lose the illusion of blueness, and will seem to be looking into blue-black depths, which will convey to his mind with a new meaning the notion of space. The distant forests, where they exist, and the low, tumbled hills, grassy and rounded to their summits, are seen without disguise or softening; and moving animals or trains of carts show every detail

with the distinctness of close proximity. Perchance a herd of white-tailed deer, of antelope, or possibly of elk, challenges him to a feat of arms, and he is chagrined to find that he has underrated the distance of the game, and that his shot has only served to startle his quarry. In the morning he looks out over the landscape far beyond the spot where he will take his midday meal, beyond even his next night's camp. As this experience is repeated from day to day with unvarying monotony, his spirits begin to flag, and a depression comes over him that may verge toward hopelessness. If the surface of the country is flat for many miles, as is often the case, this effect is intensified, and the horizon appears to be rising all about him and approaching nearer and nearer to swallow up the sky and overwhelm him. He longs for a tree or the slope of a hill to break the unvarying sameness of level horizon and to suggest to him new vistas. Even clouds and storm are welcome, for they at least bring shadows and changing lights and movement.

I shall never forget the peculiar sensation of being challenged which I experienced when, after a long railway journey from St. Paul, Minnesota, one day in April, some years ago, I arrived at the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and, as the clear morning sun rose above the level horizon unbroken by hill or tree, I went out to the edge of the town and looked away over the brown grass, now faintly flushed with the first tender green of early spring. It was easy to imagine that an almost audible voice invited me to penetrate the untraversed regions toward the north and west, and to discover the mysteries of the wilderness where almost unknown rivers ran, where vagrant, unbreathed winds were ever blowing, where wild animals and water-fowl lived unmolested; and it was with impatience that the necessary delay of preparation for a long journey far from civilization, with unknown perils and hardships to be encountered, was endured. This sense of challenge, which is not less an invitation to meet nature at first hand, without the conventionalities and the expedients of long use, is, I presume, one of the peculiar experiences of the pioneer and the explorer in every clime, whether by land or sea; and it must be practically unknown to the dweller in old communities, and not less to the ordinary tourist, to whom the thought of absence from his usual associates and the conveniences of mails and telegraphs and daily papers seems only painful.

We speak of darkness which can be felt. Similarly we may speak of silence which can be heard, and this is another impressive element of an experience of the plains. On the sea, except in calm, and in the forest and among the places of human habitation, there is always sound, even at night; but on the treeless plains, in the midst of normal activity, there is silence as of the grave. Even a hurricane is comparatively inaudible, for there are no waters to dash, no forests to roar, no surfaces to resound, while the short grasses give forth no perceptible rustle; and there is something awful in the titanic rush of contending natural forces which you can feel, but cannot see or hear. The wind may sweep away your breath on a current of sixty miles an hour, and the clouds may rush through the sky as in a tornado, but no sounds confound the ear. A winter blizzard, which carries on its frigid breath destruction to life, which blinds the eyes, and which drives the particles of ice and snow with cutting force against the frozen cheek and through all but the heaviest fur clothing, is comparatively inaudible, and the traveler appears to himself to struggle vainly with an implacable, ghostly force which fills the whole creation. When, also, nature is undisturbed in tranquil summer mood, and the sky is blue and flecked with fleecy clouds floating far aloft, all sound seems to have died out of the world, and a mantle of silence enfolds everything. Partaking of the predominant natural sentiment, man becomes silent also; he ceases to talk to his mates and becomes moody and taciturn. The merry song of the voyager, re-echoing between wooded shores, the shout, the joke of the cheerful traveler here are stilled — stifled you might almost say — by the immeasurable muffle of silence. Here are no woods to give back the answering shout, and the crack of the rifle is insignificant. The cry of the passing wild-fowl in the darkness, as you lie awake in your tent at midnight, comes to you with a weird, faint, far-away sound as if heard in a dream, and even the rare thunder breaks impotently on the continent of silence. If a comrade is lost, and you wish to make some sign to direct him to the camp, no noise which you can make with voice or firearms will be of any avail, for such noises will penetrate only a few rods at farthest. By day the only resource is a flag on some elevation or a smoke of burning grass; by night rockets must be sent up as at sea, or, if these have not been provided, firebrands from the camp-fire may be thrown up with some hope of success. No one can know, until he has experienced it, the longing which takes possession of one who has been for weeks practically separated from speaking men, once more to hear the sounds of common life, the roar of the city streets, the sound of bells, and even the crowing of the cock in the early dawn.

The Red River of the North, as it used to be called on the maps of our boyhood, when Green Bay was an obscure trading-post, and the Mississippi River, except by name, was

familiar to few, rises in the State of Minnesota in the same divide which sends a portion of its waters southward on their long journey to the Gulf of Mexico. By a short portage it is easy to pass from the head-waters of the Mississippi to those of the Red River, whence a continuous passage is open northward through Lake Winnipeg, the Sea or Nelson's River, and Hudson's Bay even to the Arctic Ocean. The river flows westward at first, but, presently turning, it forms the boundary line between Minnesota and Dakota. It drains a broad, level valley, and winds tortuously between clay banks like an irregular canal, fringed with a sparse growth of oak, ash, and box-elder, which nowhere spreads out into a forest. The valley is so broad and flat that only from the appearance of low elevations at a great distance to the east and the west can you correct your impression that the surface is that of an upland plain. Here are great areas of a heavy, fertile soil, which within a few years have become celebrated for the immense crops of wheat grown on them. Flowing away from the sun, the river suffers from disastrous floods, for while the advancing season thaws the snows along its upper course, the lower portions are yet locked in ice. At such times the valley is covered for miles with water to a depth of several feet, and as late as the month of April or May the city of Winnipeg, lying at the junction of the Assiniboin with the Red River, about sixty miles north of the international boundary line, is liable to be overflowed. During a part of the year small steamers navigate the river from a point in Minnesota to Winnipeg, and thence to Lake Winnipeg; but, below the city named, the channel, nowhere deep, is obstructed with shallows and rapids at the few places where the underlying rock approaches the surface; while, nearer the lake, the stream becomes so broad and shallow as to be of small commercial importance. The Assiniboin, rising about 450 miles west of its junction with the Red River, flows through a level or rolling plain to the eastward with many short turns, receiving no important tributaries. At favorable seasons of the year steamboats of small size and light draft can go as far west as Portage la Prairie, a distance of about 70 miles, and occasionally they push their way even up to the Hudson's Bay trading-post of Fort Ellice, about 350 miles from Winnipeg. Here the river lies in a deep valley between precipitous bluffs more than one hundred feet in height. In this portion of its course it affords a striking illustration of the action of streams in working over the materials along their courses. From the bluffs on which the post is situated you look down into the valley where the stream, now only a narrow creek fringed with willows and poplars, winds with countless turns, swinging in the course of centuries from one side of the flood-plain to the other, obliterating old curves and forming new ones, but never moving in a straight line for a dozen rods, until the whole alluvial deposit has been worked over time and again.

The general aspect of the Great Lone Land of the Canadian Northwest is that of a broad plain lying inclined at a low angle of elevation against the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, sloping both eastward toward Hudson's Bay and northward toward the Arctic Ocean. There may be said to be no rock-exposures throughout the whole area, and rarely does the surface rise even into low, rounded hills. In two expeditions of nearly a thousand miles each, in a direct line northwest from Winnipeg, my notes, made daily, show that rock *in situ* was seen only once, and that at Stony Mountain, not more than fifty or sixty miles from the city named. Here is an outcrop of blue limestone of excellent quality for building purposes. It is perhaps fifty feet in height, and it covers an area of not more than a square mile. In a few places on the head-waters of the Red Deer, the Battle, and the two Saskatchewan rivers, a few layers of a yellowish sandstone were observed in the cut banks of the streams adjacent to strata of a poor quality of bituminous coal. The surface of the country is, however, in many places thickly strewn with granite boulders, generally of rounded form, sometimes abounding in the shallow marshes, the surrounding hills being destitute of them; or again, the slopes and the tops of the elevations are covered with them, while none appear in the depressions, the disposition of them appearing to be entirely capricious. For hundreds of miles at a stretch it is possible to go without finding a stone as large as the fist, and, along the beds of the rivers, the fragments of limestone brought down from the mountains in the annual freshets are carefully gathered by the few inhabitants as a source of the lime used for making the mortar with which they daub the spaces between the logs of their poor cabins. There are some hilly tracts, but the highest elevations are less than two hundred feet, and the summits are smoothly rounded and covered with grass, like the more level surfaces below. Occasionally sand-hills are met with, consisting of loose white sand, in which a few stunted poplars find a precarious foothold. The prevailing winds are constantly changing the contours of these hills, and they are at all times, except when covered deep in snow, extremely difficult to traverse with vehicles or animals. Blinding sand-storms frequently occur in their vicinity, against which it is difficult to advance. Shallow marshes and shallow lakes are numerous, the latter often having neither inlet nor outlet, and varying in size from small

ponds to large areas many miles in extent. Not infrequently the traveler discovers well-defined, ancient sea-beaches composed of rounded pebbles and fine sand, generally overlaid by the clay soil of the country, and appearing where the surface has been removed or broken through.

Hudson's Bay, a vast, shallow body of water, an inland sea, constitutes the great drainage-basin of the wide region under consideration. It is 600 by 900 miles in its greatest dimensions, and it is large enough to contain all the other inland waters of the western hemisphere without sensible increase. Into it flow from the west all the waters of a wide region which do not find their way northward to the Arctic Ocean through the Athabasca and the Peace rivers, the chief affluents of the mighty Mackenzie system. The principal channels of these accumulated waters are the Red River already spoken of, the Saskatchewan rivers, and the Churchill, or English, River. The Saskatchewan rivers, known as the North and South Saskatchewan, take their rise in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains at a considerable distance asunder, the South Saskatchewan receiving as its principal affluents the Red Deer River and, nearer the mountains, the Bow and the Belly rivers. The Battle River drains the area between the Red Deer River and the two Saskatchewans, and empties into the North Saskatchewan at Battleford, in longitude 108°. The latter stream, flowing in a direction a little north of east in its upper course, presently turns to the eastward; then bending to the southeast, it approaches to within twenty miles of the south branch, parallel to which it flows for some 300 miles, when the two streams unite their waters near Fort à la Corne in longitude 105°, latitude 53°. Receiving the waters of Lake Winnipeg and of the adjacent body of water known by the two names Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis at their northern extremity, not less than 260 miles from where the Red River discharges into Lake Winnipeg, the direction of the river thenceforth is northeastward, until the mighty flood pours into Hudson's Bay, in longitude 93°, latitude 57°.

Thus this Saskatchewan river-system drains an area extending through a region measured by some twenty-five degrees of longitude and some fifteen degrees of latitude; and some notion of the magnitude of these streams can be obtained from the fact that about midway in the course of the North Saskatchewan, before it unites with the south branch, it is four hundred yards broad, or as broad as the Ohio at Cincinnati, while nearer Lake Winnipeg it becomes much broader still. The Indian name of the two great branches of the system, Saskatchewan, means "swift-flowing," and it is applied to many other streams in the far Northwest. Throughout much of their courses these rivers sweep along with great velocity in broad but comparatively shallow channels, lined in some parts with a scanty growth of cottonwoods and poplars of little commercial value. The soil through which they cut their way is a yellow clay containing great quantities of fine sand. It is easily dissolved by water, and, as a consequence, the streams are always turbid, sand-bars are constantly forming and changing, and quicksands abound. Navigation in these streams is beset with all the difficulties which characterize the Missouri, if not with still greater ones. Yet, during three or four weeks in June and July, a few stern-wheel steamers of light draft leave the city of Winnipeg on the flood-waters, and, making a precarious passage down the Red River, traverse the length of Lake Winnipeg with difficulty, and stem the current of the North Saskatchewan in the hope of reaching the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post of Edmonton before the waters fall. Occasionally they accomplish their endeavor, and land their cargoes of supplies at the head of navigation at Edmonton, within one hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains, after a tedious voyage of nearly two thousand miles: but more frequently these boats are stranded on the shifting sand-bars, perhaps four or five hundred miles from any settlement, in a totally uninhabited country. Here they must remain until another season in the charge of two or three men, who provide a store of fuel and prepare for a long nine or ten months of absolute isolation and the rigors of an arctic winter; or, when news of the almost expected disaster has reached some settlement by a messenger on foot or on horseback, a brigade of carts is fitted out and despatched to convey the stores by land to the point for which they were shipped, while the steamer winters where she was stranded.

Another feature of this great drainage area is the valleys which in the course of centuries the rivers have cut out for themselves. They are often of great depth, and in places have very steep walls. Arriving at the brink of the valley of the South Saskatchewan at one time in my journeyings, I sent out a guide in one direction, while I went in another, to search for a slope sufficiently gradual to enable us to get the wagons down in safety. After a half-day's search, we agreed upon a place for the undertaking. The valley of the Red Deer River is three hundred feet deep and three miles wide. Aware of its general course and situation, as I approached it with my half-breed guide on a wagon, I was surprised that no sign of it appeared. The rolling surface of the prairie seemed to stretch out to the horizon without a break, and yet, if the maps were only approximately

FRENCH HALF-BREED.

correct, I knew that we could not be more than a mile or two from the edge of the depression. At length, in the treeless expanse in front of us, we observed what appeared to be a single small fir-tree three or four feet in height, standing alone in the plain. Approaching it, we came presently to the edge of the valley, and found that the small fir was only the tip of a great tree standing far down the steep declivity, while still below were whole groups of *Coniferæ* whose tops did not reach half-way up to the general level of the country. A brief inspection showed us that no descent was possible for vehicles or animals, and, picketing our horses, we set out to descend, if possible, on foot. After a tortuous and toilsome task we reached the bottom, but we could not discover the stream, although we pressed our way to the opposite valley walls. We concluded that we must have crossed a dry fork and that the river lay in some depression further on. It was necessary, therefore, to return to our starting-point, and, driving some miles down-stream, to make another attempt. This we did, and at length came to the stream, which was flowing with a moderately rapid current, not yet having lost the impetus derived from the Rocky Mountain slopes, some two hundred miles distant. Its waters still retained some of the characteristics of a mountain stream, being clearer, colder, and less bitter than those of streams nearer their mouths. In the banks of a small tributary of the main stream I discovered several thin layers of a poor quality of bituminous coal. This substance is found in nearly all the river-banks of the country near the mountains, and in places it is of such abundance and quality as to render it of great commercial value; and as the country

is opened up to settlement, and railroads are built to supply the necessary means of transportation, it will become increasingly important. At Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan, seams of coal of a thickness of five or six feet are known and worked. Coal from these strata is used in the blacksmith's forge with success. Seams of much greater thickness are reported to exist nearer the foot-hills, but until recently the knowledge of them was confined to a few half-breed and Indian traders and hunters.

The soil of the country is mainly a yellow clay of unknown depth, of superior fertility when exposed to the action of sun and frost, but difficult to cultivate. It abounds in alkali, and this fact, together with the cool climate of the latitude, renders it the natural home of the wheat-plant, of which no insect enemies are here known. Grass is found everywhere, in the swamps, on the slopes, and among the hills even to their summits. It is of several varieties and of varied excellence. In the vicinity of the thriving settlement of Prince Albert, not more than one or two hundred miles from the junction of the two great streams already spoken of, on the slopes of a long hill, I remember that as I rode along the heads of the thick, nutritious grasses were on a level with the seats of the wagon upon which we sat. Farther west there are large tracts well suited to cattle-raising, notwithstanding the severity and the length of the winters. A fine grass grows to the height of about twenty inches, and as the season of growth closes, it cures as it stands into a natural hay of great excellence; so that in winter, beneath snow a foot and a half in depth, there is often found a layer of bright, well-cured hay of a lively green color, and eight or ten inches in thickness, every particle of which animals eat with avidity. In other localities a short buffalo-grass mats the surface, and formerly furnished abundant pasturage for countless herds of buffalo, now unfortunately nearly extinct. In marshy regions, besides the customary well-known marsh-grasses, the "goose-grass," more commonly known in this country as the scouring-rush (*Equisetum*, probably *hiemale*), is often found, and, strange to say, it proves to be most fattening to horses. Where it abounds, the native ponies, after a long season's service in a trader's brigade of carts, turned out as valueless and abandoned to die, come out in the spring with sleek coats of hair, every gall-mark gone, and, as the traders say, "rolling fat." In waterless tracts a small patch of "goose-grass" furnishes both food and drink for the animals of an outfit, so that they fare better than the men, who, in the absence of water, can do no cooking, and do not care to eat ungarnished pilot-bread.

In the southern portions of the country, in what may be called the Winnipeg region, there exists the black prairie loam, of considerable depth, so characteristic of the prairie areas of Illinois and Iowa. Farther west and north, about Regina, the present capital of the province, this friable, easily tilled soil changes to a tough brown clay called "gumbo." In summer it becomes nearly as hard as rock, dries and cracks into areas of perhaps a square yard each, between which deep fissures run, of a breadth of two or three inches and a depth of a foot or more. In such a soil the grass is pinched and scanty, and traveling over the surface either on horseback or on wheels is trying to the last degree. A team of not less than four horses is needed for breaking it up, and it turns up in great lumps containing several cubic feet. Fortunately it slacks upon exposure to the air and the frost, and proves to be very fertile and productive. When wet it adheres to vehicles and implements with the utmost tenacity, and in grading railroad embankments on the Canadian Pacific Railway a man with a shovel was assigned to each scraper and each plow to remove the gummy mass. Where the ordinary yellow clay is found, the surface becomes hard in summer, and the grass suffers in times of drought; but wherever the badgers have thrown up the earth about their burrows, the grasses grow rank and tall. Where settlement has been made, wheat is sown in the spring as soon as the snow disappears and an inch of soil is released from the grasp of the frost. It germinates quickly in the clear, hot sunshine and the long, cloudless days of the high northern latitude, and sends its roots downward with the retreating cold, while the upward growth is astonishing. The slowly unlocking ice-crystals furnish a constant supply of moisture and the cool soil so congenial to the plant. In a period of about ninety days the crop matures, and with the most ordinary culture the farmer harvests from forty to fifty bushels of wheat that weighs from sixty-two to sixty-eight pounds to the bushel. Oats, barley, and root-crops grow with equal luxuriance, heads of the first-named often measuring fourteen inches, and potatoes of two or more pounds weight being common. These crops grow freely as far north as the Peace River country, in latitude 60°, but, of course, this whole region is unsuited to the growth of corn, or of the commoner fruits of the temperate zone.

Certain indigenous fruits, however, are abundant and valuable, among which may be mentioned the common strawberry, which in places grows so thickly that the wheels of a cart in passing over the ground are speedily reddened, and the tracks resemble stripes of blood on the grass, while the fruity fragrance fills the air. A fine variety of the black cherry grows in thick-

FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF H. G. YOUNG, ALBANY.

CONJURING BACK THE BUFFALO.

ets in many places, and supplies large quantities of desirable fruit to the wandering bands of Indians. Another berry which attracted attention, and which, I think, would repay cultivation as an agreeable substitute for the common currant, now nearly ruined by the currant-worm in so many parts of this country, is what is known among the half-breeds and Hudson's Bay employees as the "red berry." It is probably the buffalo-berry of the upper Missouri, *Elæagnaceæ Shepherdia argentea*. At the elbow of the South Saskatchewan River it is found growing in thickets, as also in many other localities. The shrub sometimes attains a height of fifteen feet, having a black bark, very hard wood, many strong spines, and small, simple leaves. The berries are borne in the axils of the branchlets, and are usually three in number and of the dimensions of a medium-sized pea. They are of a bright scarlet color, though a yellow variety is sometimes found, and in flavor they resemble the common red currant of the gardens. The hardiness of this fruit, its fine acid taste, and its freedom from insect enemies render it probably a desirable addition to our list of known fruits. But the most esteemed wild berry of the region is that which is called by the poetical name "Saskatoon." It is the *Amelanchier Canadensis* of the botanists, known by various common names, as the shad-berry, the June-berry, and the service-berry. It is gathered in large quantities, and one of its principal uses is in making berry pemmican, than which there is no more delectable food to an Indian or a Hudson's Bay man.

Of the forests of the northwest plains little can be said. From Lake Winnipeg on the east to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from below the international boundary to the far northern regions inhabited by the "Huskies," or Eskimos, no forests of large area and commercial value are to be found. Indeed, the scarcity of trees and water constitutes the most surprising and prominent characteristic of this wide region. For more than two weeks at a time one may travel constantly and not find so much as a twig or a shrub of any kind. Even the willow is not found, and nothing but grass and sky meet the view in any direction. I have crossed great rivers, skirted considerable lakes, and traversed hilly tracts for hundreds of miles at a stretch, and have had to depend for cooking purposes upon an oil-stove, which I had taken the precaution to carry with me. In the absence of such provision, the only resource is to carry a few dry poplar poles upon one of the carts, to be used with such economy as only a half-breed or an Indian knows for cooking his scanty food and for boiling tea. Even the "buffalo-chips" have disappeared since the practical extinction of the buffalo, and to go without fire for days together is no unusual experience. When water also is not to be had, as often happens in traveling on these plains, the plight of the traveler is by no means enviable. And sometimes when water is abundant enough in lakes and ponds all about, it is not drinkable, and no boiling or other means of purification will render it serviceable. Of the loveliest color, as blue as the sky, lakes by the score may be counted from a single standpoint, let into the surrounding hills at various elevations like steps of lapis lazuli, without connection, inlet, or outlet; but so bitter are the waters that no animal, either horse or man, would drink of them. In them and around them, within the reach of the alkaline waters when blown by the wind, no vegetation is found, and on them no wild fowl alights. As camping-time approaches, near nightfall, in traveling over these plains, it is a necessary preliminary to send out a guide to taste the water of some pond near which it is proposed to make camp. Throwing himself prone upon the ground, he takes a quantity into his mouth, and then usually ejects it with a shake of the head and the emphatic utterance of the single word "Bad." Since, however, the waters of a tract may be of quite different characters, it is usual to find among the bitter lakes one or more whose waters may be drunk with passable satisfaction.

One day in summer, on leaving a river, misled by the appearance of the country before us, we took no water with us, arguing from the appearance of a distant forest on our line of advance that water must be discoverable. When we reached the belt of poplar woods, the sun was about setting, and we made all haste, leaving the carts still loaded, to find some creek or pond before the long, lingering twilight of the north should turn to darkness. Not a drop of water could be found in any direction, and we were forced to make camp in a hollow where the goose-grass afforded sustenance for our horses. Without water no cooking could be done, and a fire was unnecessary. Thirsty as well as weary, we lay down to sleep. In the early dawn, my half-breed guide declared that in a certain direction, at the distance of a mile or two, a body of water could be found. During the night he had heard wild geese flying over, and from their cries as they alighted he was informed of the existence of water not far away as certainly as if he had seen it. We broke camp, and, moving in the direction designated, within an hour came to a lake the waters of which, although not sweet, were drinkable. Here we took breakfast.

About Lake Winnipeg, and also on the head-

A HALF-BREED SETTLEMENT.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

waters of the rivers near the mountains, are found some considerable forests of spruce; but the trees are not large or tall, and the lumber they are capable of affording is of no great value or amount. The oak is not found above latitude 50°, or, say, one hundred miles north of the southern boundary-line, and even further south than that line it is mostly of the variety known as the bur-oak, and it is dwarfed and valueless. Along the streams the box-elder (*Negundo aceroides*) is sometimes seen, but it rarely exceeds a thickness of six inches and a height of thirty feet. With the exception of a few specimens of the ash, it is practically the only hard wood known. The characteristic wood of the country is the aspen (*Populus tremuloides*), the most widely dispersed deciduous tree of the northern parts of the continent of which I have any knowledge. From below the latitude of Washington as far north as I have ever been, where other varieties of deciduous trees diminish and disappear, the aspen poplar maintains its existence, and I have found it growing in sheltered depressions along the hills far up toward latitude 60°, hundreds of miles north of any other deciduous forest-tree. Probably the aspen and the willow are the two forms of deciduous forest vegetation which endure successfully the widest variety of climatic conditions. Were it not for the prairie fires which sweep over the plains in autumn and spring, it is probable that in a few years vast tracts now covered only with grass would become aspen forests, and the present conditions of the country would be considerably changed as to aridity, exposure to extreme cold, and vegetable products. Considerable forests of this wood have been ravaged by the fires, and the trees yet stand branchless, dry, and rotting in the wind. In other parts the woodland is still green and vigorous, and is liable to flourish for many years longer, unless it too encounters the usual fate. As a proof of the tendency toward forest development seen in these regions, it is enough to say that the traveler finds now and then considerable plantations of aspens of one, two, or three years' growth, which have already been swept by the fires, like their more mature companions; while again a forest of seedlings has just set out upon a precarious existence. When dry, the wood of this tree is light, stiff, and sufficiently hard for most uses, although not very tough. Of it the half-breed and the Hudson's Bay hunter or trapper build their rude cabins, the logs rarely exceeding eight or ten inches in diameter. These houses are generally small, perhaps sixteen or eighteen feet square, and rarely more than six feet high at the corners. Each consists of a single room, which serves for all the purposes of family life, having one low, battened door turning on wooden hinges. It is roofed with alternate layers of prairie-grass and mud to the thickness of half a foot or more, resting on a layer of the poplar poles placed close together. A single small window, generally unglazed, serves the usual purposes of such an opening. The floor is of puncheons of the same wood as the rest of the

house, or is simply the clay tramped hard and smooth. The chimney and fireplace are made of mud molded upon a rude structure of sticks to give it form and stability. The fireplace, unlike the openings in the chimneys of our own backwoods, are not low and wide, but narrow and tall, perhaps one foot and a half by four feet in dimensions; and in them the half-breed sets up the billets of fuel on end, having cut them in the half-breed fashion. His ax is of light weight, and is always used in one hand as an American uses a hatchet, the other hand being employed in supporting the slender log he is chopping. Instead of notching the logs which make the walls of his abode upon one another at the corners, as is customary in the new parts of this country, the dweller in the Northwest squares large posts for the corners and for the sides of the door, and in these makes longitudinal channels two or three inches wide and deep to receive corresponding flat tenons wrought on the ends of the logs. The cracks and openings between the logs are stopped with clay, and thus after a few days' work, with an ax as his only implement, he constructs a house which makes up for all its deficiencies, from an architectural point of view, by its inexpensiveness and its comfort in a hyperborean climate. Like other primitive structures of man, it seems to have been suggested to the builder by the abodes of birds and animals in nature, like the dugout of Dakota; and I could never come upon a cluster of these cabins without observing their resemblance to the nests of the mud-wasps.

"IRON COLLAR," BLACKFOOT.

The so-called forts of the Hudson's Bay Company are in reality nothing more than trading-posts, and little reliance could ever have been placed on the strength and solidity of their construction against determined hostile attacks, even from Indians. A palisade of split logs of poplar twelve or fifteen feet high, sometimes with blockhouses at the corners somewhat higher than the palisade itself, sometimes without, incloses an area in which are placed the log structures used as storehouses, blacksmith-shops, and other necessary offices, together with the residence of the factor, or chief trader. Naturally these are of better construction and more commodious than the single houses of the few settlers outside the stockade, and they are generally two low stories in height; but all are made of logs of the poplar. The blockhouses are pierced for rifles, and command the approaches to the stout gates by which on trading days — never Sundays — the motley crowd of Indians, half-breeds, and renegade white trappers and hunters are allowed to enter with their packs of furs. At Edmonton, through openings in the blockhouses, there peer down in grim silence what appear to be mounted cannon of small caliber and ancient construction, but their moral effect alone is relied upon, for they too, like the rest of the structures, are of wood only.

By preference, and from lack of other timber, of this same poplar the half-breed of the northwestern plains constructs his cart — the characteristic vehicle for all purposes in summer, and his sledge or jumper for winter use. With his ax, an auger, and his buffalo-knife for tools, in a short time he builds a light, stout cart singularly well adapted to his circumstances. As ordinarily constructed, it contains, like the harness with which it is attached to the draft-animal, not a particle of iron. The wheels are well framed together, and are about five feet in diameter. The spokes are well driven into the nave, the pieces of the felly are doweled together, and the structure dishes after the most approved fashion. The pony or the bullock which is to supply the motive power is harnessed between two large, light shafts, and upon the axle of the cart a light framework is built to contain the packages which are to form the load. It is lined and floored with thin boards wrought out of trees with the ax, or, more recently, the whip-saw. On such a cart a load of eight hundred pounds can be carried with safety, and its strength is such that repairs are rarely necessary. When a break does occur a ready resource is found in the bundle of "shaganappy," or strips of tanned buffalo-hide, which the native traveler always carries with him. Applied wet and flexible by wrapping around the broken shaft, felly, or axle, it soon dries in the wind of the plains and hardens like bone, and no second fracture can occur at the mended place. The harness also, made of the same tanned hide, can easily be mended with the same material. It is an amusing sight to observe the method of effecting such repairs. By some sudden wrenching occasioned by a deep rut, a long-used shaft is splintered, and must be mended. The strip of hide is softened in water, and two men wrap it closely about the broken part. Bracing their feet, they draw the bandage with all the strength of their hands and the muscles of their backs until you would say it could be drawn no more; but the process is not yet completed to the satisfaction of the dusky workmen. They now take the free ends in their teeth, and, using their hands as additional braces, they pull backward with such a strain as only iron jaws and steel teeth can withstand. The ends are now

ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

A BLACKFOOT INDIAN.

secured by intricate knots, and the repairs are completed.

When the half-breed comes to a river to be crossed, however swollen and wide, he finds it scarcely an obstruction. A buffalo-hide, or, in recent times, since the buffalo has disappeared, a canvas cart-cover, placed beneath one of the wheels, its edges brought up over the rim, furnishes him a "bull-boat," seated upon the center of which he paddles himself across and guides his swimming pony. In succeeding journeys he ferries over his load and tows his remaining cart-frame. The wagon of the white man, however skeleton-like and light it may be, is incomparably less well adapted to the necessities of plains travel than this primitive construction, which practically can neither break nor sink, and which requires no blacksmith or skilled wheelwright for its repairing. It is at the same time wagon and boat, and in case of necessity it serves as excellent fuel. Commonly, the hunters' and the traders' trains are made up of from twenty to seventy, or even more, of these vehicles moving in a single varying line over the rolling plain, each animal, except the first, attached to the cart in front. Covered usually with canvas covers, more or less white, they constitute a picturesque feature in the landscape when seen at a distance against the green of the grass, or against the sky as they creep over the summit of some slope—the only moving objects, except the clouds, within the reach of vision, arousing in the lonely spectator suggestions of human life and commerce and far-off civilization. No grease or other lubricant

is ever applied to the axles, since the Indian considers such a use of fatty substances a sheer waste of food, and the lugubrious creaking and wailing of the thirsty wood locates such an outfit even before it can be seen and after it disappears. A specimen of the Red River cart can be seen in the National Museum at Washington, but it has been repaired by the civilized device of iron nails, and so is not quite typical.

A characteristic feature of the great plains of Canada are the trails which connect the widely separated trading-posts and settlements, along which supplies are brought in and the peltries, which constituted in former times the chief products of the country, were carried to the great fur-depots on their way to Montreal, whence they were shipped to England. Formerly, before the construction of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railroad, access to these remote northern districts was by means of traders' carts from St. Paul over the unsettled prairies of Minnesota, and by small steamers on the Red River to Fort Garry, the site of the present city of Winnipeg, a journey of several weeks' duration. Earlier still the dog-trains, now a mode of conveyance known only to the past, except in the extreme arctic regions of this continent, brought down in the winter season sledge-loads of valuable furs, and only half-breeds and Indians made the journey. As late as 1869, the present president of the railroad named above, then a poor soldier of fortune living in St. Paul, was met one stormy day in winter alone with a dog-sledge pushing his way far north in Minnesota toward Fort Garry. Rumors had reached him of that movement of the half-breeds near the fort which took place upon the adoption of the articles of Canadian confederation in the year named, and which became known as Riel's rebellion, and he was on his way to see what openings for his adventurous and enterprising spirit might arise in a time of political disturbance. Earlier yet in the history of the country, before St. Paul had become a distributing center for the great areas north and west of it, before the Mississippi River had been approached by railroads, the principal highway by which the Northwest Territories were penetrated was a water-route now altogether abandoned, although many men still live who traversed it from time to time in the old days. Some of the Hudson's Bay trading-posts were established two hundred years ago at favorable points on the streams and lakes of the country, and supplies were brought to them annually, and furs were carried from them, by ships sent from England to Hudson's Bay. Arriving at the bay after tedious and dangerous passages through the ice of Hudson's Straits, not far from the southern end of Greenland, they navigated the stormy, shallow waters and arrived in June or July at Fort Churchill or Port Nelson, where, lightering their cargos, they received their return freight and hastily set sail for home, fearful lest the ice of winter should make them prisoners for an entire season before they could reach the open Atlantic. At the ports of debarkation, crews of men who had brought down the furs in York [1] boats from the distant posts were waiting to load the precious supplies and the annual mails for the return trip to the wilds. They rowed and pushed their heavy crafts up the broad, rushing streams and across the lakes, day after day through the uninhabited wilderness, until, after months in some cases, they reached Lower Fort Garry and Upper Fort Garry on the Red River; Fort Ellice and Fort Qu'Appelle on the Assiniboin; Fort á la Corne, Carlton House, Fort Pitt, and Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan; and other posts on the English, or Churchill, River, and on the countless lakes for whose accumulated waters it furnishes a channel. By other routes from the bay, and by combined water and land journeys, they carried such necessary supplies as would bear transportation to posts on Great Slave Lake, on the Peace River, on the Athabasca, even to the far trading forts on the Mackenzie River, up to and beyond the arctic circle.

The freighters' passage left no traces in the fleeting waters, but on land there still exist many of the old trails winding mile after mile over the grassy plains. Some of them are now abandoned, the primitive commerce having taken new directions, yet in this arid climate decade after decade they remain just as the last wheel pressed them. The passage of such a train of carts as I have described leaves three tracks in the dry soil, which, deepened by following trains, become more and more distinct. One is made by the pony or the bullock which draws the load, the others by the wheels. At length hollows or chuck-holes are formed, and, to avoid them, a new series of tracks is made a few inches apart from the old one. This in turn is abandoned for another, and the process goes on until as many as a score of such sets of tracks are worn in the brown soil, each track a foot in width and nearly a foot in depth. They everywhere maintain their parallelism, never running into one another, and the appearance they present is that of brown bands of color winding through the green expanse. Often not another sign of human life or occupancy can be seen for hundreds of miles, and an infrequent passenger with his outfit hails the advance of another with all the interest with which, on long

[1] The York boat is made at Fort York in the Hudson's Bay Territory. Constructed of whip-sawed boards, it is large, strong, and of great carrying capacity.

voyages in unaccustomed waters, one ship hails another on the homeward course. The travelers halt when they meet, cordial greetings are exchanged, the news of the distant points of departure is asked for, each party waits while the other prepares such letters as he may wish to send back to far-away friends, and with good

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

PONIES HERDING AROUND SMUDGE FIRES.

wishes they go on their separate journeys, and solitude unbroken reigns again.

The great plains are now comparatively devoid of animal life, and at certain seasons, even in summer, one may travel for several days at a time without seeing insect, bird, or beast of any kind. This surprising statement is literally true: but at other times insect life abounds beyond all comprehension or experience elsewhere; and now and then herds of antelope, or deer of several varieties, or a few elk, or a bear, or a band of wolves, or a badger may be seen; while the air is full of the winnowing of the wings and the cries of wild fowl. On every hand are seen lakes white with swans, plover, herons, cranes, curlew; and the active and enterprising cow-bird, which, alighting on the backs of domestic animals where there are any, promotes their comfort and satisfies its own hunger by the onslaught it makes on the myriads of mosquitos which torment them. Principal Grant at one time made a hurried journey through a part of this country, and upon his return wrote a book in which he averred that the existence of mosquitos in the Northwest is a myth. It is a question of definitions, of course, but the learned writer could not have used the word "myth" in an ordinary signification. At least I used to think at times when the mosquitos were so abundant that we could not eat our soup at supper-time, even with the defense of a most powerful smudge of grass and leaves placed to windward, without finding every spoonful plentifully peppered with the culex, and a single sweep of the hand would capture a score of the winged pests, while the bitter tears ran from our eyes, that Principal Grant's powers of observation might have been considerably improved by exposure without protection for a time to such an atmosphere. Alas! during July and August mosquitos do abound, and they are attended by coadjutors of no mean powers — sand-flies, black-flies, deer-flies, bull-dog-flies (the bot-fly), and I know not how many others, who conspire to make life for man and the animals on warm, damp days and at night nothing less than a burden. So numerous and virulent are they that animals grow thin in flesh during the period of their existence, and on the Athabasca River horses and cattle perish outright from their attacks. At night the traveler's animals are often stampeded by them, and the usual precaution taken is to make a dense, dank smudge of green boughs and sods, in the acrid smoke of which a passable degree of comfort

can be had. From such a smoke it would be impossible to stampede a band of horses, and for the choicest positions in it they will fight with teeth and hoofs.

But the most impressive signs of the abundance of nobler animal life in recent times are the countless buffalo-trails found almost everywhere. Like the cart-trails they are worn deep into the soil, and they remain unchanged for years. While feeding or resting, the buffalo are scattered about, and they make no permanent impression of their presence; but when they are going to water or are traveling to new pastures, they move in single file behind the leader of the herd, and a trail is speedily formed by their sharp hoofs. On their now deserted pasturing-grounds these trails cut the surface in every direction, now and then marked by the wallowing-places worn deep in the ground, where each animal followed the leader not only in marching, but in taking a dry wash for health and comfort. Up-hill and down-hill these paths wind and wind. Even on the thin edges of the hogbacks in the valley of the Red Deer River, and on their almost vertical faces, where no horse can find a footing, and a man would find difficulty in going, the buffalo found an easy road for his sure-footed majesty.

It is not long since this noble animal was the monarch of these lonely regions. Not only are the hill-slopes in many places terraced by their deep-worn paths, running parallel to one another at the distance of perhaps a yard, but in favorite localities, where they once fed in countless droves, their bones and horns lie scattered on every hand, bleaching and slowly decomposing in the drying wind. Sometimes every square rod of the surface presents the sad memorials of a noble animal gone to his death in a pile of shoulder-blades, rib-bones, leg-bones, horns still covered with the black, shining corneous substance which made them so striking during life, and in a broad skull with empty eye-sockets, still tufted with brown hair, and still maintaining a lordly port. At one time in my wanderings I came, near the Eyebrow Hills, to a tract some hundreds of miles in extent, already — early in the autumn as it was — scathed by the prairie fires and left black and charred, the only spots excepted being a few small round marshes in which the moisture had checked the sweeping flames, where we found the only available pasturage for our animals at night. The coal-black surface was thickly dotted with the white bones of the buffalo, which, in some merciless onslaught of the hunters, had fallen there by the thousand for the paltry booty of their hides. Just where they fell, they lay scattered over miles of country, their bones the only mementos of once happy, crowding, noble animal life. As the skeletons gleamed white in the darkness and silence of night, the impression made on the thoughtful observer was depressing enough.[1]

Desiring one day to look over the country at large, with my half-breed guide I crossed some clay cañons on horseback, and climbed the slopes of one of the hills spoken of, whence in all directions the undulating plain lay spread out below me. A locating engineer with his party was following on my trail at a distance of some weeks' travel, and with him I wished to communicate concerning the best direction in which to carry his line. As my party consisted of only two men besides myself, I could not detach a messenger, and my only resource was to erect some monument on the summit of the hill, which, seen against the sky, would attract his attention. For such a construction the numerous buffalo-bones lying about offered ample materials. Inscribing a message to Douglass, the engineer, on a broad, white shoulder-blade, I put it at the base of the monument, and collecting a score of great skulls with the horns still attached to them, I piled them together to the height of eight or ten feet. At the top I placed another blade-bone directing attention to the message deposited below. As we rode away in the slanting light of the setting sun, which threw the shadow of the hill and its melancholy cairn of bones for miles and miles across the plain toward the east, whence we had come, I thought of the appropriate nature of such a monument — the monarch of the lonely plains, crowded to his death by the ruthless, fiery edge of advancing civilization, sullenly looking with sightless eyes afar to catch the first gleaming light and the thunderous rush of that highest embodiment of nineteenth-century progress and power, the railway locomotive.

Until the farmer came to look upon these broad areas as furnishing land for cultivation in

[1] Some notion of the former abundance of the buffalo in the Canadian Northwest may be obtained from the following memoranda of outfit for a single buffalo-hunt in 1840, the authenticity of which cannot be doubted. There were required: 200 carts and harness, 655 cart-horses, 586 draft-oxen, 403 horses for running buffalo with saddles and bridles, 1240 scalping-knives for cutting up meat, 740 guns (flint-lock), 150 gallons of powder, 1300 pounds of balls, 6240 gun-flints, and the number of persons was 1630. The expedition returned to Fort Garry in August, and the Hudson's Bay Company paid £1200, or $6000, for the booty brought in. How many animals were slain we can only conjecture. Less than twenty years ago, my intelligent half-breed guide told me, he had seen, more than once, piles more than six feet in height of buffalo tongues which had been thrown together just as they were cut out after a single successful hunt by a party of Indians. These tongues were the perquisite of the medicine-man, who, during the progress of the hunt, sat in his tepee beating his drum and uttering incantations for its successful outcome, instead of participating more actively in the slaughter.

ENGRAVED BY JOHN P. DAVIS.

THE RETURN FROM THE FALL BUFFALO HUNT.

crops and for the raising of cattle, there was little to attract men, civilized or uncivilized, to make their homes here. Nature was forbidding, and offered few natural products for the subsistence of human beings; fuel was scarce and poor, water was of the meanest description, and a climate of the utmost rigor prevailed. The presence of fur-bearing animals in great abundance in former times, now sadly lessened, alone held out inducement to wandering tribes of Indians, who could clothe themselves from the fruits of the chase and feed their hungry bodies with the carcasses of the slain. More than two hundred years ago the early French voyageurs, traversing Lake Superior and penetrating among the tribes of Indians on the upper Mississippi, pushed their adventurous journeys northward also, and learned of the beaver, the buffalo, the otter, the fox, the sable, and other valuable fur-bearing animals existing in great numbers in a hitherto unexplored region. The Hudson's Bay Trading Company, one of the most remarkable commercial organizations of all history, entered and took possession of a waste of which as yet civilized men had no need. For two centuries, with their few European retainers and the dependent aborigines who gathered about them engaged in hunting and trapping, they held almost unchallenged possession of a territory nearly as large as the entire United States. A teeming population with settled homes and busy towns and cities was no part of their desire, and they took measures to exclude all except such servitors and dependents as could assist in gathering the annual stores of peltries and in transporting them to Montreal. When a few years ago this company was forced by the necessities of the times to dispose of its proprietary rights to the Canadian Dominion, the paucity of both human and animal life throughout these regions became apparent. The animals had been hunted and trapped, destroyed by powder and by poison until their skins no longer furnished a source of profitable trade, and the Indian tribes had largely perished by starvation and disease. The few remnants of once noble tribes were taken in hand by a paternal government and were gathered upon farms and reservations, deprived of the possibility of getting intoxicating liquor, and controlled by an efficient mounted police force, the like of which is not known on this side of the boundary line. Thus it is that the traveler of to-day in these lonely regions may journey for weeks at a time without encountering a single human being outside his own party, or finding a sign of former or present human occupancy, while the only tokens of the former abundance of animal life are those which betoken its extinction.

A MEMBER OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

The early grass of spring is bright green in hue, like the springing wheat of the farmer; but as the season advances the prevailing tint is a sage-green, which forms an admirable background for the display of the colors of the flowers. The flora is abundant and varied, and of the usual character of the semi-arid regions, but the hues and tints of color in blossom and leaf and stem are of remarkable depth, purity, and intensity. The common orange-lily lifts its chalices of blood like that drawn fresh from living veins. The primroses flaunt their white and yellow in splendid magnificence, and the cactus blossoms flame against the gray-green surface. In favorable localities curious cypripediums, and the spiranthes, and other members of the orchis family, attract admiring attention. But the roses far surpass all other flowers; they nod and blush in perfect abandon over miles and miles of waste, to gladden the eye of the infrequent traveler.

C. A. Kenaston.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

PAUL VERONESE.—1528–1588.

(PAOLO CAGLIARI.)

AUL VERONESE, the greatest of the decorative painters of the sixteenth century, judged as decorator simply, was born at Verona when Titian was in his prime, and the true art of color had been developed to its highest attainment, while the sister-arts of sculpture and architecture had been carried to a luxuriance which already had begun to stifle the Renaissance, and to produce forms rather artificial than artistic, but which at the same time gave an opportunity for decoration such as the world had not seen since the Roman emperors. Veronese, as he is generally called in our day, was of a family of artists, his father being a sculptor and his uncle a painter. He began as a pupil of the former, but found the art of the latter more to his taste; and his father, impressed, no doubt, by his success in imitating the work of his uncle Badile, put him under the direction of Giovanni Carotto of Verona. Before he was twenty years old he had become an artist of note and recognized promise, and he found in the Cardinal Ercole di Gonzaga his first protector, and his first considerable commissions were executed for Mantua. But enthusiasm for the arts in the grand-ducal family was no longer what it had been in the days of Mantegna. Veronese burned to spread his conceptions over surfaces of a vastness which was not accorded to him in Mantua, and he returned to Verona and undertook the decoration of the villa of the Porti family near Vicenza. Here he had full liberty in choice and treatment of his subjects, and he covered the walls with scenes from mythology and classic history conceived in the pure spirit of the life of his day, in which Venetian gentlemen and ladies with all the picturesque paraphernalia of the most brilliant epoch of Italian history hobnobbed with the gods of Olympus and the worthies of old Rome.

From Vicenza he went to Treviso, then a portion of the Venetian state, where he decorated the Villa Emi at Tanzolo, near by; and here again he filled his space with visions of a resuscitated past masquerading in the garb of Venice. But the City of the Doges was the goal of all artistic ambition of the day, and in 1555 he went there with letters of recommendation to a compatriot, Bernardo Torlioni, Prior of the Convent of St. Sebastian, who obtained for him from his brotherhood the commission to decorate the sacristy with the "Crowning of the Virgin" and four other subjects, a commission which he fulfilled with such brilliant success that he received a further order for the church of the convent, where he painted the history of Esther. The moment was most favorable for his entry into the capital of the arts. Tintoretto was absorbed in his great undertaking at the School of St. Rochus; and Titian, the supreme authority in matters of art in Venice, who was now growing old, became at once the friend and protector of the newcomer. In 1563 Titian was the foremost to support the claims of Veronese to the award of the decorations of the Library of St. Mark, in the competition which was invited by the Council, and in which his protégé gained one of his greatest triumphs. This is the date of the production of the "Marriage Feast at Cana," now in the Louvre. The details of the history of this, which is regarded as the greatest of his pictures, are interesting, as giving us at once an idea of the power of the painter and the value of art at the day of its production. The contract for it was signed on June 6, 1562, and the picture was delivered on September 8, 1563. The canvas and colors were found for him, the convent provided for his subsistence, and promised him a pipe of wine as a bonus, and he was to be paid 324 ducats, the ducat being of the value of three francs. When the difference in the value of the precious metals is estimated, the sum was equivalent to about $1500 to-day.

By this time the reputation of the painter had reached France and Spain, and Louis XIV. made propositions for the purchase of one of his pictures. Upon the "Supper with Simon" the lot fell to be the subject of contention between France and Spain. The picture belonged to the Convent of the Servants of the Madonna, who were willing to sell it; but the Council interfered, and purchased the picture, which they presented to the king of France, for the law of the time forbade the exportation of works of art, which the state regarded as important to the dignity of Venice.

In 1565 Veronese went to Rome; but with all due consideration for the critics who find in his later work the influence of Michelangelo,

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE

VENICE ENTHRONED, BY VERONESE.

IN THE ACADEMY, VENICE.

I cannot see that the art of the southern schools affected that of Veronese more than it had that of Titian. He remained as faithful an interpreter of his surroundings as he had been before the journey, and no factitious ideal of a time gone by ever came in to disturb his vision of the things that constituted his actual world. This is shown by his being called in 1573 before the Inquisition to respond for blasphemy in one of his pictures, a "Last Supper" painted for the Friars of St. John and St. Paul, in which he had introduced the customs of his time. A French writer, M. Armand Basquet, in his researches in the archives of Venice, discovered the report of this curious trial. In it the painter is being questioned by the inquisitor:

Q. "What is the signification of the figure of one whose nose is bleeding."

A. "It is a servant who has met with an accident which set his nose to bleeding."

Q. "What is the meaning of these people armed and dressed in the German manner, holding halberds in their hands?" The painter replies that he works according to the fashion of painters and fools, and had found no other way to express the fact that the master of the house was rich and lived splendidly, and must have had servants who might have been thus occupied.

Q. "But there is a buffoon with a parrot on his wrist; what is he doing?" And so he is questioned as to all the personages of his drama.

He replies finally: "I believe, to tell the truth, that at that Supper there were only Christ and the Apostles; but when in a picture there is a space left, I fill it with figures of my invention."

Q. "But does it seem decent to you, in the Last Supper of our Lord, to represent buffoons, drunken Germans, dwarfs, and other stupidities? Do you not know that in Germany, and in other countries infested by heresies, it is customary in their pictures, full of foolish things, to caricature and ridicule the holy things of the Church, so as to teach false doctrines to ignorant people?"

Veronese calls to his aid the example of Michelangelo, who in his "Last Judgment" had painted Christ and most of the judged naked. But the inquisitor asks if he was of the opinion that that was proper and decent. Veronese replies:

"My very illustrious lords, I had not taken such matters into consideration. I was far from imagining such irregularities. I paint with such study as is natural to me, and as my mind can comprehend." He was, however, obliged to paint out his buffoons and dwarfs and similar heresies, and we have in the Academy of Venice the picture as the Inquisition willed it to be.

In 1577 the fire that destroyed the works of Bellini, Carpaccio, and Titian made a place for the pencil of Veronese. The Senate nominated a commission to which was given the charge of finding the means to repair the disaster. The artist gave himself no concern in the matter, but kept at work in his studio while his competitors canvassed the commission. Contarini reproached him with his indifference to the opportunity, and he replied that he was more concerned about the execution of his works than to get commissions. His confidence in his merit was perhaps more the cause of his tranquillity, though the demand for his pictures must have made him really indifferent to the reception of new orders. He was, however, in spite of his indifference, commissioned to paint the ceiling of the council-chamber, on which he did the "Triumph of Venice"; and he executed for the republic the great pictures of the campaigns of Mocenigo and Loredano, the "Return of Contarini from the victory at Chioggia"; the "Emperor Frederic at the feet of Pope Alexander III."; and others among his noblest works. From this time to the date of his death he was occupied with commissions from all the princes and notables of Europe, as well as from the rich cities of the Venetian state, which were all competitors for his work. His life was without incident in its unbroken triumph. In the year 1588, while taking part in a procession to celebrate the jubilee of Sixtus V., he caught a cold and fever, from which he died in a few hours. He was buried in the midst of his works in St. Sebastian, where his tomb is marked by a stone beneath a portrait-bust.

W. J. Stillman.

STORM.

IN the black jungle of the sky now wakes
The Lightning's writhing brood of fiery snakes,
And lion Thunder from his lair of cloud
Startles the dusky world with challenge loud.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

PAINTED BY A. GISBERT.

ENGRAVED BY J. P. DAVIS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

THE EMBARKATION OF COLUMBUS AT PALOS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

IV. THE GREAT VOYAGE.

N that memorable twelfth of May, Columbus set out from Granada for Cordova, and thence by way of Seville and Huelva to Moguer and Palos, where there awaited him the caravels so ardently desired for the realization of the dreams that to his quickened faith had long seemed actualities. Columbus tarried a few days in Cordova to bid farewell to his dear ones, and to make provision for his sons. The high-born family to whom he was joined by such singular ties, although not wealthy, aided materially in carrying out his plans, and an Arana, a near kinsman of Beatrice, was the devoted companion of Columbus in this first venture. These domestic matters being settled, the discoverer went to Palos, there to devote himself to the arduous task of making ready for the expedition. Money, the first requisite of every practical undertaking, was at hand. Resources had been procured by divers ways and means. By royal warrant a forced levy of three caravels belonging to local pilots was laid upon the town of Palos, to be taken for an unspecified use and an indefinite time.

Toward the end of May the town council published its formal acceptance of the orders, yet by the end of June urgent summons had become necessary, and sharp reprimands for non-compliance with the imperative orders from the palace. This important municipal assistance was supplemented by a grant of 1,140,000 maravedís by the crown of Castile, to which Columbus added 500,000 more as his personal share of one eighth, collected by him with great difficulty from diverse sources. But, even with the money at command, something else was lacking. Those called upon to assist the enterprise, and to accompany the discoverer, mulishly endeavored to escape the onerous duty. Furthermore, as a punishment for their failure to serve the crown, the equipment and costly provisioning of the caravels were imposed upon them, a measure which bore grievously on that needy maritime population. The general sentiment rebelled against the garrulous and flighty adventurer, who wearied them with his Italian volubility, and his fantastic schemes born of a disordered imagination.

The order to provide stores for a whole year struck terror to the bravest souls, whose most daring ocean ventures had rarely carried them more than two hundred leagues from land. In vain the sovereigns sent letter after letter; in vain the alcaldes time and again proclaimed the imperative mandate to the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums; in vain the royal pursuivant, Juan de Peñalosa, compelled the unwilling pilots to embark by force; in vain the mission of the corregidor, Juan de Cepeda, who had forthwith manned the fortifications so as to enforce obedience if need were — the sailors fled like souls borne of demons upon the winds, and, after making the sign of the cross to ward off the wizard spells of the Genoese charlatan, became invisible as though by enchantment.

With the high and inflexible resolve belonging to his character, as we now know it, Columbus so strenuously persisted in launching forth at any hazard and with any possible crew, that he promised, as authentic records show, to throw open the jails and to take the pardoned convicts as sailors, even at the risk of their mutinying, as though his expedition were not glorious, but suicidal. These heroic resolves were at this juncture looked upon as the vagaries of a monomaniac, and exposed him to the danger of being bound and confined in some asylum on the first violent symptoms. Owing to these vulgar distrusts, the opposition of those around him grew in proportion as Columbus redoubled his efforts. Neither the commutation decreed in favor of a number of malefactors who were willing to ship on the caravels, nor other extreme and impossible measures of like violent import, gave results favorable to the expedition, and our pilot ran serious risk of being shipwrecked on the very shores of his desire, and of losing the hoardings of the thirty years and more during which his life and soul had been utterly given to the colossal scheme of his voyage, now well nigh frustrated by the incredible and unforeseen repugnance of the masses at the very time when its success seemed assured by the concessions won from the throne by such herculean efforts. This fresh rebuff completely unhinged the nervous system of Columbus, and brought on attacks of vertigo. With the royal patronage heaped upon his head, with his hardly amassed gold in his scrip, and with the municipal au-

thorities at his feet, his scheme was being baffled and ruined by the resistance of the people.

Fortunately for Columbus, the providential character of his undertaking was on his side, and so also was Juan Perez, the Franciscan, who, as he had previously aided him to meet the objections of the court, now helped him anew to overcome the popular prejudice. Columbus had sought his assistance on three occasions of moral shipwreck,—more dire than those of ocean,—and had thrice found a haven in the affection and wisdom of the friar, whose knowledge of the common people was as great as his knowledge of royalty. As he had successfully besought the throne for needed means, so now he won the popular support, and prevented the royal aid from becoming fruitless through the failure of the townsfolk to give their humble, but perhaps more indispensable, coöperation. His prime motive was his friendship for Columbus, which in fervor equaled that displayed later by so ardent and zealous a man as Padre Las Casas, friendships, both of them, bordering on adoration, and in their material and intellectual aspects bequeathed to after ages. But, apart from this noble personal devotion, Padre Juan was actuated by his love for cosmographic science, born of the sea and fostered by his intercourse with the mariners, as well as by his love for Christianity, so soon to be diffused throughout the far-off lands of which the discoverer discoursed in the cloisters of the convent. Juan Perez, less ignorant of the world than the folk of Moguer and Palos supposed, determined to put himself at the head of the scheme, with both hands and both feet, as we vulgarly say; and thus he won over the Pinzons, as being men especially fitted to rally the much-needed but reluctant sailors, who still persisted in doubting the empty speeches and baseless schemes of an unknown adventurer. Thus comes upon the scene Martin Alonso Pinzon, the illustrious partner in the marvelous enterprise.

The first result of this intervention was the employment of persuasion in place of force; the second, to facilitate the shipment of the crews; the third, a feeling of unanimous confidence in the feasibility of the undertaking, and assurance of a happy outcome. Garci-Fernandez pledged his cosmographic experience on the truth of the scheme; Juan Perez, like a true Franciscan, based his exhortations on its moral and religious aspects: but by far the most influential, because of his being a skilled seaman, was Martin Alonso Pinzon; for with his deep-rooted convictions, his native courage, and his large personal outlays, he assured the practical accomplishment of all that Columbus had planned and his advocates had avouched. Pinzon was an old sailor; a shipowner, not only by inclination, but by inheritance. When he took the affair in hand the whole aspect of the situation changed. The timid regained courage, the doubters began to feel hopeful reassurance, the idle bestirred themselves, the lukewarm displayed interest, and the skeptics faith; the deserted strand swarmed with sailors, the calkers' mallets rang on the hulls, the carpenters patched the worn planking, a goodly store of provisions was stowed on board, the riggers stretched cordage and canvas on the bare masts, and there was no longer need of impressed galley-slaves or felons to equip so virtuous and scientific an expedition. At the outset, Columbus would have been content with ninety men, but more than six score were won over by his tireless coadjutor. The discoverer's resources proved scanty, through his having underestimated his requirements, and because of the heavy outlay demanded for the equipment; but his far-sighted lieutenant added half a million maravedís to the million and more already given by the Catholic Sovereigns. At that time the population of Palos comprised barely 2000 souls, yet the town furnished three pilots, besides the nucleus of the crew. These sailors of Palos, a lesser number from the neighboring village of Moguer, recruits from Niebla, Huelva, Ayamonte, and some other hamlets, with a few adventurers, made up the crew, which, despite the unusual and perilous character of the voyage, was not after all very heterogeneous.

The drafted caravels did not, in Pinzon's eyes, amount to much. Preferring vessels of small size, because better fitted for shallow coasts and for entering river mouths, the prudent ship-owner discarded the unseaworthy ones, and gave from his own shipyards all that was necessary and useful. He fitted out the *Niña*, built and owned by his younger brother. The *Gallega*, which was larger and more suitable for the flag-ship, besides being the only decked caravel and a strong and stanch ship, he rechristened *Santa Maria*, and assigned to the admiral. The third, which, according to some, was one of the drafted vessels, while others deem it the property of Pinzon himself or of the two brothers, was named the *Pinta*. The village seemed transformed. The road to Moguer was thronged, and so was the way to La Rábida. Many went and came in search of Columbus, who remained at the convent as a guest, but more came and went in search of the Pinzons, who lived in Palos and had relatives in all the neighboring hamlets. Pinzon raised 500,000 maravedís to add to the fund already collected; he provided the expedition with the needful equipment and the provisions requisite for so long a cruise; he

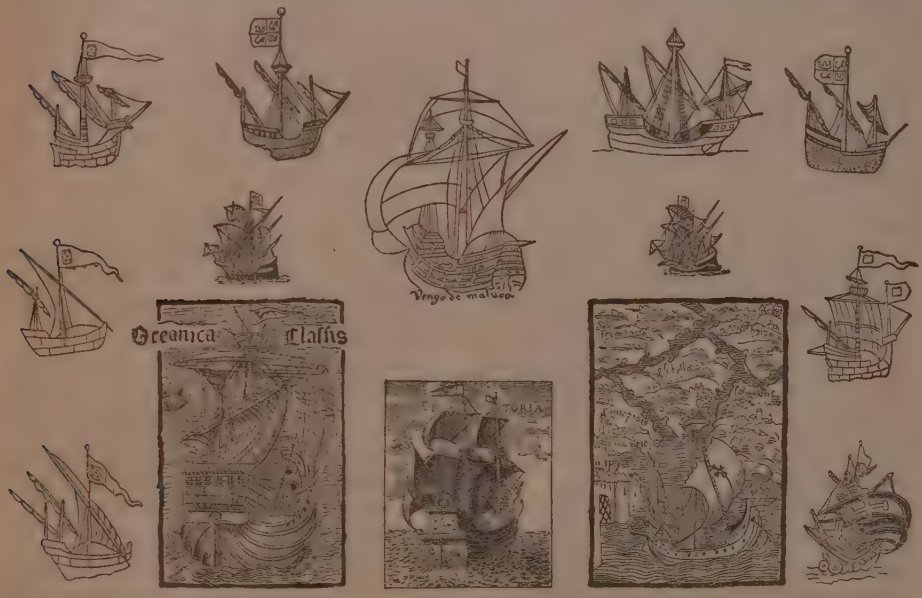
gathered the crew by persuasion and bribes: yet no business papers or receipts changed hands, nor was there any written contract regarding his share of the profits, everything being left to the good faith and proved integrity of both parties. Some writers explain this fact by suggesting that the Pinzons, being men of large knowledge and experience, possessed some certain information on which the plans of the discoverer were based. On duly considering what we know of the active life of Pinzon, notwithstanding his own negligence and the silence of his comrades, all more occupied in doing deeds than in recording them, the conviction grows that he must have made good use of his many opportunities of observation. His cruises in the Mediterranean; his stay in ports and cities where to the traffic in merchandise is joined the interchange of ideas; his watchful study of the twofold teachings of the revealing stars and the shining track of his ships; his observant nature and his investigative mind—all so far raised him above his contemporaries that he was able to comprehend Columbus and follow him, without losing sight of the incentives and rivalries inherent in frail human nature. In one page of his life-story may perchance be found the secret of his action and the grounds of his foresight—in his journey to Rome in quest of facts on which to base fresh expeditions suggested by the example of the Portuguese, and by his own experiences in voyages to Guinea and the Canaries.

Pinzon was intimate with a certain librarian of Innocent VIII. whose name history does not record, and this learned man showed him a map on which lands were vaguely depicted, lying beyond the Fortunate Isles, and to the westward. This may be true or false,—there is no certain authority for the statement,—but it is found in many books, and springs from the splendor of the pontifical court in that age. An inconspicuous figure is this Pope Innocent. Eclipsed between the marvelous artistic achievements of his fortunate predecessor Sixtus IV., who gave his name to immortal monuments, and the enigmatic Alexander VI., whose ambition soared so high and led him so far, he shines only by the fact that his family name is associated with the preliminaries of the Columbian discovery in the inscription on his tomb in the Vatican, which perhaps may atone for weaknesses almost inexcusable, and gain for him the pardon of posterity. But these Italian journeyings of Pinzon, his sojourns in Rome, then glowing with ideas and inspirations, his visits to the Vatican Library, and his acquaintance with the unknown librarian, if they do not prove the existence of that as yet undiscovered map, at least bear witness to the countless treasures of cosmographic learning in the court of the Vatican, well fitted to arouse in this glorious coadjutor of Columbus the zeal which he displayed in assisting the preparations for the projected voyage, and to train the keen insight that discerned afar its sure success.

On August 2, 1492, everything was ready, and the crew were notified to embark, to await the uncertain moment when a favorable wind should permit the little fleet to set sail. Nothing so befitted that solemn hour as a votive procession from the caravels to the monastery, to which the eyes of the mariners turned as to a spiritual beacon, brighter than any that flared along the headlands. This pious duty performed, the crew returned on board the caravels, where they patiently awaited the order to sail, while Columbus retired to the monastery eagerly to watch for a favoring wind. When the dawn should break, he hoped to be able to sail during that day, August 3, since, being Friday, it was of good omen, despite old Italian superstitions to the contrary; for upon a Friday the first crusade under Godfrey of Bouillon had taken Jerusalem, and on a Friday, too, the last crusade under the Catholic Sovereigns had won Granada. Not only were these famous precedents auspicious to his purpose, but it so chanced that they were then in the midst of the pious festival held by the Franciscans during the three opening days of August, sacred to the Virgin of the Angels, the patroness of their seraphic order.

Columbus kept all sail on his caravels during the night of August 2. The old salts of the crew looked for a favoring wind at starting, and Columbus's eager watchfulness was not to pass unrewarded. From the height on which La Rábida stood, he scanned sea and sky with steadfast gaze, like one of those sea-birds, presagers of changes of wind and weather, clinging to the scarred and storm-beaten cliff. About three in the morning, while the stars yet twinkled in the skies and all earth slumbered, the awaited breeze sprang up, bringing new life to the discoverer's veins and quickening the throbbing of his heart. The pines murmured as though hymning the dawn, and the waters rippled as though heaving with the breath of love and hope. Columbus awakened Padre Juan, and he in turn the child Diego, and the three repaired to the chapel in quest of heavenly aid and religious solace for the approaching pangs of separation and for the fateful voyage. As in the boundless ether shine the stars, so the lamps flickered in the little church, lighting with their rays alike the courses of the ocean and the pathways of the soul. The monk put on his priestly vestments, and celebrated the holy sacrament at the high altar, before the taper-lighted Virgin. The hour was come, and Columbus resolutely descended to

the shore, plucking himself away from embraces that held him to the land like some deep-rooted oak, for the sail-wings were ready to bear him to the realm of sea and sky. He soon reached the wharf, and as the dawn broke in the east the flag-ship majestically ran inshore to take the new Argonaut on board. The fluttering sails, the hurried manœuvers of the crew, the boatswain's whistle, and the cries of the sailors as the ships got under way, announced a speedy departure, and attracted the early risen villagers to the shore in their natural desire to witness the scene, and to bid farewell to departing friends and loved ones. When Columbus sprang from the skiff on board the caravel, and the anchors were weighed, a shudder ran alike through



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. ANCIENT CARAVELS. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

the departing sailors and the leave-takers on the strand. Where they were going they knew, but as their westward course after leaving Cadiz and the Canaries was to take them far beyond those lately won islands, none knew whither they were bound or the duration of the voyage. The cross floated above the flag-ship, which bore seaward toward the unknown, seeking mysteries perchance impenetrable and inaccessible to the human mind and unconquerable by human will.

As we have elsewhere said, the caravel was better fitted for the task of discovery than any other bark of that day. Stout and big enough to withstand the shock of waves, it was at the same time sufficiently light and shallow of draft to enter the mouths of rivers and to tack with ease in narrow channels. According to nautical authorities, the name of caravel was generically given in Columbus's time to any vessel of burden, whatever its size and strength. "A long and narrow single-decked vessel, with a beak at the prow," says our dictionary of Castilian authorities, to which we turn as to an oracle in the matter of national idioms. This definition, in truth, cannot be bettered in its first part, if able nautical treatises are to be trusted. But when that classical dictionary adds that a caravel has three masts of nearly equal size, with three large lateen yards and sails, some emendation seems needful; for though the three ships of Columbus were called caravels, only one of them carried the kind of sail thus described, and that was the smallest and the frailest of them, the *Niña*. Our dictionary is also in conflict with the classic texts of seamanship when it asserts caravels to be dangerous because of their shallow draft, being easily capsized unless their sails were quickly trimmed, when unimpeachable masters of maritime science and experience declare them to have been stanch and stout enough for the needs of those times. The Columbian caravels were at most of eighty tons burden, and had a square poop surmounted by a high castle, to match the smaller castle at the bow. Squaresails were sometimes carried, but caravels were generally lateen-rigged. Nevertheless, the definition of one versed in those matters makes the caravels of larger size than is commonly supposed, and describes them as stanch and fleet, with high castles at stem and

stern, with three vertical masts and a bowsprit, the foremast and mainmast being square-rigged and the mizzenmast carrying a lateen sail. Some assert that they could make but 28 leagues in a day's run, others as high as 72 leagues. With my own eyes I have seen in the Columbian Library at Seville the caravels of Columbus admirably portrayed. The discoverer himself has sketched them faithfully, with the steady hand long trained by his trade of map-drawing. They are found traced in the first decade of Angleria's treatise, which is preserved as one of the priceless books of Ferdinand, the second son of Columbus. The disproportion of size between the ships at once strikes the eye, and therewithal the very great diversity of rig. The *Santa Maria* has the advantage of her consorts in build and size. Her rigging appeared more complicated than the others. Square-sails were on the fore and mainmasts, a lateen yard on the mizzen. The contrast in the height of the prow and the poop was startling. The *Pinta* was shown in the sketch as a sort of compromise between the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña*, but sparred and tackled more like the former. The *Niña* looked very like the modern fishing- and trading-luggers, while her lateen sails recalled those nimble skiffs, so common in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose white sails, bathed in the rays of the southern sun, show gaily between blue sea and bluer sky like gulls skimming over the softly rippling surface. Each of the vessels was manned in accordance with its capacity and importance. In the flagship the admiral was accompanied by a mate, Juan Cosa, a native of the Cantabrian sierras, deep-tanned by the unresting Biscayan sea; a physician of Moguer, Maestre Alonso, well versed in all the experience permitted by the primitive means of observation in his day; a chief alguacil of Cordova; a purveyor of the royal household; a page; a scrivener; a convertite Jew as interpreter; and a *veedor*, or inspector, so called because appointed in towns and cities to enforce the building regulations. Thus, in the second book of the Royal Ordinances, *veedor* is used in the sense of overseer, for it is there declared to be the king's will to depute each year as many discreet men as might be needed as *veedores* to inspect the provinces. The *Pinta* carried a large crew, most of them natives of Palos, with a few from Moguer. The character of the various crews denoted that the *Santa Maria* bore the command, while the *Pinta* carried the greatest possible number of expert seamen. The little *Niña* was also manned by able sailors like those whom Martin Alonso Pinzon had gathered about him in the *Pinta*. Besides the skilled mariners, she carried a surgeon, a silversmith, an Irish guide, and also another of English birth, with several workmen and farm-laborers from the inland provinces, Estremadura, Andalusia, La Mancha, and even Old Castile.

The windings of the shore soon hid the fleet from the sight of the villagers, but Fray Perez and his companions watched it for three hours longer, until it sank beneath the distant horizon. During the first few days' run, these barks, laden with bright promises for the future, were sighted by other ships, laden with the hatreds and rancors of the past; for it chanced that one of the last vessels transporting into exile the Jews expelled from Spain by the religious intolerance of which the recently created and odious Tribunal of the Faith was the embodiment passed by the little fleet bound in search of another world, where creation should be new-born, a haven be afforded to the quickening principle of human liberty, and a temple be reared to the God of enfranchised and redeemed consciences. As though the sun were not to shine for all, as though the will of heaven had not made us equal, the accursed spirit of reaction was wreaking one of its stupendous and futile crimes in that very hour when the genius of liberty was searching the waves for the land that must needs arise to offer an unstained abode for the ideals of progress. Following their narrow views, the powers of the middle ages denied even light and warmth to the Jews, at the same time that they revealed a new creation for a new order of society that was predestined by Providence to put an end to all intolerance, and to dedicate an infinite continent to modern democracy.

Columbus bent his course toward Cadiz, and thence to the Canaries. The prow of the flagship being resolutely headed to the west, he descended to the cabin and began his journal. A religious soul, he wrote at the head of such a transcendent record the sacred name of Christ. The divine protection being thus invoked upon his task, he associated the work he had begun with such as had gone before, and, as though he had the power to perceive by intuition how mankind would link the conquest of Granada with the discovery of America, he recorded how he had beheld the cross brought from Toledo shining upon the Vela tower, and had seen the Moorish kings driven from their conquered Eden-city and doing homage to the Christian sovereigns who in that supreme hour wrought the unity of Spain. I recall not now who it is that speaks of the opening pages of that journal as pompous and inflated because of these reminiscences, but surely there is no more potent incentive to grand emprises in the future than the example of great achievements in the past. The invocation of Catholicism and of the sovereign fitly marks the whole

discovery, for these two great unities were the necessary nucleus about which to garner the innumerable harvest of new lands amid the waves, and the bright constellations of new beliefs in the human soul. He notes how the sovereigns had granted him the style of Don, with the titles of Admiral and Viceroy, to descend to his heirs and successors forever.

The journal serves not alone to disclose the motives of his undertaking; it also exhibits its course day by day. The first three days at sea were favorable. Having set sail on Friday, by the following Sunday they had run some fifty Castilian leagues. But on the fourth day the *Pinta* was imperiled by a defect in her steering-gear, and although the admiral ran up within speaking distance, he could not assist her, fearing a collision, for the wind and the waves were rising. The two owners of the vessel had designedly weakened the rudder, in order to disable her, and to prevent her from going on and being lost, as they deemed the other caravels must surely be, in the storms of the Shadowy Sea. Columbus confided the repairs to his skilful captain, who took temporary command of her. The injury called for workmanship superior to any at command in the watery wastes, and so there was no recourse but to head for the Canaries. They sighted the nearest of the group, Lanzarote, and went on to the Grand Canary, whence they were constrained to go to Gomera, only to return again to the Grand Canary. The first idea of Columbus was to fit out another caravel, in view of the unseaworthiness of the *Pinta*, but none could be found at Gomera. He was obliged to fit a new rudder to the *Pinta*, and to supply the *Niña* with square-sails in place of her lateen rig, before they were enabled to proceed. Their departure was indeed urgent, for a most untoward mishap was to be feared in the expected arrival in the outlying islands of the group of a fleet fitted out by the king of Portugal, and despatched to the furthest limits of the sea then known for the purpose of preventing the passage of Columbus. Yet, despite the tireless activity of the discoverer in hastening the work, the repairs and the procurement of provisions occupied a whole month.

At last, on September 16, the explorers turned their backs upon the known seas and launched forth into the unknown. The *Pinta* led the way, closely followed by the *Santa Maria* flying the standard of command, and lastly came the *Niña*. The little fleet seemed a living poem, and the obstacles now past, like those hurled against the heroes of olden epics by adverse gods, became mere symbols of the evil inherent in our nature and spreading as a subtle venom through all creation.

There is a lack of agreement as to the part the Genoese pilot and the mariner of Palos respectively played toward the discovery of the New World. Columbus excelled his helpmate in the abstract sciences, in intuitive imagination, and in inspiration, but Pinzon assuredly excelled Columbus in experience, in shrewdness, in administrative ability, in aptness to command, in power of discipline and organization, in everything executive, effective, and practical. Pinzon was a skilful financier in controlling the expenses of the little fleet, a good administrator in equipping the ships, a consummate commander in enrolling and disciplining the crew; but he was in no wise a revealer, such as Columbus is proclaimed to have been by the voice of all peoples and all ages. When we see Pinzon assembling the crews after the royal deputies and alcaldes had failed; equipping the fleet in but fifteen days when Columbus and his agents had not been able to do so in three months; supplying from his own purse the deficiency in the royal contribution; navigating the dangerously damaged *Pinta* from Cadiz to the Canaries; and when later we are to behold him rising to greater achievements than all these, bringing resolute decision to the accomplishment of his purposes, we may truly say, without detracting from the splendid height to which Columbus rose, that there is still a place in the epic of this titanic exploration for the grand figure of the pilot and shipbuilder of Palos, who not only rendered the departure of the expedition possible, but who, the voyage once begun, was perhaps the most resolute and powerful of will in preventing its failure.

Early in September they left the Canaries behind, and plunged into the abyss of ocean. It was growing urgent that Columbus should do this, for in the eyes of his companions the most ordinary phenomena became celestial warnings. In the clear, half-Andalusian, half-tropical nights of the Canaries rose the deep-furrowed violet cone of the volcano of Teneriffe, in crimson eruption, like a new sun springing into birth, shooting its iris-tinted flames through clouds of smoky ashes, with torrents of stony fragments like falling meteors or glowing like an incandescent milky way — all this filled them with dread, for they deemed the flaring mountain some vast Cyclops, imprisoned there by the divine hand at the uttermost portals of the known earth, to bar the pathway to the unknown world. Columbus showed them the error of their superstition, and how the self-same phenomena were repeated on the familiar shores of Etruria, Italy, Sicily, and Greece. But although their dread was speedily tranquilized by his marvelous eloquence, any unforeseen and fortuitous occurrence threatened to revive their fears and to wreck the plan through uncontrollable panic. At length a favoring easterly breeze sprang up, and the ships sped arrow-

like on their course. The land soon sank from view, and the explorers found themselves alone with sea and sky.

As the astute Genoese well divined the dread which the ever-increasing distance was certain to arouse, he kept two log-books, one for himself and the other for the crew. In the former he recorded the actual run, in the latter a lesser distance; by which device he diminished the fears and restrained the impatience of his susceptible shipmates. But in doing this an unforeseen complication arose. Their sure guide, the compass, that ever had pointed fixedly to the north, began to waver. Although this phenomenon had been known for two centuries,—though many say it had never been observed until then,—the crew gave themselves up for lost, and imagined that for them even the one fixed point was shifting, as though God had cast them off. Columbus recognized the necessity of explaining this phenomenon as he had explained the volcanoes. But the explanation was not easy, for while the volcanoes were like others already known, it was impossible to understand or explain the variation of the needle by any familiar fact or experience.

It seems strange that these pilots of Palos and Genoa should have been ignorant of a fact like the variation of the compass, touching which, as some assert, there then existed dissertations in the library of the Vatican, that storehouse of astronomical and nautical treatises indispensable to one who, like the pontiff, aspired through his religious power and universal authority to dominate all the earth. But this deviation, which is noticed in each latitude until it becomes an oscillation at the equator and is reversed in the southern hemisphere, may possibly have been observed before that time, although it remained without plausible explanation; and so it remains, even in our day, one of those occult mysteries which surround the countless facts recorded in the tables of intellectual progress. Sailors call this inexplicable deviation of the needle "nor'-nor'-westing." Columbus accounted for it partly by the shifting of the polar star, partly by the center of attraction not being in that star, but in some other opaque body near the pole, and by countless other specious reasons evolved from his fecund fancy. The crew, however, remained incredulous, unsatisfied by the persuasive words of the discoverer. In the southern temperament nervous impatience predominates. A northerner generalizes less than a southron. We Spaniards cannot see a thing begun without instantly deducing all its consequences, nor hear a thing planned without fancying it already done. To such plastic imaginations fancies appear as solid realities.

The admiral's earnest attention was now given to signs of land, which to his anxious mind seemed to be so near. On the spur of the moment, when Pinzon, who was best able to comprehend him, came within hailing distance, he would converse with him through the speaking-trumpet, or exhibit imaginative charts, drawn by himself, on which appeared the island of Cipango, set in those very latitudes through his erroneous conception of ocean's limits. At times in some insignificant object he would discern a trace of the vanished Atlantis of Plato merged in the watery abysses. Soon after quitting the Canaries, a broken mast floated by, which to the malcontents seemed an omen of the punishment reserved for their temerity, the proof of some terrible wreck suffered by others who had dared to clutch at old ocean's secrets, and to violate the mystery wherewith the inscrutable will of Providence had shrouded the sea. Passing patches of sea-wrack served to confirm a statement in Aristotle's "Natural History" touching the abundance of tunny-fish beyond the Fortunate Isles. Any stray bird was a prophecy. Columbus was especially encouraged by the small size and frailness of those he saw, for they could live only on land, near human habitations or among cultivated fields where they could find proper food. With singular acumen he remarked that these birds did not appear to be exhausted, and consequently could not have flown far from these inhabited spots. Whales, too, afforded him like encouragement. Several of these cetaceans suddenly appeared, spouting high as they basked on the gentle swell; and he at once reverted to his pilot's experience and knowledge of natural history, declaring that such creatures never ventured far from the coast, because they love the land. On one occasion, espying a crab clinging to a broken bough, he carefully netted and guarded it as a positive sign that fluvial waters must be near. When all else failed, he dipped up water from the vessel's wake, and, tasting it, compared it to water he had tested in other times and places, estimating from its greater or less saltiness the amount of admixed fresh water from neighboring mountains or plains. A pelican plunged him into a fever of hope. These birds resemble swans, but are of heavier build, with plumage of pearly whiteness, long and flexible necks, serrated beaks, and webbed feet. Being equally adapted to live on shore or on water, they stow the sea-caught fish in their capacious pouches, and carry them to the land, there to devour them at leisure among the trees. All around them was bright; the calm sea smelt as sweet as the Guadalquivir overhung by arching orange-bloom; the trade-wind fanned their brows and refreshed their frames; shoals of leaping dolphins played beside the hulls; and flocks of land-birds followed the sails aloft, while the

splendors of the day widened the circle of the sky in an incomparable and infinite transparency.

The very loveliness and calm, while buoying up the hopes of Columbus, disheartened the doubting crew still more, for they deemed the sea brightened with treacherous gleams to wile them, siren-like, before destroying them. The unchanged direction of the wind, now favorable for their continued advance, but an invincible obstacle to their return; the variation of the needle, as though the very north were abandoning them to chance; the distance sailed without sighting land; the endless and changeless horizons, and the environment of naught but sea and sky, seemed to them like the surroundings of some other planet, devoid of any firm and solid element; and hence sprang the belief, befitting their mental capacity, that life in this ambient medium of air and water belonged to birds or fishes, not to man. How strange, then, that their ships should straightway encounter excessively solid obstacles! On reaching a certain spot, great masses of vegetation filled the ocean, some resembling the mosses of the crags and others purely aquatic, stretched and interwoven in knotty tangle, forming vast labyrinths of densely matted foliage floating at hazard. Growths like the land plant we call starwort, rootless and stemless for better floating, laden with scarlet berries like the mountain mastic, spread over the sea, making it a pathless prairie, as though by magic art its fluidity had been turned to wondrously thick and solid vegetation. To sailors already filled with distrust, forced unwillingly upon this voyage, far out upon a boundless sea, and driven before an unchanging wind, weary of fruitless watching for some other sign of life than the birds and fishes that came only to disappear again, that thick tapestry about their ships must in truth have seemed a snare spread by demons to entangle them, and to hold them forever in its treacherous meshes. Their discontent found vent in those ominous murmurings that forebode some terrible outbreak of fury. When they struck this obstacle their sails for eleven days had been bellied by the unchanging wind. Although the sounding-lead had often pierced the waters no bottom had been found, even at the depth of more than two hundred fathoms. What with the steadiness of the wind, the failure to strike soundings, and the density of the sargasso, there was ample cause for the old dread to waken anew, and for the timid to shrink back.

Familiar with the current fables of maritime disaster, they dreaded lest they might meet the fate of San Amaro, caught in the clutches of the ice-pack, and perishing in his floating prison, when he daringly invaded the frozen ocean, less terrible than the Shadowy Sea. In the primitive state of knowledge at that time it was hard to make them understand such phenomena. Geology was not yet even imagined. Beyond the record of Genesis, and the scholastic commentaries thereon; beyond the narrow teachings of the erudite *literati*, the naturalistic poem of "Lucrece," the writings of Hesiod, and Ovid's "Metamorphoses," none had searched the fountainhead of things, still less divined the endless chain of cause and effect which gives birth to systematic existences in logical and eternal evolution. Had you told them that the work of creation is still going on, and shown them that vegetative rock, having power to generate other infusorial plants to turn likewise to stone in the lapse of time, and with their madreporic cells build up islands and archipelagoes and continents, they would have called you mad, and visited your incurable insanity with mockery or blows. Europe was once joined to Africa where the Strait of Gibraltar now interposes, as Africa, until yesterday, was joined to Asia by the Isthmus of Suez, pierced under our own eyes. The chain of island groups stretching westward to the New World is doubtless a series of signal-stations whose summits point out the Atlantean land preserved in poesy though vanished in reality, even as those tangled forests of giant vegetation, half terrestrial, half aquatic, so appalling to these first explorers, typify the universality of life, ascending from the lower vegetative organism to the higher animal existence in unbroken sequence. But on encountering this unexpected phenomenon, wherein they beheld only an unfathomable mystery, the men murmured exceedingly, while Columbus remained calm and unmoved. At length they passed through the herbaceous sea, and left it far behind. But the dread of the sailors, more or less real, abated not, for as the waves had long slumbered beneath their leafy screen, so now the winds slumbered in a portentous calm. The miserable men watched their dwindling store of food in dread of starvation, and the lessening stock of water with fears of thirst. But their greatest terror lay in the prolonged calm, and in the prospect of drifting indefinitely upon the infinite deep, to waste and fall and perish. No agony so sharp as that which heralds hopeless death by hunger and thirst. The apprehension of such tortures drove them frantic. The recollection of so many shipwrecked men, clinging to a frail plank on ocean's expanse, gnawing their own flesh and sucking their own veins in their delirium, begat in them such a dread of these unspeakable torments that in their overwrought state they seemed actually to endure them. It stood to reason that any long-continued delay in sighting land must so work upon their fears as to make them turn back. No man among them had ever be-

fore ventured two hundred leagues from the coast, and these wretched sailors had already come eight hundred leagues. The two affections we call nostalgia and abhorrence of the sea spread among the crew like a pestilence, each taking the contagion from his comrade, until not one was exempt. In their floating prison feelings of enmity arose among them, while all shared in hatred of the admiral who had led them into such dire straits. With wrathful eyes and curse-laden lips they became openly rebellious. No outward influence was there to calm their minds. They who had hailed with gladness the first circling birds beheld them now with indifference. Not even when the wind changed were their apprehensions allayed. Although Columbus welcomed any breeze, however contrary, because it showed the possibility of progress in some direction, to them the wind seemed too fierce when it bore them away from their loved Andalusia, and too weak to cheer them when it blew toward home. While the dead calm palsied all progress, they writhed like men possessed; and when it rippled the face of the waters, they fancied themselves driven by blind hazard toward the abyss, and suffered the agonies of the stake and the searing brand.

"They were right who called this Genoese a madman," muttered the sailors. Instead of being himself bound, he, with a madman's cunning, had bound his opponents to his own sad fate. Inspired by greed alone, he looked for power and riches impossible of attainment to a man of his mean talents and lack of capability. Only a foreign outcast, like the admiral, could thus lightly sacrifice valuable Spanish lives to the vain schemes bred in his maggoty brain. The sovereigns had distrusted him; but their courtiers, more vainglorious than sapient, had misled them, and induced them in their goodness of heart to encourage this scatter-brained lunatic. It would be a good thing to lay hold on him and throw him overboard, to make his reckoning with the sharks that hovered anear the caravels in instinctive anticipation of their approaching feast. There was no such thing as land in all that Shadowy Sea; its fancied allurements were but leading them on to be swallowed up in the deep. They had sailed many weary leagues, run long courses day by day, traversed endless spaces with steadfast prow; yet had found naught but watery wastes in that barren expanse, as void of islands and continents as the heaving solitude of the Noachian deluge. There is nothing so epidemic as fear, naught so contagious. These things grew as they were repeated from lip to lip. By his own conduct Columbus fed the doubts he had sown. He slept not, and sleeplessness is a sure sign of madness. He took no food—a proof of hallucination, they cried. He was solitary amid scenes where companionship is craved; he prayed for hours like a recluse, which showed his uselessness as a pilot. He was proud of having taken the minor orders of the church, as forestalling a bodily death by dying unto men; like a magician he traced mystic symbols among his papers; he foretold strange events like a soothsayer; from the commonest occurrences he drew the wildest conclusions, like some wizard divining the fortunes of life by palmistry; and he predicted good luck that came not, like a gipsy fortune-teller.

In consequence of all this, the murmurs became threats presaging mutiny. Columbus met this feeling among his crew with the disdain befitting his inner conviction of a fortunate outcome to the voyage. When the crew remonstrated, he answered them patiently; when they thronged to listen, he fascinated them by the flow of his eloquence. After he had overcome their dread of the eruptions of Teyde by telling them of Etna and Vesuvius; their dismay at the variation of the needle by his hypothesis of the shifting of the constellations in whose midst the north star shone; their fear of the sea-tangle by announcing it to be a certain sign of land; their terror when the trade-wind blew unchangingly by predictions of a contrary breeze when they should reach other latitudes; their affright when meteors fell as from aërial volcanoes by theories borrowed from his cosmographic knowledge; their timorousness of the heavy ground-swell, when scarce a breath of air stirred, by half-prophetic conjectures of currents deep in the bowels of the ocean; meeting their apprehensions with facts drawn from his own experience, or by brilliant sallies of imagination, or the incisive utterances of his keen Italian wit, and calculations more or less exact based on his knowledge of mathematics—having done all this, he would become, as it were, transfigured by the ardor of inward faith, offering to them, now voluptuous paradises like Mohammed, now golden cities like Marco Polo; now happy eclogues like Virgil, now fortunate eras like the Cumæan Sibyl; now the spreading of God's holy name among far-off peoples like David or Isaiah, now divine raptures like St. Francis of Assisi; now schemes to win back the Holy Sepulcher like Godfrey of Bouillon, being himself at once cosmographer, mathematician, clairvoyant, prophet, and trader.

But when he withdrew from their sight, when his words were unremembered, they congregated in the forecastle and fell into their old ways, venturing to propose schemes of return; for they had gone further than ever man had gone, and had found abundant proof that in these latitudes there was naught but endless sea and sky. Punctilious, like all good Spaniards;

timorous, after the wont of sailors; loquacious, like all good Andalusians, the real motive which, after all, defeated their schemes of turning back was what we call "black shame," the dread of being called cowards, an epithet inapplicable to such men as they, who for two months had sailed the Shadowy Sea, defying the fury of the universe, and tempting even the divine wrath by their unparalleled audacity. The established fact is that they held a meeting for the purpose of protesting, and positively, though perhaps not very respectfully, demanded that the ships be turned eastward and homeward.

In these incidents many writers have found material enough for dramas and romances of the most thrilling interest, wherein they picture an active mutiny, ending with a melodramatic appeal by Columbus for three days more of grace, after which, if the Indies were not encountered, the deceiver was to surrender at discretion to the rebels, who had already sworn to quarter his body and to cast it to the fishes. This done, they were to turn back to Spain, where they were assured of a triumphal welcome for so just a punishment of this artful cozener. The story remained in vogue a long time, and the public repeated it. Those most familiar with this interesting period of our story have feared to deprive it of a dramatic element by taking away this picture. But in all conscience we must say that, while our scrupulous investigations as a historian confirm the grumblings and discontent, there was no mutiny, if we are to credit the testimony of eye-witnesses written and avouched at the time. There was much murmuring against the admiral, and even a demand that he should turn back, but no insults or insubordination, much less revolt or disorder.

Yet the opposition to Columbus's purposes and course, even if not disrespectful and riotous, must have been formidable since the admiral found himself forced to call a council, and to seek its advice touching the continuance of the voyage. Pedro Bilbao, a Biscayan, one of the crew of the admiral's caravel, relates that he had often heard that some of the sailors wanted to turn back but were dissuaded by the admiral, who promised them rewards. Garcia Alonso of Palos heard the men say among themselves that they were lost, whereupon the admiral answered that he would soon give them "land ho!" In the judicial proceedings in which many of the shipmates of Columbus testified, only one told of a mutinous rising, but from hearsay merely, for he did not take part in this first voyage. After long study of this incident, I agree with the account of the scene given by the erudite investigator Fernandez Duro, in his essay touching the relations between Pinzon and the admiral in setting on foot the first exploration of the Shadowy Sea, and effecting the discovery of America. The whole narrative of the academic historian rests on the sincere and trustworthy testimony of the pilot Hernan Perez Mateos, given in his retirement at Santo Domingo, when the events were fresh in his memory, and when he, an aged man, soon to appear before the Divine Judge, realized the punishment of falsehood in the other world and its dishonor in this. In fact, the crew of the flagship wanted to turn back, and persisted clamorously in their petition. There are some who would belittle the blindness of those men by the ingenious assertion that they demanded to return, not to Spain, but to the imagined islands left on each hand by the discoverer's pertinacity in steering due westward, unlike Pinzon, who made frequent lateral excursions because his ship was swifter than the admiral's caravel, which, however, he kept in sight. Indeed, the lieutenant advocated bearing a little to the southward in that weary search for the west, but without going beyond mere advice. The sailors of the *Santa Maria* were probably less deferential than Pinzon when the admiral hurriedly called the council, if we accept the judicial investigation, where the facts of such a complex story as this of the first voyage are so conflictingly told. So, while the two caravels were tacking to and fro, and the flag-ship was holding a steady course, Columbus addressed the assembly, relating what had occurred and truthfully setting forth the demands of his crew. Thereupon Pinzon gave his views simply and fully, adding his condemnation of the malcontents. "Señor," cried the brave shipmaster of Palos, addressing the chief, "your grace should hang half a dozen of these fellows and throw them overboard, and if this likes you not, I and my brothers will bear down on them and do it; for a fleet obeying the orders of such exalted princes must not return without good tidings." Hearing this, in plain Castilian, from a man of such large experience, the grumblers consented to share Columbus's fortunes and returned to orderly obedience.

When the admiral witnessed the moral power of Pinzon over the crew of the flagship, he thanked him with suffused eyes and saddened voice, saying, "May fortune ever attend you!" After this benediction, turning to his comrades, and doubtless feeling in his heart that they were not far wrong in view of the indefinite prolongation of the voyage, he added, "Martin Alonso, let us do these hidalgos right; let us sail on a few days more, and if therein we sight not land, we will give another order touching our course." The lieutenant deemed this a needless concession to the malcontents, and in a voice that rose above the tumult of wind and wave he cried, "Forward! forward! forward!" This

thrice-repeated cry, from one of such sturdy will and iron mold, saved the expedition, even as his tireless efforts had aided and equipped it at the outset. Whatever the later acts of Pinzon may have been, let us suspend judgment upon them; it behoves us now to declare that by his steadfast resoluteness in this supreme hour he merits an equal share with Columbus in the unfading glory of the discovery of America.

But in truth none of those who took part in the discovery are undeserving of reward, even though they felt the pangs of a terror born of the doubts inseparable from so daring and uncertain an enterprise. Although the sailors knew the duration of the voyage, they were ignorant of the actual distance they had come. Columbus, as we have said, kept the real runs a secret. On October 1 the pilot of the flag-ship reckoned that they had run from the meridian of the island of Ferro some 578 leagues, while the admiral knew that they had come 707 leagues. About this same time the *Pinta's* reckoning was 634 leagues from Ferro, while the *Niña* made it 540. While sailing thus, one of the Pinzons, from the masthead, cried, "Land!" The cry fell like a paschal peal upon the ears of these mariners, who had given themselves up for lost and doomed to die in the fathomless vast. When Columbus heard the glad cry, he kneeled in rapture on the deck, and with devoutly clasped hands, lifting his joy-filled eyes to heaven, intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis" to the author of all created things.

But all this fervor was in vain. No land appeared; rather the semblance of it vanished as they drew near the spot where the deceptive mirage had beguiled their sight and hopes. A phenomenon like that often produced by an ardent sun among the Libyan sands had been repeated upon the Atlantic. Twice the two caravels, which went ahead at the flag-ship's orders, seemed to behold a dim continent near by, as unreal in sooth as the vague longings and unsubstantial visions of the mind. The sovereigns, among the orders given previous to the sailing of the expedition, had assigned 10,000 maravedís to him who should first see land. Even as the crew, before their fruitless revolt, frustrated in its inception, saw naught before them save the abyss of annihilation, so now, by one of those common mental reactions, all felt the pulsings of a newer and higher life, and beheld the signs of a new world amid the waves. And this assurance, following hard upon their old despondency, took such deep hold on their minds, that they imagined the steadfast westerly course commanded by their leader was leaving undiscovered islands on each side of their track. We may thus comprehend how the sailors of the *Niña* were so far led away as to fire a gun and to hoist their flag before a mere mirage. To avert the recurrence of such mistakes, the admiral gave orders peremptorily excluding from the royal prize any one who should cry "Land!" if his announcement were not verified within three days. The frequent raising of false hopes might well bring about renewed disheartenment, which, by begetting outbreaks, would defeat the purpose of the expedition. But to humor the Pinzons after their undeception, and as they continued to tack to and fro some fifteen leagues around the flag-ship, by reason of their impatience and the greater speed of their vessels, Columbus heeded their wishes and, deviating a little from the latitude of Ferro, which he had hitherto followed, turned toward the southwest. As the middle of October drew nigh, birds flocked around the caravels in increasing numbers, and with each day's progress the hopes of making land grew stronger. Pinzon showed the admiral that it was indispensable not only to shape their course by the stars but also by the flight of the birds, as the Portuguese had done before, whereby the latter had discovered the islands already added to their far-stretching dominions. For the birds not only hovered about the ships in the infinite solitude, gladdening the eye with their gay plumage and filling the air with their twitterings, but, like true guiding pilots, went on before toward the land.

It was the afternoon of October 11, 1492. The signs of land now made it high time to prepare for the approaching disembarkation, for which all needful measures had been ripely planned by the admiral, who in fifteen years had never for an instant doubted the realization of his predictions. He began by heaving the lead, and found bottom instead of the hitherto unfathomable deep. He eagerly scanned the cloud-banks, those mysterious counterfeits of coast and shore so keenly watched by the practical sailor. He also attentively regarded every faint breath of air, and was reassured; for the breezes shifted and blew from every quarter, a sure indication of the irregular conformation and the sinuosity of land near by, in contrast with the winds of the watery waste whose sameness fitly lent constancy to its currents of air. He ordered the sails to be lowered when he should give the word, the other caravels running alongside the flag-ship and heaving to. In these orders he laid stress on the need of coming within unmistakeable range of the shore before crying "Land!" and he added a gaudy trifle in the shape of a satin jerkin to the prize offered by the sovereigns for the first announcement of the discovery. Had Columbus kept the course he laid on leaving Ferro, his landfall would have been in the Florida of today, that is, upon the main continent; but owing

to the deflection suggested by the Pinzons, and tardily accepted by him, it was his hap to strike an island, very fair to look upon, but small and insignificant when compared with the vast island-world in whose waters he was already sailing. Let us not, however, forestall events, but confine ourselves to the historical narrative in due order of time. Each moment brought a revelation. A solitary half-tame turtle-dove flew near them. The dove was soon followed by a floating leafy reed, wherein, gazing upon it from the deck of the *Santa Maria*, Columbus pictured some broad sea-marsh clinging to the skirts of the firm land. Scarcely had the crew of the flagship seen this green reed, when from the *Niña* was sighted a branch of hawthorn, such as crowns the hedge-rows of Andalusia, laden with ripe, lustrous berries of coral and crimson. But the *Pinta* was the most favored of them all, for she met with an object that positively demonstrated the existence of human beings near by, amid the endless sea that stretched around the voyagers. A floating log was seen; the net was cast, and like a fish snared in its meshes the log was brought on board. It proved to be skilfully carved, another sure promise of finding the land they sought. The tidings were borne to Columbus. In the full assurance that he was nearing land, he determined to retire to his cabin and to hold communion with his inmost thoughts. But first he knelt in prayer.

It was eight in the evening of Thursday, October 11. Columbus, after having performed his daily devotions and refreshed himself, went on deck and eagerly scanned the western space. He stood alone. He had scarcely slept since leaving Palos, and none of his comrades slumbered that night. Standing there, apart, for each sailor was keeping watch in his own place, and performing his allotted duties, after an hour of intense self-communion, with eyes fixed on the surrounding scene, a glad cry leaped from his heart. He had seen a light on land, a light unlike the stars above or the phosphorescent gleam of the waves. He summoned Pedro Gutierrez, chamberlain in the king's service, who had joined him at Palos, and who by reason of his dignity and rank was his constant associate, telling him how his eyes had seen a light, and asking him if indeed he too could see it with his less excited eyes. The chamberlain answered that he saw the light, but in his joy Columbus could scarce credit this assurance, so welcome to his own agitated mind. To be still more certain, the two called to them the purveyor of the fleet, Rodrigo de Segovia. But, probably because he was expected to see something, he saw nothing. The horizon relapsed into obscurity, and Columbus into his old anxiety. The little squadron sailed swiftly on before a brisk and favorable breeze. Although close-reefed, the steady wind wafted them on their course. Columbus passed half the night on deck, motionless and chill as a statue, wrapped in ecstatic thought. He knew that the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, being swifter ships, were the more likely first to sight land, and so he allowed them to precede him, thinking of naught in that supreme hour save the speediest realization of the coveted discovery. That good fortune fell to the *Pinta*. At about two in the morning of October 12, amid the sheen of the stars and the phosphorescence of the sea, one of the crew, a native of Seville, keen of sight and with eyes accustomed like some nocturnal creature to the darkness, cried, "Land!" And when he uttered this cry, Martin Alonso Pinzon fired a gun, whose resounding echoes carried consolation to the feverishly expectant sailors, who had well nigh lost faith in the evidence of their own senses, after their prolonged doubts and trials.

Columbus donned his richest apparel, flung upon his shoulders a cloak of rosy purple, grasped in one hand the sword of combat and in the other the Redeemer's cross, and, standing beneath the sovereign banner, spread like a canopy above his head, and gold-embroidered with the royal initials and the Castilian crown, he assembled all the chief comrades of his voyage about him as in a peerless court pageant. Then, disembarking, he knelt upon the land, raised his eyes heavenward, and with uplifted arms joined with his followers in a *Te Deum*. The miracle was wrought at last, and wrought by faith. He who pens these words, on reading the lines of the great poet Schiller upon Columbus, found therein a philosophical thought, as original as profound, calling upon the discoverer to press ever onward, for a new world will surely arise for him, inasmuch as whatever is promised by genius is always fulfilled by nature. And, musing thereon, I thus expanded that thought as a fitting close to this part of my story of the discovery: When I regard this achievement, the most living, evident, and effulgent lesson it bears is the triumph of Faith. To cross the seas of life, naught suffices save the bark of Faith. In that bark the undoubting Columbus set sail, and at his journey's end found a new world. Had that world not then existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the Atlantic, if to no other end than to reward the faith and the constancy of that great man. America was discovered because Columbus possessed a living faith in his ideal, in himself, and in his God!

Emilio Castelar.

WHEN ANGRY, COUNT A HUNDRED.

THE dining-room of a house on Fifth Avenue. Personages: the host, hostess, and guests, irreproachable in manner, unapproachable in costume, politely engaged in conversation — all but Mr. Alfred Ames and Miss Eva Rosewarne, who, seated side by side, regard in silence their respective bouquets, which lie upon the tablecloth. Servants move behind the guests. The stage-business proceeds with conventionality. Flowers and lights.

Alfred (slightly embarrassed): Miss Rosewarne, I hope you will believe me when I say that I 'm not to blame for this. Until I read your name in the billet handed me as I came into the house, I had no idea that you were to be here. And yet, if I had known, what could I have done? One can free himself from a dinner engagement only by means of suicide. Our short-lived romance was quite unknown to anybody but ourselves; Mrs. Leclerc supposed that she was doing me a great favor — kind hostess that she is — in giving me a place next to you at her table. Oh, how happy it would have made me a few weeks earlier! I confess that just now, when I read your name, I felt a sudden, unreasonable sort of thrill. Not of hope, of course. Probably it was some kind of reflex action of despair, not altogether unpleasant. You took my arm silently. All the way down-stairs I was trying to judge whether you were annoyed or indifferent at this unexpected meeting; but you gave no sign. I have not forgotten that, a fortnight ago, you said you never would speak to me again; and heaven defend me from expecting the impossible, that a woman should change her mind, or speak when she had resolved not to do so! I shall not ask you to talk to me,— I am afraid that you would not say anything kind if you should,— but I beg as a great favor, not to me, but to Mrs. Leclerc, who has done nothing to offend you, that you will appear to be on the ordinary terms of acquaintance with me.

Eva (regards him for an instant in silence, takes up her bouquet, examines it, and lays it down upon the table again).

Alfred: I wish to spare you as much as possible. I will gladly do more than my share of the talking. In those other days, when we were friends, I never had much practice at that, but I dare say I can manage it. Ah! I have an idea — not a very brilliant one, perhaps; but it may serve. Miss Rosewarne — of course it is an absurdity, but it may be the best means for our — pardon the pronoun — our charitable purpose toward Mrs. Leclerc. This is it: I once heard of a man who, for some reason or other, had nothing to say one evening at table. So he turned to his neighbor and began to count one, two, three, four, with expression. Will you do that — for the sake of our hostess? It commits you to nothing. It surely is n't talking to me. What information can I get from hearing the numerals recited in the tones of polite society? I know that you are offended with me, perhaps with good reason; but the philosophers advise one, "When angry, count a hundred." You will surely not mind counting the hundred aloud? It will save the situation. Once more, let me ask you to do so for the sake of Mrs. Leclerc.

Eva (assents by a bend of her golden head).

Alfred: Thank you — if I may presume so far. I am glad that I never vowed not to speak to you; it seems to me that there are so many things to be said. And since I expect to sail for Europe in a few days, to be gone indefinitely, perhaps, like any other condemned man, I may be allowed a few last words.

Eva: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Alfred: You know that I loved you with my whole heart —

Eva (with haste): Eight, nine —

Alfred: And now, at this moment, trying to recall the beginning of the end, I cannot find any reason why you and I should be farther apart than if the Atlantic were already between us. How did the trouble arise? The cloud was not so large as a man's hand; it was very small, microscopic — perhaps about the size of your own hand. But it completely covered the heavens for me. But to you, of course, it made no difference. When a cloud comes between the earth and the sun, it is only the terrestrials who put up their umbrellas. The sun continues to shine.

Eva (pensively): Ten, eleven, twelve.

Alfred: I did not ask you to explain to me in what way I had displeased you, nor to divide your part from mine in the quarrel. You are still angry with me, but I shall always be grateful to you. For a few days I lived in Paradise; and it is n't every man who can say as

much. It gives one, afterward,—there is a great deal of *afterward* in life, Miss Rosewarne,—an ideal with which to compare other things, and find them wanting. And if one absolutely must leave Paradise, 't is at least more bearable to be evicted by Eve—pardon me, it was her name, you know, a great while before it was yours—than to be chased out of it by the serpent. There was no serpent in my Eden!

Eva (with a little cynicism): Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen!

Alfred: Ah, you are right. Of course he was there, glittering with—orders of merit. Also, he waltzed like an angel of light—you told me so that evening at the Casino. But if you preferred Count von Waldberg to my humble self, you might at least have said so frankly. I would not have stood in the way of your happiness; and it would have spared me some examinations of conscience.

Eva (reproachfully): Seventeen, eighteen.

Alfred: You were so good as to say that you—liked me, and I believed it. Now, you have taught me to disbelieve; I only wish that I could doubt the sincerity with which, when you gave back my ring, you told me that you hated me.

Eva (deprecatingly, but coldly): Nineteen, twenty.

Alfred: Mrs. Leclerc is looking at us. Say something kind to me—for her sake!

Eva (cheerfully): Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight!

Alfred: A thousand thanks. She is quite satisfied that we are enjoying ourselves.

Eva (with a shade of coquetry): Twenty-nine, thirty?

Alfred: Oh, immensely—no—yes—that is to say, not precisely. However, I mean to improve my opportunity, such as it is. For my own honor, it seems to me that I must say certain things, and I beg you to listen with patience. Are not you glad that we are to have Italian opera at the Academy this winter, instead of Wagner?

Eva (with astonishment): Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three!

Alfred: Major Starr was listening to us just then. Now he is talking again. The usual thing, I believe, is to say that because you have disappointed me I shall lose faith in all women. It won't have that effect with me, I fancy, though I should have liked to believe in you too.

Eva (with bitterness): Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six.

Alfred: I think that neither you nor I can ever forget those evenings on the river: it will be a dainty aquarelle in your mind; in mine the scene is an etching, every line inalterable. That sort of thing is bitten in with aqua fortis, you know. I should be glad to think that you too would remember—of course as a pretty idyllic landscape, nothing more—the yellowish light, half sunset, half moonrise; the dipping boughs of the willows; the shadows among the reeds, which crept farther and farther into the middle of the stream; the birds that called drowsily in their nests; a light which gleamed from a cottage window; and a stately white swan that floated past us upon the current. I remember telling you that that swan might be a sister of yours, under some enchantment. I too was under an enchantment that evening. I rather think it made me appear like a goose. On the whole, you need not remember that occasion, Miss Rosewarne!

Eva (sadly): Thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one.

Alfred: And in the morning, as I waited on the cliff for you to appear, I understood how the earth waits for the dawn to illuminate it, to give it new life. Well, I have had my day; it was bright, but the sunset came too soon.

Eva (dreamily): Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four.

Alfred: The sea sang of you, the waves sparkled for you, all the sirens had given their magic to you, and their harping must have been like the sound of the sea-wind in your hair.

Eva (with an effort at mockery): Forty-five, forty-six!

Alfred: Your criticism is deserved. My expressions do sound rather too lyric and high-flown. It was, in fact, an extract from a semi-rhythmic ode, "To Her," which was to have been published—at my own expense.

Eva (sarcastically): Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty.

Alfred: I tell you all this now, because there is nothing else to be done with these poor little fancies of mine—bubbles of foam that gleamed for a moment, and broke. They were of no use to any one but the owner, and, good heavens! it is little they have availed even him! They will remain unpublished—also at my own expense.

Eva (tears a flower of her bouquet).

Alfred: At least they may give you a moment's amusement.

Eva (with affected gaiety): Forty-seven, forty-eight!

Alfred: If you really think them so comic, let me go on. I dreamed of you—don't you like the present way of arranging the flowers low, so that one has n't to peep this side and that of a mountain of roses?

Eva (with enthusiasm): Forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six!

Alfred: Thank you again; for a briefer answer might have led Major Starr to suspect that my conversation failed to interest you. As I was saying, I dreamed of you, and of you only. I still dream —

Eva (hurriedly): Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight —

Alfred: Don't be disturbed. I quite understand that dreams are illusions. I am awake; very thoroughly.

Eva (softly): Sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two.

Alfred: It is better to wake than to dream; but if one has no more pleasure in either—then best to sleep soundly.

Eva (puzzled, slightly alarmed): Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five?

Alfred: I mean, since one must exist,—there seems to be that necessity, in spite of the old Frenchman,—that business is a rather good opiate. The palpitant voice of the ticker never records fluctuations of the heart, only of the stock-market. No shy loves seek to hide from observation in a corner of wheat. The bonds of Flint and Père Marquette are not those of tenderness and priestly blessing. As I said, I expect to sail in a few days for Europe; in any case, one of the firm would have to go there.

Eva (with resignation): Seventy-six.

Alfred: I have tried again and again to retrace those parted ways, back to the path where, for a little while, we walked together. A dry and wearisome road it may have been for you. For me, as I have told you, it was the way of Paradise. I began to suspect the presence of the inconvenient third party of the legend of Eden at that Casino ball. You remember; the evening when you wore a gown of some sort of cloth which had the tint of a blush-rose, adorably fitted, hanging in smooth, heavy folds, trimmed with—trimmed with—well, I suppose it was tape—

Eva (with horror): Seventy-seven!

Alfred: How stupid of me! Of course it was n't tape. I used to be posted on the difference between tape and bombazine and lace and things in those other days when you were so good as to explain it to me. At all events, that was a delicious gown.

Eva (with conviction): Seventy-eight, seventy-nine.

Alfred: You had told me to come early to the Casino. I was n't fashionably late as it was, but should have been there a half-hour sooner only Jacky Vane, poor old chap, was ill, and wanted me to look in on him, on my way: said it would be a bracing tonic for him to see a man in evening clothes, going to have some fun. Great fun I was to have that evening! For when I found you, your eyebrows were arched, and your lips compressed in a little way of yours. I knew that look; I had enjoyed it when it was caused by other men. I spoke to you, and your voice was menacingly sweet. You let me take your program of dances; the trail of the serpent—pardon me, I should say the autograph of Count von Waldberg—was over it all.

Eva (deprecatingly): Eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two.

Alfred: I know that. It 's quite true that I had a poor little lancers, a quadrille, and the fag-end of a mazurka. But the waltz—our waltz, the "Garden of Sleep"—you danced with the Count.

Eva (protesting): Eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five.

Alfred: Of course he asked for it. But you have a thousand pretty ways of saying no. You could have kept that waltz for me.

Eva (timidly): Eighty-six, eighty-seven.

Alfred: Well, let that pass. I suggested, as considerately as I knew how, that you were giving rather too many dances to Count von Waldberg. You replied that those numbers were at your disposal when he took your card, and you chose to give them to him.

Eva (poignantly): Eighty-eight!

Alfred (looking at her with sudden intelligence): Reserved! If I had understood that! Now I dare not even hint my thanks for what —I did not have.

Eva (with recovered composure): Eighty-nine, ninety.

Alfred: Is there anything more cruel than the sarcasm of a dance when one is unhappy? As we went to take our places in the lancers, your hand rested light and cold as a snowflake on my arm, without the delicate confiding touch that formerly made me thrill with a wild wish to tame the whole world so that you might drive it as you do your ponies; with an immense delight in which was also a bitter-sweet sense of my unworthiness of you. We stood side by side in the set; our vis-à-vis were a disillusioned couple, husband and wife, who danced together that evening so that the world should not guess that they were about to separate formally. At our right stood a pale girl, with the dissipated old millionaire to whom her mother—selling her like a dove in the temple —had married her. At our left, a woman whose thin little hands hook like bats' claws upon the edge of society, and who by various ways and means contrives to live upon gifts and a mild sort of blackmail; at her side was a young man, more wealthy than wary, who, they say, is paying a good deal for his fun. Among these cynical and deceived persons, we alone represented, to all appearances, happiness and confidence. I declare to you that not one of them

was so miserable as I. For one must have risen high in order to fall far. They had expected little, and got less. I, for a moment, had known perfect content. It is colder to be shut out than never to have entered. And what do you think of this imported notion of a Théâtre Libre?

Eva (startled): Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three!

Alfred: Pardon the abrupt change of subject. But Mrs. Leclerc had a very curious look on her face.

Eva (acquiescent): Ninety-four, ninety-five.

Alfred: If Count von Waldberg pleased you, there was certainly no reason that you should not like him. He 's a very good fellow, I believe, and he dances remarkably well. As my rival, he was *ex officio* hateful — not upon personal grounds. Moreover, he has gone back to his own country, and rather suddenly. I like that about him; it 's a case where the absent is in the right. Then, too, I 'm inclined to pity Von Waldberg; for one does n't, by his own will, lose his chances of waltzing with Miss Rosewarne. You must have given him leave of absence. I begin to feel for the Count as a brother in misfortune.

Eva (reprovingly): Ninety-six, ninety-seven.

Alfred: I accept the reproof. I have no right to guess at what may have taken place between yourself and Count von Waldberg. It was impertinent, but decidedly agreeable, that surmise of mine.

Eva (with increased coldness): Ninety-eight.

Alfred: I 'm always saying the wrong thing. You are very indulgent to let me talk so much. You sha'n't be annoyed this way again, if I can prevent it. Remember, I had not the least idea that we were to meet this evening.

Eva (drops her eyelids demurely).

Alfred (perceiving the possibility that she may have been better informed than he, conceals his satisfaction): But this time it seems to me I must speak — and then forever after be silent.

Eva (mockingly): Ninety-nine!

Alfred: That 's a quotation from — from — in fact — something that I was interested, a while ago, to coach myself upon.

Eva (with marked indifference): One hundred.

Alfred: You have reached the hundred. And you are still angry, I 'm afraid. It would be asking too much of your kindness — to Mrs. Leclerc — that you should count a second hundred. What can be done, then? (He pauses for a moment, then resumes:) Ah! if by chance it seems to you that you have said anything which you would rather have left unsaid, or said differently, — we all do that sometimes, you know, — you could retract it by counting that same hundred backward, down to nothing again. Isn't that a pretty good scheme?

Eva (assenting): Ninety-nine.

Alfred: I think, with a little economy, you can make that double back-action hundred last until Mrs. Leclerc begins to "collect eyes" for the exit of the women. You can be epigrammatic, staccato, like the French novelists. When you lisp in numbers, they need n't come too many at once. I know your intonations so well that words are hardly needed to convey — or conceal — your meaning.

Eva: Ninety-eight.

Alfred: Quite so.

Eva: Ninety-seven.

Alfred: Perfectly.

Eva: Ninety-six.

Alfred: I 'll take my affidavit to that (they both laugh, but carefully, without participation in each other's amusement). This is capital. Mrs. Leclerc is sure that we are getting on famously.

Eva: Ninety-five, ninety-four —

Alfred: Take care; don't be a spendthrift of your numbers. You might — if you would n't mind doing it — smile at me now and then, instead of speaking. Only to save the numerals, of course.

Eva (cannot help smiling).

Alfred (receiving her smile with impersonal gravity): Oh, this is a comedy that we are playing! But for me it is also a tragedy. A rather poor and ineffective one, it is true. I am thirty years old. I know that this is n't the end of all things. I shall probably live forty years more, make and lose on the Stock Exchange, go about like the others, smoke lots of cigars, play whist, settle down into a comfortable old club-man, and perhaps forget that pale pink gown trimmed with — well, never mind the trimming. But just now it seems to me that my whole spirit is in revolution.

Eva: Ninety-three.

Alfred: Very much like "'93," as Victor Hugo has described it.

Eva: Ninety-two.

Alfred: I had built so many castles in air, and you were chatelaine of them all. Everything had a reason for existence, everything was good, as soon as your image took its place in my thoughts and harmonized them. For you, it seemed to me, I had been always existing; the things which I had done, or left undone, — and there were a great many of the latter sort of thing, — all appeared to have led me straight toward you. Now — I 'm saying it awkwardly enough! but my life has ceased to be logical; in fact, it has gone all to pieces. I shall pick up the pieces, of course, — I 'm not a whimpering boy, — and glue them, screw them, clamp them, tie them together, anyhow,

method, to be natural, must seem unconscious. The virtue of a truth is spoiled by showing it off. Tennyson, the idylist, pauses at critical moments, not perhaps to moralize on the situation, but to make a picture suggesting the feeling which the action itself ought to convey. This practice, for a time so fascinating, has been carried to extremes. Now, in a class of his poems of which "Dora" is a fine example, he has shown that nothing can be more effective than a story simply told. A direct statement, through its truth, often has exceeding beauty — the beauty, pathetic or otherwise, of perfect naturalness. You find it everywhere in the Scriptures; for example:

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me;

and everywhere in Homer:

A thousand fires burned in the plain, and by the side of each sate fifty in the gleam of blazing fire.

A deep sleep fell upon his eyelids, a sound sleep, very sweet, and most akin to death.

All genuine epics and ballads are charged with it, as in "The Children in the Wood":

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

In the heroic vein, Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" has a primitive directness:

So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum; and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms around his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts
When they saw Rustum's grief.

The finest touch in Lady Barnard's ballad is the simplest — that of the line,

For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

But I need not multiply such examples of the beauty of direct statement of unsophisticated truth. It is too rare a grace among the analytic and decorative poets.

When we come to the reflective poetry of nature, the broad effects of Wordsworth and Bryant are both true and imaginative, and therefore excellent realism. For Nature does not differentiate her beauties; she combines them. It is hard to better the truth "by her own sweet and cunning hand put on." Bryant's successors — Whittier, Lowell, Whitman, Lanier, Taylor — have great fidelity to Nature. How can they help it, brought up in her own realm? Their touches are spontaneous, and that is everything. A city-bred poet is apt to strike false notes as soon as he hints at an intimacy with nature, and a false note is as quickly detected in poetry as in music, even by those who cannot sound the true one. As for truth to life — that depends on the poet's sympathetic perception. It was native to Burns; it was impossible with the self-absorbed Byron. Most poets, whether cockney or rustic, can draw only the types under their direct observation. Whitman's out-of-door poetry should be familiar to you. His admirers, including very authoritative judges at home and abroad, make almost every claim for him except that to which, in my opinion, he is entitled above other American poets. I know no other who surpasses him as a word-painter of nature. His eye is keen, his touch is accurate. No one depicts the American sky, ocean, forest, prairie, more characteristically or with a freer sense of atmosphere; no one is so inclusive of every object, living or inanimate, in the zones covered by our native land. His defects lie in his theory of unvarying realism. Nature's poet must adopt her own method; and she hides the processes that are unpleasant to see or consider. Whitman often dwells upon the under side of things, the decay, the ferment, the germination, which nature conducts in secret, though out of them she produces new life and beauty. Lanier, with equal fidelity, avoids — a refined and spiritual genius needs must avoid — this irritating mistake. His taste made him an open critic of the robust poet of democracy: but it is manifest that the two (as near and as different as Valentine and Orson) were moving in the same direction; that is, for an escape from conventional trammels to something free, from hackneyed time-beats to an assimilation of nature's larger rhythm — to limitless harmonies suggested by the voices of her winds and the diapason of her ocean billows. The later portion of Whitman's life-work, his symphonies of "starry night," of death and immortality, have chords that would have thrilled Lanier profoundly.

In certain poems which have been humorously compared to "catalogues," Whitman supplies an example of the uselessness of a display of mere facts. Facts, despite Carlyle's eulogy upon them, are not "the one" and only "pabulum." They are the stones heaped about the mouth of the well in whose depth truth reflects the sky. I recall the words of Sir William Davenant, who wrote the feeblest of epics on a theory, yet preluded it with a chapter of noble prose wherein, among other fine discriminations, he says: "Truth, narrative and past, is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing), and truth, operative and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets,

who hath not her existence in matter but in reason." Realism, in the sense of naturalism, is the firm ground of art, but the poet is not a realist merely as concerns the things that are seen. He draws these as they are, but as they are or may be at their best. This lifts them out of the common, or, rather, it is thus we get at the "power and mystery of common things." His most audacious imaginings are within the felt possibilities of nature. But the use of poetry is to make us believe also in the impossible. Raphael said that he painted "that which ought to be." And Browning writes:

> In the hall, six steps from us,
> One sees the twenty pictures — there 's a life
> Better than life — and yet no life at all.

Lord Tennyson is reported as saying, with respect to certain contemporary writers: "Truth, as they understand it, is not the essential thing in poetry. For me verses have no other aim than to call to life nobler and better sentiments than we feel and express in every-day life. If they can suggest pictures worthy of an artist's eye, so much the better." Even the first English writer upon the topic — George Puttenham, whose "Arte of English Poesie" was published anonymously in the year 1589 — said that "Arte is not only an aide and coadjutor to nature in all her actions, but an alterer of them, so as by meanes of it her owne effects shall appeare more beautiful or straunge and miraculous." And so there is nothing more lifeless, because nothing is more devoid of feeling and suggested movement, than servilely accurate imitation of nature. In every art a certain deviation from fact is not only justifiable, but required. Some things must be told or painted not as they are, but as they affect the eye or the imagination. The photograph reveals, indeed, the absolute position of the horse's legs at a given instant; by its aid the spokes of the revolving wheel are defined. Without doubt, art has learned most important facts through the photographic demonstration of actual processes; our animal- and figure-painters, our sculptors, can never repeat the absurd untruths which have become almost academic in the past. They will not, and need not, however, go to the other extreme. To the human eye, with its halting susceptibilities, the horse and the wheel do not appear exactly as when caught by Mr. Muybridge's camera, and the artist's office is to present them as they seem to us. In the prosaic photograph they are struck with death: the idea of life, of motion, can only be conveyed by blending the spokes of the wheel as they are blended to the human vision, and by giving a certain unreality of grace to the speeding animal. Otherwise, you have the fact, which is not art.

Thus every workman must be a realist in knowledge, an idealist for interpretation, and the antagonism between realists and romancers is a forced one; and when any one rules the poet out of debate, as of course a feigner, he is in error, for the same law applies to all the arts. The true inquiry concerns the quality of the writer, his power of expression, the limits of his character. For no small and limited nature can enter into great passions and experiences.

It is a fine thing for a poet to express the life, feeling, ideal, of his own people; by so doing, he betters his chance of commending himself to after times. This is what the Greeks did, but in our century we find poet after poet exercising his skill upon reproductions, working the Grecian myths and legends over and over again in pseudo-classical lyrics, idyls, and dramas. After Landor and Keats and Tennyson and Swinburne, our younger school cannot find a real need for this sort of thing. I remember my own chagrin, twenty years ago, when Mr. Lowell wrote a most judicious notice of one of my books, and failed to mention a blank-verse poem, with a classical theme, upon which I had expended the technical skill and imagery at my command. On the other hand, he was more than kind to my native, if homely, American lyrics and ballads, written with less pains, yet more spontaneously; and he told me very frankly that he thought the simple home-fruit of more real significance than my attempt to reproduce some apple of the Hesperides. He was right, and I have not forgotten the lesson. With respect to another art, I wonder that the American sculptor does not still more frequently make a diversion from his imitations of the medieval and the antique. What subjects he has close at hand — such as a Greek, if he now could chance upon them, would handle with eagerness and truth! Surely our American workman, at labor and in repose, our young athletes, our beasts of the forest and of the field, are available models; and Ward's "Indian Hunter," Donoghue's "The Boxer," and Tilden's "The Ball-Thrower," at least convey their suggestion of what should and will be done. There is a certain lack of sincerity, despite their artistic beauty, in the foreign and antique exploits of many poets and artists; and lack of sincerity is always lack of truth. But, while they should favor their own time, they must avoid expression of its transient passions and characteristics. Seize upon the essential, lasting traits, and let the others be accessory. If the general spirit of the time be not embodied, a work is soon out of date.

Against all this, the widest freedom is permitted to that chartered libertine — the poet's im-

agination. Nature and the soul being the same forever, we care nothing for Shakspere's anachronisms and impossible geography; we find nothing strange and impossible in his assembly of medieval fays and antique heroes and amazons, of English clowns and mechanics in Grecian garb, all commingled to enact a fantastic marvel of comedy and poesy in the palace and forests of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." We confess the poet's witchcraft, and ourselves are of the blithe company — denizens of an enchanted land, where everything has the truth of possibility. A conception is not vitiated by the most novel form it may assume, provided that this be artistic and not artificial. For art, as Goethe and Haydon have said, is art because it is not nature. That method is most true which, invoking the force of nature, directs it by its own device; just as, in mechanics, the screw-propeller is more than the equivalent of the fish's flukes or the bird's wing. Our delight in art proceeds from a knowledge that it is not inevitable, but designed; a human, not a natural, creation; the truth of nature's capabilities, seen by man's imagination, captured by the human hand, expressed and illumined when our Creator, intrusting his own wand to us, bids us test its power ourselves.

WHAT is called descriptive poetry never can be very satisfying, since the painter is so much more capable than the poet of transferring the visible effects of nature — those addressed to the eye. I suppose it is impossible for one not reared in England, and in that very part of England which lies between Derwentwater and the Wye, to comprehend thoroughly the truth and beauty of Wordsworth's pastoral note and landscape. Neither can a foreigner rightly estimate the American idylists; the New World scenery and atmosphere are so different from the European that they must be seen before their quality can be felt. Aside from this limitation, the poet expresses what he finds in nature, to wit, that which answers to his own needs and temper. Her interpretation has been, it may almost be said, a special function of the century now closing. Nature moved Coleridge to eloquence, rhapsody, worship, and, as an artist, to imaginative mysticism. Heine, Longfellow, Swinburne, have read the secret of the sea. To Landor, Emerson, and Lowell the tree is animate; in their presence the flower has rights: they would not fell the one nor pluck the other. But there were two English poets whose respective temperaments answered perfectly to the two conditions of nature embraced in Lord Bacon's profound observation, that "In nature things move violently *to* their place and calmly *in* their place." Byron's fitful genius was stirred by her violence of change. The rolling surges, the tempest, the live thunder leaping from peak to peak, mated the restlessness of a spirit charged with their own intensity of motion and desire. Wordsworth felt the sublimity of the repose that lies on every height, of nature's ultimate subjection to law. His imagination comprehended her reserved forces; and before his time her deepest voice had no apt interpreter, for none had listened with an ear so patient as his for mastery of her language. His announcement that

> He who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used,

was like a revelation. That he had purged himself of all such baseness was his absolute conviction: in such matters he was a kind of Gladstone among the poets of his day. Therefore self-contemplation, or, to be more exact, the transcription of nature's effect upon himself, seemed to him a sane, even a sacred, vocation. In fact, a lofty, if not inventive, imagination, and

> An eye made quiet by the power of harmony,

gave him for this faith a warrant which all his ponderous homiletics could not render null. As he let "the misty mountain winds" blow on him, he was nature's living oracle. And the world soon yielded to the force of that "pathetic fallacy" which has imparted to modern thought a distemper and a compensation: the refuge, be it real or illusionary, still left to us, and so compulsive that neither reason nor science can quite rid us of it when face to face with nature — when soothed by the sweet influences of our mother Earth. It is true, in Landor's words, that

> We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
> The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
> Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.

But Ruskin avers that the illusion under which we fondly believe nature to be the sympathetic participator of our sentiment or passion, and which he terms the pathetic fallacy, is incompatible with a clear-seeing acceptance of the truth of things.

Now, that there is a solace — a companionship — found in nature none can doubt. It is as old as the fable of Antæus. Primitive races feel it so strongly that they inform all natural objects with sentient individual lives; our more advanced intelligence conceives of a universal spirit that comprehends and soothes Earth's children. In our own youth, nature haunts us "like a passion": and as in the youth of a race, we "cannot paint what then we were," in mature years each of us can say,

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

This has never been expressed so well as in Wordsworth's elevated phrases. They must always be cited. But a disenchantment is at last upon us, and we are sternly questioning our reason. Is not nature's apparent sympathy, we ask, a purely subjective illusion? The old belief, the new doubt, are well conveyed in the early and later treatment of a favorite theme — the moaning of a sea-shell held to the ear. In Landor's "Gebir" we have it thus:

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;
. . . . . .
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Landor complained that Wordsworth stole his shell, and "pounded and flattened it in his marsh" of "The Excursion":[1]

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.

Byron acknowledged his obligations to "Gebir" for his lines in "The Island," beginning,

The Ocean scarce spake louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell.

And now, as we near the close of the century which "Gebir" initiated, Eugene Lee-Hamilton devotes one of his remarkable sonnets to this same murmur of the shell, and I cannot find a more poetic, more impassioned recognition of the veil which modern doubt is drawing between our saddened eyes and the beautiful pathetic fallacy:

The hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' ever-shifting mood.
Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool! this echo is a cheat as well,—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

How beautiful this ecstasy of disenchantment, — beautiful in its sad sincerity, — and yet how piteous! Here is a fine spirit, for the moment baffled, heroically demanding the truth, the truth. More trustfully leaving the future to "the Power that makes for good," Lowell also confronts the scientific analysis of our attitude toward nature:

What we call Nature, all outside ourselves,
Is but our own conceit of what we see,
Our own reaction upon what we feel;
The world 's a woman to our shifting mood,
Feeling with us, or making due pretense;
And therefore we the more persuade ourselves
To make all things our thoughts' confederates,
Conniving with us in whate'er we dream.

The poet, to be aware of this, must have drifted quite away from the antique point of view. The Greek certainly made nature populous with dryads, oreads, naiads, and all the daughters of Nereus; but these had a joy and, like Jaques, a melancholy of their own, not those of common mortals. Doubtless the Greek felt the charm of the hour when twilight descended on his valley, but not the pensive suggestions of the Whence and Whither which it excites in you and me. "No young man," said Hazlitt, "ever thinks he shall die." He recognizes death, but it concerns him not. The Greek accepted it as a natural process; he yielded to nature; we adjure her, as Manfred adjured his spirits, and fain would compel her to our service and demand her to surrender the eternal secret.

Nature, even in her most tranquil mood, is palpitant with motion, in view of which Humboldt was at times a poet. Motion is life, and therefore fellowship. Herein lies the spell of the sea, which has mastered Heine and Shelley and every poetic soul. Its perpetual change, eternal endurance — these image both life and immortality; its far-away vessels moving to unknown climes, its unbounded horizon suggesting infinity, buoy the imagination, and thence come human passion and thoughts "too deep for tears." We have conquered it, and it is the modern poet's comrade, as it was the ancient's fear and marvel. But what is the sea? Tennyson's "still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand," would be an ocean to a man reduced to insect size — a stretch of water, infused with salt, and roughened into wavelets by the air that moves across it. We have learned that the effect of the sea, of a prairie,

of a mountain, is purely relative. One of the latest "Atlantic" novelists, with youth's contemporaneousness, realizes both the fact and the dream. Her lovers are watching "a big, red, distorted moon above the illimitable palpitating waste" of the ocean:

"A waning moon is so melancholy," said Felicia, looking at it with wide, soft eyes that had grown melancholy, too. "I wonder why?"

"I don't see that it is melancholy," Grafton declared.

"No, I suppose not," she rejoined. "I dare say you see a planet which suggests to you apogee, or perigee, or something wise. I see only the rising moon, and it seems to me particularly ominous to-night. I am afraid. Something unexpected — perhaps something terrible — is going to happen."

You will note, by the way, that our débutante is scientifically accurate upon a matter in respect to which many a good writer has gone wrong. She sees the moon where it should be of an evening in its third quarter — to wit, rising in the east. Giving the author of "Felicia" credit for this unusual feat, I believe that reason never can greatly lessen the influence of nature upon our feelings, and this in spite of her stolid indifference, her want of compassion, her stern laws, her unfairness, unreason, and general unmorality. To the last, man will be awed by the ocean and saddened by the waning moon, and will find the sun-kissed waves sparkling with his joy, and the stars of even looking down upon his love. One may conceive, moreover, that before a vast and various landscape we are affected by the very presence of divinity revealed only in his works; that, face to face with such an expanse of nature, we recognize more of a pervading spirit than when more closely pent: as in a house of worship, with a host of others like ourselves, we have more of him incarnate in humanity; whence comes a strange elevation, and at times almost a yearning to be reabsorbed in the infinite being from which our individual life has sprung.

The aspect and sentiment of nature, more than other incentives to mental elevation, have supplied a motive to the artistic expression of the last half-century. In the domains of the painter and the poet, and on both sides of the Atlantic, the idealization of nature has been, as never before, supreme. Never has she been portrayed on canvas as by Turner and his successors; never has she received such homage in song as that of the English and American poets from the time of Wordsworth. Two significant advantages confirmed Wordsworth's influence: first, that of longevity, which, in spite of the ancient proverb, is the best gift of the gods to an originative leader; second, the fact that, with brief exceptions, he made verse his only form of expression. No wonder that he produced an "ampler body" of good poetry — and of prosaic verse as well — than "Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine." But in this country also the force of nature has been sovereign, since Bryant first gave voice to the spirit of the glorious forest and waters of a relatively primeval land. During an idyllic yet speculative period, the maxim that "the proper study of mankind is man" has for many reasons been almost in abeyance. At last it is again evident that we cannot live by bread alone, even at the hands of the great mother. There is a longing and a need for emotion excited by action and life, for a more impassioned and dramatic mode — that of a figure-school, so to speak, in both poesy and art. Not to "fresh woods and pastures new," but to human life with its throes and passions and activity, must the coming poet look for the inspirations that will establish his name and fame.

In my censure of didacticism I used that word in the usually adopted sense. Its radical meaning is not to be dismissed so lightly. If there is a base didacticism false to beauty and essentially commonplace, there is a nobly philosophic strain which I may call the poetry of wisdom. There is an imagination of the intellect, and its utterance is of a very high order — often the prophecy of inspiration itself.

Were this not so, we should have to reverse time's judgment of intellectually poetic masterpieces from which have been derived the wisdom and the rubrics of many lands. Shall we rule out the lofty voice of the preacher, whose lesson that all save the fear of God is vanity has been reaffirmed by a cloud of witnesses, down to the chief of imaginative homilists in our own time? Whether prose or verse, I know nothing grander than "Ecclesiastes" in its impassioned survey of mortal pain and pleasure, its estimate of failure and success; none of more noble sadness; no poem working more indomitably for spiritual illumination. Shall we rule out the elegies of Theognis or the mystic speculations of Empedocles, celebrant of the golden age and declarer of the unapproachable God? And who would lay rude hands upon the poet who concerned himself with the universe, surpassing all other Latins in intellectual passion and dignity of theme? The rugged "De Rerum Natura" of Lucretius seems to me as much greater than the "Æneid" as fate and nature are greater than the world known in that day. Whether his science was false or true, — and meanwhile you know that the atomic theory is once more in vogue, — he essayed "no middle flight," but

soared upon the philosophy of Epicurus to proclaim the very nature of things; meditating which, as he declared, the terrors of the mind were dispelled, the walls of the world parted asunder, and he saw things "in operation throughout the whole void." What shall we do with Omar Khayyám, at least with that unique paraphrase of his "Rubáiyát" which has impressed the rarest spirits of our day, and has so inspired the wondrous pencil of Elihu Vedder, our American Blake? And what of "In Memoriam"? The flower of Tennyson's prime is distinctly also the representative Victorian poem. It transmits the most characteristic religious thought of our intellectual leaders at the date of its production. We have no modern work more profound in feeling, more chaste in beauty, and none so rich with the imaginative philosophy of the higher didacticism. Browning's precepts, ratiocination, morals, are usually the weightier matters of his law. Take from Emerson and Lowell their sage distinctions, their woof of shrewdest wisdom, and you find these so closely interwoven with their warp of beauty that the cloth of gold will be ruined. Like Pope and Tennyson, they have the gift of "saying things," and in such wise that they add to the precious currency of English discourse.

The mention of Pope reminds me that he is the traditional exemplar of the didactic heresy, so much so that the question is still mooted whether he was a poet at all. As to this, one can give only his own impression, and my adverse view has somewhat changed — possibly because we grow more sententious with advancing years. Considering the man with his time, I think Pope was a poet: one whose wit and reason exceeded his lyrical feeling, but still a poet of no mean degree. Assuredly he was a force in his century, and one not even then wholly spent. It seems to me that his didacticism was inherent in the stiff, vicious, Gallic drum-beat of his artificial style — so falsely called "classical," so opposed to the true and live method of the antique — rather than in his genius and quality. Looking at the man, Pope, that fiery, heroic little figure, that vital, electric spirit pitiably encaged,— defying and conquering his foes, loving, hating, questioning, worshiping,— I see the poet. I had hoped to say more of him while upon this subject of the didactic, but, fortunately for your patience, the limits of a lecture are inexorable. However, if you care to see how much more difference there is in the methods than in the poetic gifts of certain bards, amuse yourselves by translating Pope, Tennyson, Emerson, Browning, into one another's measures and styles, and you will find the result suggestive.

Three, at least, of these poets have at times a delicious humor and fancy, as in "The Rape of the Lock," "The Talking Oak," "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," "The Pied Piper," etc. Humor, in the sense of fun, is doubtless another lyrical heresy. But humor is the overflow of genius,— the humor compounded of mirth and pathos, of smiles and tears,— and in the poems cited, and in Thackeray's ballads, it speaks for the universality of the poet's range. While certain notes in excess are fatal to song, in due subordination they supply a needful relief, and act as a fillip to the zest of the listener.

THE highest wisdom — that of ethics — seems closely affiliated with poetic truth. A prosaic moral is injurious to virtue, by making it repulsive. The moment goodness becomes tedious and unideal in a work of art, it is not real goodness; the would-be artist, though a very saint, has mistaken his form of expression. On the other hand, extreme beauty and power in a poem or picture always carry a moral: they are inseparable from a certain ethical standard; while vice suggests a depravity. Affected conviction, affection of any kind, and even sincere conviction inartistically set forth, are vices in themselves — are antagonistic to truth. But the cleverest work, if openly vicious, has no lasting force. A meretricious play, after the first rush of the baser sort, is soon performed to empty boxes. Managers know this to be so, and what is the secret of it? Simply, that to cater to a sensual taste incessant novelty is required. Vice admits of no repose; its votary goes restlessly from one pleasure to another. Thus no form of vicious art bears much repetition: it satiates without satisfying; besides, any one who cares for art at all has some sort of a moral standard. He violates it himself, but does not care to see it violated in art as if upon principle.

An obtrusive moral in poetic form is a fraud on its face, and outlawed of art. But that all great poetry is essentially ethical is plain from any consideration of Homer, Dante, and the best dramatists and lyrists, old and new. Even Omar, in proud recognition of the immutability of the higher powers, chants a song without fear if without hope. The pagan Lucretius, confronting sublimity, found no cause to fear either the gods or the death that waits for all things. A glimpse of the knowledge which is divine, an approach to the infinite which makes us confess that "an undevout astronomer is mad," inspire the "De Rerum Natura." The poet sat in the darkness before dawn. He would report no vision which he did not see. Like Fitzgerald's Omar he seems to confess, with the epicureanism that after all is but inverted stoicism, and with unfaltering truth:

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road;
And not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

Poetry, in short, as an ethical force, may be either iconoclastic or constructive, nor dare I say that the latter attribute is the greater, for the site must be cleared before a new edifice can be raised. Herein consists the moral integrity of Lucretius and Omar. They rebelled against the superstitions of their periods. Better a self-respecting confession of ignorance, a waiting for some voice from out the void, than a bowing down to stone images or reverence for a false prophet. Critics are still to be found who look upon a modern poet — in his lifetime almost an outlaw — as a splendid lyrical genius gone far astray. Of course I refer to Shelley. The world is slowly learning that Shelley's office was ethical. As an iconoclast, he rebelled against tyranny and dogma. His mistakes were those of poetic youth and temperament, and he grew in love, justice, pity, according to his light. He groped in search of some basis for construction, but died in what was still his formative period. Yet we see sage and elderly moralists applying to Shelley the tests of their own mature years and modern enlightenment, and holding a sensitive and passionate youth to account as if he were an aged philosopher. Even Matthew Arnold, despite his fine recognition of that transcendent lyrist, did not quite avoid this attitude. Professor Shairp assumed it altogether. With respect to the poetry of nature, I can refer you to no more suggestive critic, for he was a Wordsworthian, and all his discourse leads up to Wordsworth as the greatest, because the most contemplative, of nineteenth-century poets. Otherwise he was an extreme type of the class which Arnold had in mind when he said, "We must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet." His utter failure to see the force of a blind revolt like Shelley's, in the evolution of an ultimately high morality, was inexcusable. A more striking example of faulty criticism could hardly be given. Shelley is not to be measured by his conduct of life nor by his experimental theories, but rather, as Browning estimates him, with every allowance for his conditions and by his highest faculty and attainment.

But the most thoughtful and extended of rhythmical productions in the purely didactic method is of less worth, taken as poetry, than any lyrical trifle — an English song or Irish lilt, it may be — that is spontaneous and has quality. The disguises of the commonplace are endless; we are always meeting the old foe with a new face. A fashionable diction, tact, taste, the thought and manner of the season, set them off bravely; but they soon will be flown with the birds of last year's nests. Of such are not the works whose wisdom is imaginative, whether the result of intuition or reflection or of both combined. These "large utterances" of intellectual and moral truth show that nothing is impossible, no domain is forbidden, to the poet, that no thought or fact is incapable of ideal treatment. The bard may proudly forego the office of the lecturer, such as that exercised in this discourse, which is by intention didactic and plainly inferior to any fine example of the art to which its comment is devoted. Yet the new learning doubtless will inspire more of our expression in the near future, since never was man so apt in translation of nature's oracles, and so royally vouchsafed the freedom of her laboratory, as in this age of physical investigation. Accepting the omen, we make, I say, another claim for the absolute liberty of art. Like *Gaspar Becerra*, the artist must work out his vision in the fabric nearest at hand. His theme, his method, shall be his own: always with the passion for beauty, always with an instinct for right. No effort to change the natural bent of genius was ever quite successful, though such an effort often has spoiled a poet altogether.

This brave freedom alone can breed in a poet the catholicity which justifies Keats's phrase, and insures for his work the fit coherence of beauty and truth. The lover of beauty, in Emerson's "Each and All," marvels at the delicate shells upon the shore:

The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
. . . . . .
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

Disappointed, he forswears the pursuit of beauty, and declares:

— I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth.

But, even as he speaks, the ground-pine curls its pretty wreath beneath his feet, "running over the club-moss burrs"; he scents the violet's breath, and therewithal

Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
. . . . . .
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

This recognition, at which the idealist arrives, of the intertransmutations of beauty and truth,

is a kind of natural piety, and renders the labor of the poet or other "artist of the beautiful" a proper form of worship. His heart tells him that this is so: it is lightest when he has worked at his craft with diligence and accomplishment; it is light with a happiness which the religious say one can know only by experience. The piety of his labor is not yet sufficiently comprehended; even the poet, having listened all his life to other tests of sanctification, often mistrusts his own conscience, looks upon himself as out of the fold, and is sure only that he must "gang his ain gait," however much he suffers for it in this world or some other.

Thus a dividing line has been drawn from time immemorial betwixt the conventional and the natural worshipers, betwixt the stately kingdom of Philistia and the wilding vales and copses of that Arcadia which some geographers have named Bohemia. The mistake of the Arcadian is that he virtually accepts a standard not of his own establishment; he is impressed by a traditional conception of his Maker, regards it as fixed, will have none of it, and sheers off defiantly. If rich and his own master, he becomes a pagan virtuoso. If one of the struggling children of art and toil, then,

> Loving Beauty, and by chance
> Too poor to make her all in all,
> He spurns her half-way maintenance,
> And lets things mingle as they fall.

This is the way in Arcadia, and it has its pains and charm — as I well know, having journeyed many seasons in that happy-go-lucky land of sun and shower, and still holding a key to one of its entrance-gates. Its citizenship is not to be shaken off, even though one becomes naturalized elsewhere.

Now the artist not only has a right, but it is his duty, to indulge an anthropomorphism of his own. In his conception the divine power must be the supreme poet, the matchless artist, not only the transcendency but the immanence of all that is adorable in thought, feeling, and appearance. Grant that the Creator is the founder of rites and institutes and dignities; yet for the idealist he conceived the sunrise and moonrise, the sounds that ravish, the outlines that enchant and sway. He sets the colors upon the easel, the harp and viol are his invention, he is the model and the clay, his voice is in the story and the song. The love and the beauty of woman, the comradeship of man, the joy of student-life, the mimic life of the drama as much as the tragedy and comedy of the living world, have their sources in his nature; nor only gravity and knowledge, but also irony and wit and mirth. Arcady is a garden of his devising. As far as the poet, the artist, is creative, he becomes a sharer of the divine imagination and power, and even of the divine responsibility.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

SHELLEY'S WORK

THE centenary of Shelley's birth will be duly observed with public ceremonies in England and Italy — the land that bore him and drove him forth, and the land that sheltered him and now guards his grave, both equally his home in the eyes of the world; but in the private thoughts of many single lives the day of his birth will be silently remembered with tenderness, with gratitude, and with a renewal of faith in the things in which he believed. Personal devotion must naturally enter into these feelings, for such days are to commemorate a life, and they bring the man back with peculiar power. To win unknown friends, age after age, is a privilege of the poet; it is his reward — the greater because it can touch him no more — for the open trust in mankind with which he confides, to whosoever will, the secret things of his spirit. Yet, to make a poet's personality the main element in his memory, if he be really great, confines his fame too narrowly. Attractive as Shelley was, his worth did not lie wholly in his charm. Interest in his life may become degraded into ignoble curiosity, and, at the best, love's gift is less weighty than reason's award.

Recognition of noble human traits is an important part of justice done to the dead; but it is not thus that Shelley would wish to be judged. Chaucer's question, "How shall the world be served?" was the alpha and omega of his life. It inspired his youthful prose; as his faculties grew and the poet emerged from the thinker, it governed the most intense expression of his soul in manhood; it absorbed him, as he himself said, with that passion for reforming the world which was elemental in his genius. It is true that the artistic and the practical instincts in him worked together imperfectly, and that at times of despair he fell back upon himself, pure poet, pouring his heart out in lyrical effusion, with cadences of pain that fill our eyes with tears — the "idle tears," too often, of self-pity. But he took heart again, and returned, though always more wearied, to the large interests of

the race. He believed that man is the poet's muse; at the height of his aspiration, singing with the skylark, he still remembered that the poet's "unbidden hymns" are the means by which the world shall be wrought to sympathies with unheeded hopes and fears; in the depth of his dejection he still prayed that the wind might blow abroad the poet's words, "as from an unextinguished hearth ashes and sparks," to be an enkindling prophecy throughout the world — "my words among mankind." What he believed true poets are he told in a familiar passage of his prose — "the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets that sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves."

One hundred years have passed since he was born, and two generations have been buried since his ashes were laid by the Roman wall. It is reasonable to ask whether he had any share in this prophetic power, brooding on things to come, which is the mystical endowment of poetic genius; whether he anticipated time in those far thoughts forecasting hope, which he declared to be the substance of poetic intuition; whether he be one of those who, in his own phrase, rule our spirits from their urns, with power still vital in the chaotic thought and striving of mankind. "Poets," he said, concluding the impassioned words just quoted, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." If the phrase seems the mere enthusiasm of eloquence, yet so opposite a mind as Johnson's ratifies it. "He," said the old doctor concerning the poet, "must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations." To leave, then, Shelley's charm, his character, and all his private life, which the world well knows; to leave analysis and criticism, since any occasion will serve for such examination of the propriety of his moral method in poetry, and its beneficial or injurious effects upon his work, of the truth of his imagination and of its nearness or remoteness in human interest and reality, of his art, the speed and exaltation of his luminous eloquence, the piercing tone of his lyrical song — to leave such matters, I say, of merely personal or literary concern, what has the century past disclosed in regard to Shelley's sympathies with the next ages, and the vitality of his energy in the forces that advance mankind? The influences that blend in progress are many and various; the foreknowledge of the most clear-sighted is vague and doubtful, and the wisest contributes only his portion to the great result. But, this being allowed, in what sense and how far was Shelley prophetic of the time to come, and an element in its coming?

THE spirit of discontent has been a presiding genius in literature since the reflective life of man began. The imaginative creation of ideal commonwealths marks its conquest of political thought, and the dream of the golden age its victory in poetry. So long is it since the inspiration that governed Shelley has been active in minds like his own. The "Republic" of Plato, however, and that eclogue of the young Virgil which won for him a place among the prophets of Christ, though they are the highest reach of literature in such expression, are negative; they condemn what is, by a poetic escape into a world that should be. With the rise of democracy the positive expression of discontent, in those parts of literature which reflect the life of society as distinguished from individual life, has become more direct, comprehensive, and telling. In the last century, in particular, the world was coming to a consciousness of its own misery. The state of man was never more bitterly set forth than by Swift, nor more drearily than by Johnson. Comfortable and self-satisfied as that century is often described, it was the dark soil in which the seeds of time were germinating. It ended in dry skepticism, cold rationalism, and finally in that utilitarian preoccupation of the mind which was a European mood.

The first effort toward better things, as is apt to be the case, was political. The Revolution broke. The hopefulness of that time, when in the year of Shelley's birth Wordsworth said, "'T was bliss to be alive, but to be young was very heaven," is perhaps that one of its phases which is now realized with most difficulty. It reminds one of the faith of the early Church in the immediate coming of the reign of Christ on earth. When Shelley began to think and feel, and became a living soul, the first flush of dawn had gone by; but the same hopefulness sprang up in him, it was invincible, and it made him the poet of the Revolution, of which he was the child. So far as the Revolution was speculative or moral, he reflected it completely. Its commonplaces were burning truths in his heart; its ferment was his own intellectual life; its confusions, its simplicities, its misapprehensions of the laws of social change, were a part of himself. It would be wrong to ascribe the crudities of Shelley's thought merely to his immature and boyish development: they belonged quite as much to the youth of the cause; he received what he was taught in the form in which his masters held it. The ease with which genius thrives upon any food, and turns all to use, might be astonishing were it not so commonly to be observed; but its transformations

are sometimes bewildering. Like fire from heaven Shelley's genius fell upon the dry bones of rationalism, and they rose up, a spirit of beauty and of power. It was the same change that took place when philosophy went out into the streets of Paris, and in the twinkling of an eye was made a flaming mænad. It was the wand of the Revolution touching the soul of man. Shelley was, in truth, in the whirl of forces which he only half understood, vaster than he knew, with destinies dimly adumbrated in his own spirit, like the poet of his own eloquent description. The Revolution was, in Gray's phrase, "the Mighty Mother" of this child; she showed him the world-old vision of the Saturnian reign that has ever hung over Italy, yet more fair than the fairest of all our lands; she set him in the footprints of Plato; and she filled his heart with many hatreds.

The principles and remedies which Shelley adopted were of the utmost simplicity. Principles and remedies must be simple in order to be capable of wide application in the reform of society. He was not an original thinker. He had the enormous receptive and assimilative power which characterizes high genius, and he made it his function to give lofty and winning expression to the ideas that he felt to be of ennobling and beneficent power over men. He had also a strongly practical temperament; he wished to apply ideas as well as to express them, and in his own life he was always restlessly doing what he thought, linking the word with an act, carrying conviction to the extreme issue of duty performed. It was this union of the practical and speculative instincts, each highly developed, which, under the breath of his poetic nature, made his sympathies with reform so intense that he might well describe them as a passion. Yet his political, social, and religious beliefs were nothing unusual. They have been called superficial; but they were so, in the main, in no other sense than are the principles of democracy, philanthropy, and intellectual liberty. They were the simple truths whose acceptance by the world goes on so slowly. He adopted the right of private judgment, and with it the right of the individual to put his beliefs in action; the first discredited for him the excellence of the existing order, and brought him quickly into conflict with prevailing opinion; the second, in its turn, occasioned a more serious collision with that existing order itself, which met him in the form of custom, intolerance, and force. These three things he hated, because he hated most of all injustice, of which they were the triple heads. In all this he had the ordinary fortune of the revolutionist. He was face to face with the enemy. The power of custom in society, which Wordsworth had described, "heavy as frost and deep almost as life"; the venom of intolerance, the foe against which Locke had armed him; the supremacy of force, if it be invoked, in which the long history of tyranny had instructed him — these stood in his way, and only his own indignant verse can express the violence of the hatred and contempt they excited in his breast.

What were the tenets that had so involved him in opposition to the social opinion of his own country that he went into voluntary exile? His atheism stands first because it caused his expulsion from Oxford. What was this atheism in substance? He had conceived the divine power in terms of the historic Jehovah, and its relation to man under the Christian dispensation in terms of the legal definitions of an obsolescent theology; nor can it be gainsaid that these notions coincided with the ideas then prevalent, but not realized with the same distinctness in the moral consciousness of those who held them as in Shelley's. When he began to think, this conception was antagonized in two ways. In the first instance he acquired some rudimentary metaphysics, and it became necessary to reconcile an anthropomorphic conception of deity with a philosophical definition. In the second instance he developed an ideal of goodness, and it became necessary to reconcile the divine virtue, as shown in the same historic conception of deity, with the voice of his own conscience. He took the short and easy, but natural method, and denied the truth of the original conception. The metaphysical difficulty, however little it may vex mature minds, was a real one to him; and in connection with it Newman's statement may profitably be recalled, that no question is hedged about with more difficulties than the being of God. The moral difficulty, also, was a real one; and Robertson, whose Christian faith and sincerity none can doubt, was right in defending Shelley's decision and saying, "Change the *name*, and I will bid that *character* defiance with you." This was Shelley's atheism — on the one hand, a philosophical definition, and, on the other, the humanizing of a pre-Christian and medieval idea of God in accordance with that moral enlightenment which Christianity itself has spread through the world. Shelley expressed his denial in terms of blasphemy, as the words were then understood; but the "almighty fiend" whom he denounced was as much an idol as Dagon or Moloch.

What has the issue been? The conception which Shelley attacked with such vehemence no longer finds a voice in public discussion. It is as dumb as the ideas which once suggested such picturesquely lurid titles to the sermons under which our fathers trembled and transgressed. To-day the philosophical defini-

tion would be less difficult to frame, and it would awake no serious hostility; the moral ideal, too, is enthroned in religious conceptions as securely as in the conscience of man. It would be idle to say that advance has not been made, or to deny that it has pursued the lines of Shelley's instincts, his intellectual questioning, and his moral sympathies. Merely as a polemical writer he stood in the necessary path of progress; but as a poet, he vastly strengthened that moral enthusiasm which after his death regenerated religion as it had before inspired politics. He impressed his own moral ideal on those whom he influenced, and the old conception became as impossible for them as for him. Other forces united in the general tendency, for all things spiritual drew that way; nor is it possible to distinguish his share in the change that has passed over English theology in this century. But some sentences of the Rev. Stopford Brooke are apposite, and the opinion of such an observer may be allowed weight upon the question of Shelley's place in this field. "He indirectly made," says this writer, "as time went on, an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning man, that His character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destiny He willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as Himself. There are more clergymen and more religious laymen than we imagine who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when they were young their wider and better views of God." Whether this be true to the extent indicated is immaterial. It is enough if it becomes clear that Shelley's "atheism" was, by its revolt, the sign and promise of that liberalized thought and more humane feeling in respect to the divine dealing with men which characterized the religious progress of the time; that his denial has been sustained by the common conscience of mankind; and that the affirmations of the moral ideal which he made have been strengthened by years as they passed by, and have spread and been accepted as noble expressions of the conviction and aspiration of the men who came after him. Whether Shelley intended these results in the precise form that they took is also immaterial. It probably never entered his mind that clergymen would thank him for a liberalized orthodoxy, any more than that Owenites would use "Queen Mab" as an instrument in their propaganda, and thus give the widest circulation to that one of his poems which he would have suppressed. Certainly he had a conscious purpose to destroy old religious conceptions and to quicken the hearts of men with new ideals, not religious, but moral. If both results came about, under the favor of time, and were such as the poet meant them to be, as in some measure was the case, and yet the influence also operated in an unexpected way by the reaction of the awakened conscience on the narrower faith to its liberalization instead of its destruction, this does not affect the reality of Shelley's work; it affords rather an example of that element in the poet through which, as Shelley said, he is an instrument as well as a power, and in neither capacity is wholly conscious of his significance.

The second tenet which immediately drew upon him scandal and obloquy was his belief that legal marriage was not a proper social institution. He had derived the opinion from his teachers, and held it in common with other reformers of the age. It is a view that from time to time arises in minds of an entirely pure and virtuous disposition under the stress of a rigorous and undiscriminating law. The state of woman under English law was then one of practical servitude, and in the case of unfit marriages might become, and sometimes was, deplorable. The continuance of forced union, on the side of either man or woman, after affection or respect ceased, was revolting to Shelley, the more so in proportion to the refinement and purity of his own poetic idealization of the relation of love. The helpless condition of woman under such circumstances appealed to him as a violation of justice and of liberty as well as a degradation of love. If since his time the rights of married women have been recognized by important and really sweeping changes in their legal status, and if the bonds of the legal tie have been relaxed, in both instances it was an acknowledgment of the reality of the social wrongs which were the basis of his conviction. If there is less tendency among reformers to attack the institution of marriage, and the subject has ceased to be conspicuous, though still occasionally manifest, it is because the removal of the more oppressive and tyrannic elements in the difficulty has relieved the situation. The belief of Shelley in love without marriage was an extreme way of stating his disbelief in marriage without love, as the law of England then was. There was, too, a positive as well as a negative side to his conviction, but in this he merely repeated the dream of the golden age, and asserted that in the ideal commonwealth love and marriage would be one; and this has been the common theme of Utopians, whether poets or thinkers, in all ages. In other words, it may reasonably be held that, in this case as in that of his atheism, an extreme view was taken; but in relation to the time and to the reforms made since then, his ideas of marriage held in them the substantial injustice of a state of facts then existing and the lines

of tendency along which advance was subsequently made. He reflected the age, and he foreshadowed the future; though the results, just as in the case of religion, consist in a modification, and not in demolition, of the ideas which he antagonized.

Shelley's atheism, however, and his views of legal marriage have had a disproportionate attention directed to them because of their close relation to the events of his own life. These were not the things in his philosophy for which he most cared. In the matter of marriage, though he acted on his belief in taking his second wife without a divorce from his first, in both unions he went through the form of marriage. He would never have so compromised with the world in an opinion which was a point of conscience with him. If it had been a question of the freedom of the press, or of the welfare of the masses, he would have stood by his convictions though they sent him to prison or the scaffold. The affairs which he took an active interest in, and endeavored to make practical, were political. At first the freedom of the press was nearest to him, and he helped with sympathy or money those whom he knew to be singled out for persecution by the Government; then the state of Ireland, Catholic emancipation, the putting of reform to the vote, the condition of the poor, exercised his mind and called out such labors as were open to him; at a still later time the Manchester riots, the revolutions on the Continent, and such larger matters engaged his enthusiasm. He was the most contemporary of all poets. His keen interest in what was going on was characteristic; he lost no occasion which gave him opportunity to use the question of the moment to spread his general principles. His immediate response to the hour is noticeable from the time, for example, of the death of the Princess Charlotte, on which he wrote a pamphlet, to that of the Greek rising, on which he composed a lyric drama. What poet before ever had occasion, as he did in the preface to "Hellas," to beg "the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced"? The words are most significant of the spirit of his life. It is also not useless to observe that a share of Shelley's violence, especially in early years, is due to the fact that he was actually in the arena and taking blows in his own person. Such a man does not, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four, write with the same equable restraint as a student in his library; he is not likely to hold opinions in temperate forms; and if, like Shelley, he is by nature sensitive to injury and resentful of it, his language takes heat and may become extravagant. What he struggled with was not only thought, but fact. It was to his advantage, doubtless, that he removed to Italy, where, being less irritated, he was able to express his abstract ideas in the quiet and undisturbed atmosphere of imaginative poetry.

These abstract ideas, his scheme of society, were acquired in his youth, and they were, as has been said, of the utmost simplicity. He adopted the doctrine known as that of the perfectibility of man. It is especially associated with the name of Condorcet. Shelley believed that society could be made over in such a way that virtue would prevail and happiness be secured. He thought that institutions should be abolished and a new rule of life substituted. He did not enter upon details. The present was wrong; let it cease: that was the whole of the matter. It was a form of what is now called nihilism. The state of society that existed seemed to him real anarchy. "Anarchs" was a favorite word with him for kings and all persons in power. His hatred was consequently centered on the established order. It was a government of force, and therefore he hated force; kings and priests were its depositaries, he hated them; war was its method, he hated war. The word is not too strong. Gall flows from his pen when he mentions any of these things. Their very names are to him embodied curses. If the system he saw prevailing in Europe bred in him such hatred, its results in practice filled him with pity. He was susceptible to the sight of suffering and misery, and almost from boyhood the effort to relieve wretchedness by personal action characterized him. He could endure the sight of pain as little as the sight of wrong. The lot of the poor, wherever he came upon it in experience or in description, stirred his commiseration to the depth of his heart. He was one of those born to bear the sufferings of the world, in a real and not a sentimental or metaphorical sense. He had seen the marks of the devastation of war in France; he knew the state of the people under tyrannical rule; he was as well aware of the degradation of the English masses as of the stagnation of Italy. Wherever he looked, the fruits of government were poverty, ignorance, hopelessness, in vast bodies of mankind. There was nothing for it but the Revolution, and heart and soul he was pledged to that cause.

But his hopes went far beyond the purposes of a change to be brought about by force for limited political ends; such an event involved the destruction of forms of power which he wished to see destroyed, and might result in amelioration, since force become popular was better than force that remained aristocratic; but his heart was set upon a change of a far different nature, more penetrating, more universal, more permanent — nothing less than that "divine result to which the whole creation

moves." Since Shelley, in common with the thinkers of his time, believed that the world's wretchedness was due to political misrule, and could be obviated by a change of institutions, he was on his practical side in alliance with every expression of revolutionary force; but he had an ideal side, and in his poetry it was this that found expression. He sang the golden age; time and again he returned to the theme, of which he could not weary, from the hour of youth, when he poured forth the story of man's perfect state in eloquence still burning with first enthusiasm, to the impassioned moment when he created the titanic forms of his highest lyrical drama, and bade the planetary spirits discourse in spheral music the pæan of peace on earth, good will to men. The paradise of "The Revolt of Islam," the isle of seclusion in "Epipsychidion," the echoes of the Virgilian song in "Hellas," like "Queen Mab" and "Prometheus Unbound," show the permanence before his rapt eyes of that vision of heaven descended upon earth which has fascinated the poets of all times. Yet how transform this "world's woe" into that harmony? Shelley's command was as simple, as direct as Christ's—"Love thy neighbor." No; there was nothing novel in it, nothing profound or original. It is so long now since man's knowledge of what is right has outrun his will to embody it in individual life and the institutions of society that new gospels, were they possible, are quite superfluous. What Shelley had that other men seldom have was faith in this doctrine, the will to practise it, the passion to spread it. There may be to our eyes something pathetic in such simplicity, as the belief of boyhood in goodness is pathetic in the sight of the man; something innocent, as we say, in such unworldliness, and again we intimate the eternal child in the poet's heart; but it is the simplicity and innocence—the pathos it may be—of what Christ taught. That Shelley believed what he said cannot be doubted. He thought that men might, if they would, love their fellow-men, and then injustice would of itself cease, being dried at its source, and that reign of mutual helpfulness, of the common sharing of the abundance of the earth's harvest, of man's enfranchisement from slavery to another's luxurious wants, would begin; war, poverty, and tyranny, force and fraud, greed, indulgence, and crime would be abolished. It was too obvious to need consideration; man was capable of perfection, and the method to attain to it was love, and this way once adopted, as it could be, by the fiat of each individual will, would enthrone justice and spread virtue throughout the world. It was not reason that withstood this doctrine, but custom, tradition, interested individuals and classes, the active and law-intrenched power of institutions established for the security and profit of the few—a whole order of society resting upon a principle opposite to love, the principle of organized force. If this time-incrusted evil, this blind and deaf and dumb authority of wrong long prevalent, this sorry scheme of accepted lies, could be destroyed at a stroke, a simple resolve in each breast would bring heaven on earth.

This was Shelley's creed. It may be false, impracticable, and chimerical; it may be a doctrinaire's philosophy, an enthusiast's program, a poet's dream: but that it has points of contact and coincidence with gospel truth is plain to see; and in fact Shelley's whole effort may be truly described as an incident in that slow spread of Christian ideas whose assimilation by mankind is so partial, uneven, imperfect, so hesitating, so full of compromise, so hopeless in delay. He had disengaged once more from the ritual of Pharisees and the things of Cæsar the original primitive commands, and made them as simple as conscience; he may have been wrong in the sense that these things are impossible to man in society; but if he was in error, he erred with a greater than Plato.

But it is not necessary to carry the matter so far. Shelley was a moralist, but he used the poet's methods. He declared the great commands, and he denounced wrong with anathemas; but he also gave a voice to the lament of the soul, to its aspirations and its ineradicable, if mistaken, faith in the results of time; and the ideas which he uttered with such affluence of expression, such poignancy of sympathy, such a thrill of prophetic triumph, are absorbed in the spirit which poured them forth—in its indignation at injustice, its hopefulness of progress, its complete conviction of the righteousness of its cause. He has this kindling power in men's hearts. They may not believe in the perfectibility of man under the conditions of mortal life, but they do believe in his greater perfection; and Shelley's words strengthen them in effort. No cause that he had greatly at heart has retreated since his day. There are thousands now, where there were hundreds then, who hold his beliefs. The Revolution has gone on, and is still in progress, though it has yet far to go. What part he has had in the increase of the mastering ideas of the century is indeterminable. He was dead when his apostolic work began. His earliest and unripe poem, "Queen Mab," was the first to be caught up by the spirit of the times, and was scattered broadcast; and wherever it fell it served, beyond doubt, to unsettle the minds that felt it. Crude as it was, it was vehement and eloquent; and the crudities which have most offense in them are of the sort that make the entrance of such ideas into uneducated minds more easy. It was nearer

intellectually to these minds than a better poem would have been. Rude thoughts not too carefully discriminated are more powerful revolutionary instruments than more exact truths in finer phrases. "Queen Mab" was certainly the poem by which he was long best known. The first revival of his works came just before the time of the Reform Bill, and they were an element in the agitation of men's minds; but his permanent influence began with the second revival, ten years later, when his collected works were issued by his widow. Since then edition has followed edition, and with every fall of his poems from the presses of England and America new readers feel the impulse of his passion, blending naturally with the moral and political inspiration of an age which has exhausted its spiritual force in pursuit of the objects that he bade men seek. Democracy, of which philanthropy is the shadow, has made enormous gains; the cause is older and social analysis has gone farther than in his day; his denunciation of kings and priests seems antiquated only because the attack is now directed on the general conditions of society which make tyrannical power and legalized privilege possible under any political organization, and in industrial and commercial as well as military civilizations; his objects of detestation seem vague and unreal only because a hundred definite propositions, developed by socialistic thought,—any one of which was more rife with danger than his own elementary principles,—have been put forth without any such penalty being visited upon their authors as was fixed upon him. This advance, and more, has been made. The consciousness of the masses, both in respect to their material position and their power to remedy it, has increased indefinitely in extent and in intensity in all countries affected by European thought; socialism, anarchism, nihilism are names upon every lip, and they measure the active discontent of those strata of society last to be reached by thought except the *bourgeoisie*. Whatever revolutionary excess may unite with the movement, the stream flows in the direct course of Shelley's thought with an undreamt vehemence and mass. That he still implants in others that passion of his for reforming the world is not questioned; his works have been a perennial fountain of the democratic spirit with its philanthropic ardor. As in the other phases of his influence, so in this its grand phase, his work has been in modification instead of demolition of the social order; it has been only one individual element in a world-movement issuing from many causes and sustained from many sources; but here too he fulfils his own characterization of the poet, imperfectly conscious of his own meanings, dimly prophetic of what shall be, belonging to the future whose ideas come into being through his intuitions, sympathies, and longings.

Shelley's genius, then, it must be acknowledged, had this prescience by which it seized the elements of the future yet inchoate, and glorified them, and won the hearts of men to worship them as an imagined hope, and fervently to desire their coming. If one thing were to be sought for as the secret of his power on man, I should say it was his belief in the soul. No poet ever put such unreserved trust in the human spirit. He laid upon it the most noble of all ideal tasks, and inspired it with faith in its own passion. "Save thyself," he said, and showed at the same time the death in which it lay, the life of beauty, love, and justice to which it was born as to a destiny. Virtue in her shape how lovely, humanity throughout the world how miserable, were the two visions on which he bade men look; and he refused to accept this antithesis of what is and what ought to be as inevitable in man's nature or divine providence; it remained with man, he said, to heal himself. He was helped, perhaps, in his faith in the human spirit by the early denial he made of religion as interpreted by the theology of his period; for him salvation rested with man, or nowhere. In later years he made love the principle, not only of human society, but of the government of the universe; it was his only conception of divine power; but he never reconciled in thought this mystical belief with the apparent absence of this divine element from its lost provinces in human life. He promised men in their effort no other aid than the mere existence, in the universe, of beneficent laws of which mankind could avail itself by submitting thereto. The doctrine of the power of the human spirit to perfect itself, and the necessity of the exercise of this power as the sole means of progress, remained in unaffected integrity. This fundamental conviction is one that has spread equally with the democratic idea or the philanthropic impulse. The immediacy of the soul as the medium of even revealed truth is a conception that clarifies with each decade, and it is in harmony with Shelley's most intimate convictions, with those tendencies and dispositions of his temperament so natural to him that they were felt rather than thought. But in such analysis one may refine too much. It is meant only to illustrate how completely, in the recesses of his nature as well as in definite manifestation of his thought, he was the child, intellectually and morally, of the conquering influences implicit in his age, so readily apprehensive of them that he anticipated their power in the world, so intensely sympathetic that he embodied them in imagination before the fullness of time, so compelled to express them that he was their prophet and leader in the next ages.

By his own judgment, therefore, of what great poets are, he must be placed among them, and the office of genius, as he defined it, must be declared to be his. The millennium has not come, any more than it came in the first century. The cause Shelley served is still in its struggle; but those to whom social justice is a watchword, and the development of the individual everywhere in liberty, intelligence, and virtue is a cherished hope, must be thankful that Shelley lived, that the substance of his work is so vital, and his influence, inspiring as it is beyond that of any of our poets in these ways, was, and is, so completely on the side of the century's advance. His words are sung by marching thousands in the streets of London. No poet of our time has touched the cause of progress in the living breath and heart-throb of men so close as that. Yet, remote as the poet's dream always seems, it is rather that life-long singing of the golden age, in poem after poem, which most restores and inflames those who, whether they be rude or refined, are the choicer spirits of mankind, and bring, with revolutionary violence or ideal imagination, the times to come. They hate the things he hated; like him they love, above all things, justice; they share the passion of his faith in mankind. Thus, were his own life as dark as Shakspere's, and had he left unwritten those personal lyrics which some who conceive the poet's art less nobly would exalt above his grander poems, he would stand preëminent and almost solitary for his service to the struggling world, for what he did as a quickener of men's hearts by his passion for supreme and simple truths. If these have more hold in society now than when he died, and if his influence has contributed its share, however blended with the large forces of civilization, he has in this sense given law to the world and equaled the height of the loftiest conception of the poet's significance in the spiritual life of man. Such, taken in large lines and in its true relations, seems to me the work for which men should praise Shelley on this anniversary, leaving mere poetic enjoyment, however delightful, and personal charm, however winning, to other occasions.

George E. Woodberry.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Popular Crazes.

NO portion of Professor James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" reveals more strikingly the author's remarkable insight into American methods and character than the twelve chapters on Public Opinion which constitute Part 4 of Vol. II. Every American who is interested in the efforts which his own country is making to work out successfully and completely the problem of popular government can read those chapters with profit, for he will find in them, clearly and forcibly set forth, many things that he has dimly conceived but has never been able to think out thoroughly for himself.

Professor Bryce holds that "in no country is public opinion so powerful as in the United States," and in the course of his searching and able discussion of why it is so he makes certain observations which we wish to cite at this time as having an especial bearing upon the subject that we wish to consider in the present article.

Remarking that one of the chief problems of free nations is "to devise means whereby the national will shall be most fully expressed, most quickly known, most unresistingly and cheerfully obeyed," he says:

> Towards this goal the Americans have marched with steady steps, unconsciously as well as consciously. No other people now stands so near it. . . . Towering over Presidents and State Governors, over Congress and State Legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out in the United States as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it.
>
> There is no one class or set of men whose special function it is to form and lead public opinion. The politicians certainly do not. Public opinion leads them.
>
> A sovereign is not less a sovereign because his commands are sometimes misheard or misreported. In America every one listens for them. Those who manage the affairs of this country obey to the best of their hearing. The people must not be hurried. A statesman is not expected to move ahead of them; he must rather seem to follow, though if he has the courage to tell the people that they are wrong, and refuse to be the instrument, he will be all the more respected.

Professor Bryce goes on to argue that one reason why public opinion is so powerful is the universal belief of the people in their star, a "confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run," that "truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds and consciences of the majority." Every one who has studied the history of this country knows how true all this is. Whenever a new peril threatens us from any quarter, either in the form of some abuse in legislation or in administration, or in the form of some fresh financial or economic heresy, the final stronghold of hope to which every anxious observer clings is the conviction that the people will decide right in the end. Our national history is the record of a succession of perils of one kind or another, suddenly averted at the very moment when escape from them seemed most impossible.

The recent collapse of the Free Silver Coinage "craze" makes a review of similar popular delusions timely. We have had many of these since the war, and all of them have passed away as suddenly as they arose, after a uniformly brief and absorbing period of existence. No one can contemplate them after they have

passed and not doubt whether they were really as strong with the people as they appeared to be; whether they might not be, after all, mere instances of what Professor Bryce calls the "mishearing" of public opinion. There was the Granger movement, which appeared in 1873, and which seemed to carry everything before it in the Western States. It did elect a governor in one of those States and legislatures in a few others, but by 1876 not a trace of it remained. It was followed by the Greenback movement in 1878, which threatened the supremacy of political parties in all parts of the country, actually gaining the control in Maine, polling many thousands of votes in nearly every Western State, and making inroads upon the old parties even in New York State. By 1880 nearly every trace of this "craze" had vanished. Next came the Labor movement, which sprang from the great strikes of 1886. In the fall of that year Henry George polled 68,000 votes, nearly one third of the entire number cast, as Labor candidate for mayor of New York city, and shrewd politicians were convinced that the Labor vote would be the controlling force in the presidential election of 1888. Yet when 1888 arrived, scarcely a trace of the movement, as a separate force in politics, was visible.

Following close upon the Labor movement came that of the Farmers' Alliance, with the sub-treasury money plan as its chief issue. In 1890 this was so powerful that it carried two Western States, and seemed certain to threaten the dominion of the Democratic party in the South. Yet in the elections of 1891 it cut scarcely any figure, and has been fading rapidly from existence since that time. The Free Silver delusion, which accompanied it, and remained after its demise, seemed, when the new Congress assembled in December last, destined to overcome all opposition, and to plunge the country into the most direful cheap-money experiment of modern times. Yet at the critical moment this peril was averted, and at the present time the "craze" itself has so nearly disappeared that one wonders if it really ever was formidable.

In every instance public opinion was the sovereign under whose commands the "craze" was abandoned by the politicians. As soon as they discovered that the people did not favor the movement, they hastened to turn against it. It is, of course, impossible to say whether or not the people had ever been so strongly in favor of any of these various "crazes" as the politicians supposed. Undoubtedly more were in favor of them at their birth than at the moment of their abandonment, for in the intervening period the work of education had been in progress, and the American people are quick to discover an error and equally quick in correcting it. We are convinced, however, that in nearly or quite every instance the politicians had, to use an apt phrase of Professor Bryce, "mistaken eddies and cross currents for the main stream of opinion." They had been so fearful lest public opinion should get ahead of them that they hastened to stimulate the "craze" in order to benefit by it, rather than to point out to the people their mistake and trust to their intelligence and honesty to bring them around to the right side in the end. As Professor Bryce well says, the statesman who has the courage to tell the people that they are wrong "will be all the more respected," but this is a truth which the lower grade of politicians is slow to learn.

What is Patriotism?

It was suggested some months ago by some one who was impressed with the need of a keener sentiment of patriotism among the American people, that such a sentiment could be cultivated by certain observances in the public schools. The chief of these was to be the daily display of the American flag upon all school buildings, and the daily formal salute of it by the pupils. It is indeed a pleasant and inspiring sight, and not without a patriotic effect upon children and the general population — the flag flung to the breeze from the school-house in the city street, or on the country hillside or valley. But according to our observation young Americans draw in a love of the flag and of their country as the British general in the Revolutionary War said the boys of Boston did — "with the air they breathe." They think the American flag the most beautiful in the world, and the American nation the most powerful and glorious on the earth. This is the spontaneous and unreasoning patriotism of childhood, and the country which did not inspire it would be in a sad condition.

There are no signs of a lack of this childish patriotism in this country. Concerning the supply of reasoning patriotism, which ought to be developed from it as the youth advances to manhood and takes his place as a citizen, the case is less clear. It must be said that many men carry through life, without change or development, the unreasoning patriotism of childhood, and are thus the easy victims of the sham statesmen and politicians who make patriotism not merely the "*last* refuge of a scoundrel," but, as the Rev. J. W. Chadwick said recently, the *first*. Men who take "my country, right or wrong," as the complete epitome of patriotism, are the most useful, though unconscious, allies of those who do the most to injure their country's fame. Lowell, with his unerring touch, has put his finger on the crucial test of all patriotism, by saying in regard to doubts about his own love for his country,

> I loved her old renown, her stainless fame,—
> What better proof than that I loathed her shame?

That is the true kind of patriotism which no country can have too much of — a patriotism which loathes everything that brings shame to the nation's honor, or to its reputation before the world. A patriotism of that kind makes short shrift with political tricksters and time-servers, by condemning them as disgracing their country and dishonoring its name. No nation is so great that it can afford to be unjust, or to act the bully toward weaker nations, or to conduct its public affairs in violation of moral and economic laws. The highest conception of a country is expressed in the Scriptural phrase, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The real patriot is the man who wishes to see his country glorious through the reign of intelligence, truth, honor, and justice in all its public affairs, and through the high value of its contributions to the civilization of the world. The only kind of patriotism worth having is that which holds up this model of a country, and rejects as unworthy all that stands in the way of its achievement.

There is no more persuasive teacher of patriotism than the true politician or statesman, as Lowell has described him.

He is not so much interested in the devices by which men *may* be influenced, as about how they *ought* to be influenced; not so much about how men's passions and prejudices may be utilized for a momentary advantage to himself or his party, as about how they may be hindered from doing a permanent harm to the commonwealth.

Under the guidance of statesmen of this type, politics becomes a very different pursuit from what it usually is in this country. Of politics, in the true sense of the word, the American people have a very inadequate conception. What they think of when they hear the word is something very unlike this definition, which stands first under the word in "The Century Dictionary":

The science or practice of government; the regulation and government of a nation or state for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity. Politics, in its widest sense, is both the science and the art of government, or the science whose subject is the regulation of man in all his relations as the member of a state, and the application of this science. In other words, it is the theory and practice of obtaining the ends of civil society as perfectly as possible.

Nobody can deny that we need in all parts of the land politicians of this character, earnest, able, trained men, who are so thoroughly grounded in the science of politics, who have such complete knowledge of governmental laws and social and economic principles, such familiarity with the history of politics and political systems in all lands and times, that they will be able when occasion offers to stop the progress of "crazes" and delusions, simply by showing from the teachings of human experience and the working of established laws the impossibility of their success in practice. In no country in the world are liberally educated men, in the true sense of the word, more needed than they are in the United States, and in no country in the world are they more powerful, for of all peoples, Americans are the most eager to learn the truth and the quickest to grasp it when it is presented to them. The breeding of citizens of this character in our schools and colleges is the surest way by which to develop patriotism of the highest type.

Trade Schools.[1]

In giving a half-million dollars for the endowment of the New York Trade Schools, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has set the millionaires of the country an example which, it is greatly to be hoped, many of them will imitate. It would be difficult to conceive a more beneficent use of wealth than this. The object of such schools is to furnish the young men of the country with the means of learning, quickly and thoroughly, useful trades; that is to say, to supply them with the best qualifications for leading upright, industrious, and useful lives. We have in this country abundant school privileges, and are constantly enlarging our facilities for the education of youth who desire to live by brain-work as distinguished from manual labor; but for the youth who would be glad to fit themselves for lives of manual labor we have, until within a few years, furnished no educational facilities whatever.

One of the first men to perceive the need of an educational system of this kind was Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, of New York city. About eleven years ago he established the New York Trade Schools for the purpose of giving young men instruction in certain trades, and to enable those already working in such trades to improve themselves. At first instruction was given mainly in the evening to pupils who were engaged in workshops during the day, and who were dissatisfied with what they were learning in them. Gradually other young men who had finished their school-days, and had no definite occupation in view, became interested. They were unwilling to learn a trade by entering a shop as apprentices, but they were very glad to avail themselves of this method of not only learning it rapidly and thoroughly, but without unpleasant or humiliating surroundings. In their eagerness to learn many of these young men joined both day and evening classes.

From small beginnings the schools grew rapidly, until at the end of eleven years the attendance was nearly 600, instead of 30 as at the beginning. The trades chiefly taught are plumbing, plastering, stone-cutting, painting, bricklaying, carpentering, and tailoring. Instruction is given by master mechanics and other competent teachers, and practical work is accompanied when necessary by the study of technical books and diagrams. The pupil is not only taught how good work should be done, but the difference between good and improper work. The purpose of the instruction is "to enable young men to learn the science and practice of certain trades thoroughly, expeditiously, and economically, leaving speed of execution to be acquired at real work after leaving the schools." The prices charged for instruction are scarcely more than nominal, relieving the schools of the charitable aspect and giving the pupils a manly sense of paying their way.

The benefits of this system of education are obvious and great. The thoroughness of the instruction sends out workmen of the best type, scientific, thinking, progressive men, who become the master mechanics and inventors of the future. They are the kind of workmen who give dignity to labor, and who, in addition to elevating the condition and character of their fellow working-men, make good citizens in whatever community their lot may be cast. If every city in the land were to have its trade schools, modeled after those established by Colonel Auchmuty, and nobly endowed as his have been by Mr. Morgan, the work of reducing the mass of idleness and consequent viciousness which exists in our large cities would be begun in the most effective way.

When Colonel Auchmuty began his experiment, trade instruction in schools was little known in this country, though it had long been in existence in Europe. In this country, in addition to the trade schools of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, trades are now taught to beginners at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn; at the Free Institute in Worcester, Massachusetts; at the Hampton Institute, Virginia; at Clark University, Georgia; at Central Tennessee College; to the Indians at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania; in some of the colleges endowed by the United States land grant act; and in many asylums and reformatories. The Carriage Makers' Association in New York has a school for young men in that trade, and the Master Plumbers' Association in some cities provides instruction for its "helpers." We have made a beginning in this country, but have done little more than that. Colonel

[1] See also "The Need of Trade Schools," THE CENTURY for November, 1886, and "An American Apprentice System," January, 1889; both by Colonel Auchmuty.

Auchmuty's schools are now assured of a future of large and constantly increasing usefulness, and ought to serve as a model for others in all the large cities of the land.

These schools, in fact, supply the only means by which American boys can become skilled workmen. The old apprentice system has gone, never to return. Both the spirit of the time and the changed conditions of trade are against it. Outside the large cities, in the so-called country districts, boys can still be taught a trade by the workers in it; but in the large cities, where skilled labor is in demand, this is no longer possible. The trade-unions in these cities are controlled by foreigners who seek to confine their industries to men of their own nationalities. They not only refuse to teach an American boy a trade, but they combine to prevent him from getting employment after he has succeeded in learning it in a trade school. This is a situation of affairs without parallel in any country in the world, and one which will not be tolerated in this country when once public opinion has been aroused to a full comprehension of it.

Colonel Auchmuty has shown from statistics that out of $23,000,000 paid annually to mechanics in the building trades in New York city, less than $6,000,000 goes to those born here. The number of new journeymen trained outside the cities in the trades themselves is not sufficient to fill vacancies, much less to supply the constantly increasing demand for larger forces. Thousands of foreign mechanics come here every year, some to remain, others to work through a busy season and return to Europe with their profits. These foreigners have no sympathy with Americans. They control the trade-unions, which in turn control the labor market, absolutely in their own interest. They seek to keep wages high by closing the doors of employment to all comers not of their own kind. The result is that in free America, sometimes called the paradise of working-men, the field of skilled labor is occupied almost exclusively by foreigners who declare that an American boy shall not enter, either to learn a trade, or to find employment if he shall have been able to learn his trade elsewhere.

We present to the civilized world the astounding spectacle of a great nation, which boasts itself the freest on the globe, throwing open its vast and lucrative fields of skilled labor to the mechanics of all other nations, while closing them to its own sons. Was there ever a more incredible act of national folly! We have in America material from which to make the best and quickest mechanics in the world — that is the testimony of all competent authorities; yet we refuse either to train them or to give them work if trained. We deplore the existence of increasing numbers of idle and unoccupied young men in all our cities, and then accept conditions which compel a multiplication of the numbers. It is useless to put the blame upon the foreign laborers: they are merely improving their opportunity. The American people are responsible, and they must supply the remedy.

The first step toward the remedy is the multiplication of trade schools, and the second is the insistence upon the free exercise of every man's right to earn his living in his own way. It is surely not too much for the American people to say that their own sons shall not only be permitted to learn trades, but shall be permitted also to work at them after they have learned them. We advise any one who is desirous of seeing the kind of skilled working-man that the American boy makes, to visit Colonel Auchmuty's schools and look over a set of photographs of his graduates. He will find there a body of clear-browed, straight-eyed young fellows who will compare well with the graduates of our colleges. This is the stuff from which laborers are made who honor and dignify and elevate labor, not by agitating, but by being masters of their craft, faithful in its performance, and willing to share its toil with all comers, fearing honest competition from no quarter. Such men are at once true American laborers and true American citizens of the highest type, and the educational system which evolves them is a national benefaction of incalculable value.

OPEN LETTERS.

Camping Out for the Poor.

NEARLY twenty years ago I left New York late one afternoon toward the end of June to take my fortnight's vacation in a little hamlet a mile east of Moriches, on the south or ocean shore of Long Island, seventy miles away from New York. The day had been a particularly hot and exhausting one. The city literally panted for breath. As I walked down to the ferry I had to pass through some of the most miserable of the tenement-house districts on the east side, and for a few blocks I went along Cherry street, a most wretched thoroughfare blessed with a pretty name in grotesque contrast to the street's character. The slums were alive with people.

The shades of night seemed to bring no comfort to such streets as these. It would be morning before the heated masses of brick and stone cooled off, ready for another day's sun, for there was not a breath of air. I could not help contrasting the scenes in which I should find myself twenty-four hours later with this squalid, heated misery, and it really seemed as if I had no right to run away while so much wretchedness remained behind, unable to escape. I suppose that most of my readers have experienced this feeling when about to get away from New York in summer, and then, as I have so often done, they have put the unpleasant thought away with the consoling reflection that what little they could do to alleviate such misery, even by the sacrifice of their own vacations, would be but a drop of honey in this ocean of gall. We have also the habit of saying to ourselves that the poor people who remain in town the year round do not suffer as we imagine they do — they are thicker-skinned, and they have never known anything better.

But upon this particular occasion, although I was not an over-sensitive young man, the scenes upon which I could not shut my eyes haunted me for days, and I

felt that I was running away from a problem which ought not to be put aside. I still remember one picture of an apparently motherless child, sitting on the lower step of a big double tenement — a little girl of ten or twelve years of age, who was trying to sing to sleep two younger children, one in her lap and the other pillowed against her arm. The child was pale and tired, but ready to sacrifice herself for the sick and peevish little brother and sister whom the noise and rattle of the street kept awake. The father was crouched on the same step, in a drunken stupor, but cared for by the child. As I stopped to look at the pitiful picture, too common for notice in all these tenement neighborhoods — the child mother — I again asked myself what right a strong fellow had to go in search of sea breezes and quiet while such weaklings as these remained behind? But I soothed my conscience by dropping some pennies in the child's lap, and hurried on to my boat.

It happened that about twenty-four hours later I had occasion to study another family group. We had been fishing all day, and were on our way back to Moriches when our boat grounded upon the flats which fill these bays; and, there being no moon, we decided to sleep on board. One of our party descried a light on the shore a few hundred feet from us, and we pushed our sharpie off in that direction, hoping to find some natives who would pilot us to deep water. On the south side of a giant rick of salt grass we discovered a camp-fire, around which were grouped a father, mother, and five children. The man told us that he was a New York shoemaker, and knew nothing of the channels. They were on an island on the south side of the bay, and their only means of communication with the mainland was an old row-boat for which the man paid one dollar a month.

They had a tent, which was used apparently only to sleep in, and when I made the party a call some days later, I found the man working at a box of shoes he had brought with him from New York, to finish. The whole family looked like gipsies, they were so browned and hearty. The man told me that he liked that sort of life in hot weather, and had camped out for several summers. He did enough work to earn the very few dollars their supplies cost them, and in September they would go back to New York — he to the shop he worked in, and the children to school.

While these two pictures, both met with at about the same hour in the evening,— the one in the squalid, reeking, murky Cherry street, in which figured those little prisoners of poverty, and the other of island life and cool air,—impressed me deeply at the time, it was long before I drew any particular lesson from them.

It was not until years later that I began to ask myself why the poor people who suffer every summer in New York, and whose children die from heat, do not join my shoemaker on his island in Moriches Bay. Now, however, it is one of my hobbies that the New York mechanic and clerk can afford a far better outing in summer than he dreams is possible.

In the case of clerks or assistants in small business houses, such a course as I have to propose would not be possible, and in some trades, such as those connected with building, the hot months are the busiest and the men cannot get away. But in a large number of shops and factories the dull season comes in the hot months. I have not the slightest doubt but that the proprietors of thousands of large retail shops in all our large cities would be only too glad to give their clerks a ten-weeks' vacation provided salaries stopped during those ten weeks; and the same is true of the thousands of factories which are kept open on half time and often at a loss to the proprietor, who wishes to keep his men together. The tendency of late years, especially since the shorter hours of labor have prevailed, is to pay all workmen by the piece in factories and wherever such a course is possible. In many trades, such as the making of cheap clothing, cigars, etc., in which the work is done at home, it may be done in one place as well as another, allowing a small amount for getting the bundles of goods in and out of New York. I suppose that if the taste prevailed for such a life as seems to me desirable for the poor city family during the ten hot weeks of the year, when the city bakes and the children die of heat and bad air, at least half of the workers who live in the tenements might escape.

I am well aware that something of the same kind, but upon a more permanent scale, has recently been attempted without success. One of the benevolent societies connected with Mr. Adler's Society for Ethical Culture subscribed enough money to build a dozen comfortable cottages in a pleasant spot some twenty miles out on Long Island, and induced some poor families of Polish Jews who worked on cheap clothing to make the experiment of living there, the society making the rent almost nominal and also paying the express charges upon the packages of clothing sent in and out from the large shops which gave these people employment. It was hoped that the advantages of a country life, of pure air for the children, of lower rents than in their dirty, miserable tenements, of the possibility of a garden, chickens, etc., would encourage others to join such a colony. The result was disappointment, and after a year the experiment was abandoned. The people, especially the women, wanted to get back to the city; they complained that it was lonely. They wanted society — the noise and squabbles, the fights, the dirt, and the crowds of the tenements. This result showed that if these people were to be taught the value of fresh air and quiet, the process must begin with the children. Their elders were like the life prisoners who, when released from the dark dungeons of the Bastille, begged to be taken back — they had lived so long in the dark as to dread the light.

In such an experiment as I now propose, I wish simply to get such people out of New York during the heat of summer, when the death-rate is largely made up of infants and small children. The system under which such people rent their small tenements makes it possible for them to give up their few rooms at a week's notice. They can store their goods at small expense, and save enough on the rent to pay for their food during the weeks they are away. The rents paid by even the most miserable of these workers average $10 a month for two or three rooms. The "boss" who employs them cares nothing as to where their work is done.

Take the typical family of slop-shop clothing-makers. The mother and father sew all day, and the children live or die according to their constitutions. What is to prevent such a family from pitching its tent on some of the beaches which stretch out for more than one hundred miles along the south shore of Long Island, or in the Jersey pines? The spots along the south

shore of Long Island which are inhabited and valuable are as nothing compared to the wastes of equally pleasant land upon which a poor family may "squat" during hot weather, either free of rent or for a trifling payment to the owner of the land. If all the poor of New York wanted to "squat" on the Long Island beach, there might be objections raised; but of that there is no danger. The man who can get out of town must have at least a few dollars in his pocket, and every one who has worked among our city poor knows that the majority of these people live from hand to mouth; they are chained by the hardest of poverty to the great city. Fortunately, the average sober mechanic needs but a very few dollars to make such an experiment possible.

In some figures I gave in the course of an article published on this question I estimated, judging by what such outings in the past have cost me, that a poor family of six persons — two adults and four children — would be able to spend ten weeks out of New York at an average weekly expense of not more than $5. A tent, an oil-stove, some cots, and a few boxes of bedding and stores would complete the whole outfit. Even the oil-stove would not be needed every day if the family "squatted" on the ocean beach, for the beach is strewn with kindling-wood. I leave out of the calculation the cost of getting from and back to New York, as that depends upon the distance. Our typical family could go fifty miles and back for $10. The cost of getting a big bundle of clothing from New York once a week by express would not be more than a dollar. In case steady work was carried on, there would also be a sewing-machine to take. The oil-stove, the cots, the sewing-machine, are already owned by most of these poor families. The tent would cost from $15 to $25, according to size, and would last for years. The food would certainly cost less than in New York, for in most places along the Long Island shore there are clams, oysters, crabs, and fish, which the children can get with little trouble.

Now consider the drawbacks and advantages of such a life. Upon one side we place the isolation which seems to have such terrors for the tenement-bred poor; but if two or three families made the experiment together, this would disappear. There would be rainy days and the various unpleasant features and hardships of camping out. There would be no corner liquor-store for the man, nor corner gossip for the woman. The daily toil might be even a trifle harder, owing to lack of conveniences. Meat would be difficult to get and to keep. But look at the other side of the picture. First of all, while New York baked night and day, there would be clear, cool air for the little ones, worth all the medicines in the world. The children could run barefoot on the beach, could bathe in the surf and play in the sand; and what more, after all, can the millionaire give his children during these hot weeks?

If the man and his wife are above the common herd and are able to appreciate the quiet and beauty of the ocean beach in summer, the glorious rising and setting of the sun, a series of pictures beyond the power of any artist to copy, they will find more than repayment for any personal sacrifice they may make for the children's sake. I should imagine that most men not wholly unfitted for decent things and depraved by the corner grogshop would find in the majesty, the quiet, and the beauty of a summer evening on the ocean beach a comfort beyond words. Think of smoking a pipe after a day's labor, and watching the flame of a driftwood fire rising against a background made up of ocean and bay!

I should like to see some society undertake to teach poor people the possibility and value of such an outing as I have in mind. It would virtually be camping out for the hot months, a pastime commonly considered as within the reach of the rich or the well-to-do only. The proprietors of many large shops and factories ought to be members of such a society, for they can arrange to do without half their force in summer and save money by so doing. Employer and employed ought to coöperate in such a scheme. The employer will not be afraid of losing good clerks and salesmen; the employed will not fear loss of position, and will return in September better fitted for ten months of work than if he had lounged the summer away behind a counter. The tremendous waste of time in summer is recognized by every business man. If work of every description could stop from the first of July to the first of September, our mechanics would certainly have more to do when they returned to their shops, and they would be in better trim to do it, provided their eight weeks of vacation had been wisely spent.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way of a wholesale realization of a scheme upon this plan is the fact that so few poor people have even the small number of dollars necessary to it. A man cannot stop work or stop looking for work if there is no bread in the house. Upon the other hand, it may be said that persons and families likely to enjoy and appreciate camping out in July and August are usually fairly provident. What might be done by a Camping-out Society would be to tell poor people where and how they might camp out, the advantages and disadvantages of the life, its cost, its ways and means. I should like to hear camping-out lectures in which people who had camped out would give their experiences for and against the life.

I should like to say to such of my conservative friends as scent socialism and vicious idleness in this idea, that if one per cent. of the tenement-house population is induced by a vigorous advocacy of the camping-out idea to make the experiment, I shall be amazed. One poor man whom I urged to make the experiment and take his sickly children to a bit of beach I knew, told me that the noise of the "bloomin'" ocean made him "blasted" tired. There are too many people who cannot see the trees for the forest. They have been in the Bastille of vile air, dirt, and death too long to realize what a world of content lies beyond the grimy tenement. But even if one family in every thousand could be induced to camp out next summer, the experiment would be worth making. I have been accused of fanaticism in my detestation of city life,[1] especially in summer, and I have advised people to try the country even if at some sacrifice of dollars and personal comfort. But in this instance I merely advise a better use of time that is now nearly or wholly wasted.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

A Search for Shelley's American Ancestor.

THE tradition that the grandfather of the poet Shelley was born at Newark, in America, of an American mother, was the scent which led me off upon a two-

[1] "Liberty and a Living," Putnam's Sons, New York.

weeks' record hunt, in behalf of THE CENTURY, and apropos of the Shelley centennial.

Timothy Shelley, born April 19, 1700, third son of John Shelley, of Sussex, England, emigrated to America, and is said to have married here a widow named Johanna Plum, and to have had two children born here, and named respectively John and Bysshe. It is said that Bysshe Shelley was baptized August 1, 1731, at Christ Church, Newark. With this tradition comes the statement that the house at Guilford, Connecticut, in which the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck passed the closing years of his life, had once belonged to an ancestor of Shelley, the English poet. There are other statements — such as that Timothy Shelley had followed the trade of apothecary in the colonies; that he had practised as a quack; that he had deserted his American wife, and that he had run away to England to avoid his creditors. It seemed natural to me to seek information where the American land-holding was, so I turned my attention first toward Guilford.

The New Haven Colony came from Massachusetts early in the seventeenth century, and in 1666 sent a branch colony to the Passaic, so that there is close historic connection between Guilford and Newark. In the library of the Historical Society at New Haven there is a carefully written manuscript of Guilford births, marriages, and burials, in which I found several pages of Shelleys. Among the 162 individuals therein mentioned there are many who bear Old Testament baptismal names, such as Shubael, Ebenezer, Benjamin, and Reuben, and two or three known by that of Timothy. There is no record of any Shelley taking a wife named Plum, maid or widow, and the name of Bysshe does not appear at all. Guilford still keeps its old colonial records, and there I found in the vault of the office of the town clerk vellum-bound volumes containing notes of the original apportionment of lands, minutes of boundary settlements, copies of wills, deeds, and bonds from the earliest date of the settlement. In these books are names of many Shelleys, from the first Robert, who came over in the *Lion* in 1632, and married Judith Garnet of Boston in 1636, to another Robert who owned the land upon which the old-fashioned frame-house once occupied by Halleck now stands. From this Robert this portion of the "home lot," to follow the description considered sufficient in the simple old days, came to Nathaniel Elliott, who gave it to his daughter Mary, the wife of Isaac Halleck and mother of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet. From this, doubtless, grew the story which gave the Halleck house to an ancestor of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The Shelleys of the seventeenth century were nearer to the common ancestor, and when Timothy came over early in the eighteenth it may be that he found his first welcome from kinsfolk in Guilford, and that the first American Timothy, who died at Branford in 1738, was named for him.

A close search amongst the archives of the New Jersey Historical Society in Newark revealed the existence of a Samuel Shelley who in 1776 was a soldier in the War of Independence. The family of Plum is here abundantly evidenced by both printed and manuscript references.

Samuel Plum was one of the original party who came from New England. From his stock, which continued prosperously in Newark for many generations, came most likely the American wife of Timothy Shelley, who became thus an ancestress of the English poet. The Newark records show that the family of Plum was large and widely connected, and might well have furnished a daughter or a widow to mate with the handsome young Englishman. There is indeed notice of a Johanna Plum who died March 9, 1760, at the age of fifty-two, but it is difficult to decide whether she was spinster, wife, or widow. It is curious and apt that in the story of these early days there is much mention of a certain Captain Giles Shelley of New York, master of the bark *Nassau*, who fell into trouble with the New Jersey authorities in 1699 by landing a cargo of contraband goods at Woodbridge, and who lived not free from suspicion of strange doings upon the far high seas, and association with Captain Kidd. The church records, which would tell us beyond question where and when the marriage of Timothy Shelley and the births of his two sons occurred, went to feed the bivouac fire of some Hessian contingent or British troop; for it is well established that when Newark was occupied by the King's forces in the Revolution, old Trinity was used as a stable for the horses of the troopers, and on their departure only the blackened stones of the old building remained to witness the work done both by the priest who came to the cure of souls at the beginning of the century, and by the soldiers who came at its end to dispose of the bodies of the colonists.

In the office of the clerk of Essex County at Newark there is a book of old colonial court records which contains the information that "at a Courte holden the 4th Tuesday of November, A. D. 1734," Timothy Shelley sued David Hayward for the sum of £15, and that the sheriff returned that he had attached the body of the defendant. It also contains the entry of an action for slander during the January term, 1738, wherein Timothy Shelley was plaintiff and John Nettle was defendant, and the sheriff's return of arrest of the latter. The original narration or statement of the cause of suit might give us much information, but though I made a thorough examination of the papers relating to early litigation which are preserved in the custody of the Essex county clerk, I found neither the narration in Shelley *vs.* Hayward, nor that in Shelley *vs.* Nettle. It appears from these papers that there was a Benjamin Shelley in Newark in 1732, and that on April 10, 1734, one "Cunney High, Shelley's godson," was indebted to Samuel Wheaton in the sum of one shilling and one penny.

The office of the Secretary of State at Newark contains the colonial probate and real-estate records of East New Jersey, and here I found the will of a Widow Shelley, but she was of New York; her name was Heelegand, she had been a Van Horne as a maiden, and she had died in 1716, all against the hope that she had been the widow of Timothy. I suspect she was the widow of the sea-rover Giles, for I find that after writing his owners in 1699 that he had brought back with him from "Macadagascar" to their account twelve thousand pieces of eight and three thousand "Lyon" dollars, he soon after loaned three hundred "Mexican pillar pieces of eight" on a mortgage of lands on the Raritan River and at Barnegat, which mortgage, as is indicated by a subsequent record, appears to have come to the executor of his will. Heelegand Shelley seems to have had some interest in East New Jersey lands

and this mortgage is the only record by which such an interest is traceable.

The last place of my search was the office of the Register of Deeds in New York city. Little thinking to find anything of importance there, I found the most definite and interesting of all the records. In Liber 32 of Conveyances, at page 368, is a copy of a document which is in form a post-obit, and is curious enough to be repeated here in words and letters as it stands upon the record-book:

RECORDED for Capt. William Bryant of the City of New York, Mariner, this 30th day of May Anno Dom. 1743.

KNOW ALL MEN by these presents that I Timo Shelley of Newark In America, Merchant, my heirs &c am held and firmly bound unto William Bryant of the City of New York in America, Marriner in the sum of Two hundred pounds of Sterling money of Great Brittain to be paid to the said William Bryant, his certain attorney, Executors, Administrators or assigns, to which payment well and truly to be made and Done I do bind my Self my heirs Executors and administrators and every of them firmly by these presents. Sealed with my seal dated the six day of December In the ninth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland Defender of the faith and so forth and in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven hundred and thirty five.

THE CONDITION of this obligation is such that if the above bounden Timo Shelley his heirs Executors or administrators shall and do well and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the above named William Bryant his certain Attorney Executor administrators or assigns the full and just sum of One hundred pounds sterling money of Great Brittain aforesaid and that so soon as he the said Timo Shelley shall be possessed of an Estate of the value Two hundred pounds a year sterling which now belongs to his father John Shelley of Fenn place in the county of Sussex in Great Brittain Esq. and that without fraud or further Delay then this obligation to be void and of none effect otherwise to be and remaine in full force and virtue.

TIMO SHELLEY [Seal].

Sealed and delivered in the presence of JOHN SHURMUR and THO. NIBBLETT.

MEMORANDUM that on the Twenty-eighth day of May Anno Dom. 1743 personally appeared before me John Cruger Esqre Mayor of the City of New York Thomas Nibblett of the same city victualler and made oath upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God that he was present and saw the within named Timothy Shelley sign seal and deliver the within written Bond or obligation as his Voluntary Act and Deed and that he the Deponent together with John Shurmur Did at the same time subscribe their names as witnesses thereto.

JOHN CRUGER.

It will be observed that this bond was not recorded until more than seven years after its execution.

The father of Timothy had died in 1739, and, presumably, Timothy had returned to England, taking with him his children John and Bysshe, and had entered upon the enjoyment of the "Estate," at least as guardian of the interests of a lunatic elder brother. The prudent mariner, since he was careful to put it on record, probably as soon as he learned that Timothy had left the colonies, doubtless enforced his bond in England against the Newark merchant, "his heirs, executors, or administrators." It may have been the enforcing of this obligation which created the report that Timothy Shelley had absconded from his creditors on this side of the water, but, reasonably considered, that should not, and no other record does, reflect discredit on his honest dealing in America.

John Malone.

"Southern Womanhood as Affected by the War."

MY circumstances, before and since the war, have enabled me to judge clearly and impartially, I think, of the ability and fairness of the views and conclusions of Dr. Tillett in his important paper in the November CENTURY entitled "Southern Womanhood as Affected by the War." A Southern boy, educated in Pennsylvania, and when a man married to a New York woman, and subsequently the president of one of the most important of the Southern female colleges, I can confirm almost everything on the subject that has been said by the author of the article and the correspondents whom he so freely quotes.

But there is one thing I know, which Dr. Tillett could not know, because he is so much younger a man, and has had his observations almost entirely confined to the South. For instance, he cites the fact that before the war self-support was never thought of by young women of good social standing in the South, and that their male relatives would never have allowed it. Was not that just as true of the North? Since reading the article I have reviewed my recollection of the state of affairs in social life, and I cannot recall a single girl of all my college acquaintances of whom that was not just as true as of the girls I had known in my boyhood in the South. Fifty-three years ago I came to New York, and the same was true of all the young ladies with whom I became acquainted here. Not one pursued studies that had any reference to self-support. I can recall the names of a number of leading families in the city, which then terminated on the north at 14th street. There was not a father in any household I entered who ever expected his daughter to become self-supporting; not a young man who, if the idea had been suggested to him, would not have regarded his sister as forfeiting social position if she had sought to "make her own living." Thirty years ago I first saw England, and the same was to a large extent true of social life there. I am sure that at that time no titled lady would have dreamed of opening a large millinery establishment in Regent street, London.

But now that is all changed. The last quarter of a century has altered woman's relative social condition in all lands, and Southern women have shared the general progress; and it is more remarkable in the South because young women in high social life there occupied a position very nearly that of the daughters of the English aristocracy, though their circumstances were suddenly and startlingly changed by the results of the war.

I can confirm the opinion of the distinguished educator whom Dr. Tillett quotes and whom I think I know. While I was president of the college in North Carolina "I had [redacted] pupils preparing for their own support." In 1853 M. W. Dodd, then a publisher whose store was in "Brick Church Chapel," which stood where the "Times" building now stands, published a little book of mine entitled "What Now?" It was an address to my graduating class of that year, a class composed of young ladies, the daughters of wealthy or well-to-do planters and professional men. After the war the American Tract Society desired to republish it, and, in preparing it for the general public of young women just beginning life, the changes I was compelled to make to fit the book for its new mission show

very strikingly the changed condition of young womanhood even then.

Now, as one of Dr. Tillett's correspondents shows, and as I have learned from other sources, the standard of scholarship has been greatly advanced in Southern colleges for women. Now "twenty-five per cent. of the girls look to supporting themselves when they leave college." Of course "*they* are most earnest and diligent in the prosecution of their studies." It is to be pointed out that two things are resulting from this: (1) that large numbers are pursuing less the ornamental and more the useful studies; (2) that the effect of their better scholarship in both departments is to stimulate powerfully the other students. So while the present generation of Southern girls can never become lovelier than their charming grandmothers, the new order is producing a larger class of better-educated women.

Charles F. Deems.

The Steering of Yachts.

I. A SUGGESTION.

UNDER the heading, the "Evolution of the Modern Yacht," appeared in the "North American Review" for October, 1891, an article over the signature of Lewis Herreshoff, praising the model of the *Gloriana*. Of the form of that craft I have nothing to say either in praise or censure, because I have never seen her. If she can outsail yachts of a different shape, that fact conclusively proves that hers is the better. Only one of the author's points do I wish to criticize. In praising the steering qualities of the *Gloriana* he says:

> In vessels of the usual form, when driven by fresh winds the water is piled up against the lee bow, and, owing to the bluff part of the bilge being wholly or partially immersed, the water it displaces forces the bow of the boat strongly to the windward, giving the vessel a tendency to luff, or turn toward the wind. This "luffing" influence of the lee bow must be counteracted by the rudder, resulting in labor for the helmsman and loss of speed for a double reason, the obstruction caused by the piling up of the water of displacement under the lee bow, and the drag on the boat by the rudder, seeing that it must be carried at an abnormal angle to produce the required effect.

If a boat or vessel at any time, whether running free or close to the wind, carries a weather helm, no matter how slight, the tendency in this direction will be increased as the breeze freshens, causing her to careen more and more. It is not difficult to find the reason for this. The farther the vessel lies over on her side, the less becomes the steering-power of her rudder. If we could suppose her to move on after she lay upon her beam-ends, and still have a tendency to turn her bow to the wind, the helm might be placed hard up, but it would be powerless to counteract the luffing influence, because, when in a horizontal position, the rudder has lost all its steering-force, although it is still a drag on the boat.

The rule is the same whether the boat is sailing in rough or smooth water, and whether she has a bluff bow or a sharp one. The scow and the yacht are governed by the same principle; namely, when the rudder is in the nearest to a perpendicular position that it ever gets,—it the stern-post is raking, it will be always somewhat inclined,—it exerts the greatest steering-force; when it reaches a horizontal position, it loses its capacity to steer altogether; and as it leaves the perpendicular and approaches the horizontal, it steers with diminished power; and, consequently, "must be carried at an abnormal angle" to do its work.

It will be observed that I have been stating the effect of the increased careening of the boat, and the consequent change of the position of the rudder on its steering-power alone. I have not been accounting for the tendency of the boat to luff under certain circumstances, but only for her apparently increased disposition to turn her head to the wind as she lies over on her side more, when the wind freshens, owing to the diminished steering-power of her rudder as it approaches a horizontal position. The main cause of this tendency to luff is the action of the wind on her sails. When the boom of a sloop is swung out to leeward, the influence of the breeze on her mainsail is the same as the finger of the spinner on the spoke of the spinning-wheel, it turns her around toward the wind—gives her a tendency to luff. If, while the sail remains at this angle with the keel, the increase of the breeze causes the boat to careen more, then the rudder loses some of its steering-power, and "must be carried at an abnormal angle to produce the required effect."

A result reached in a "rather obscure but interesting manner" is not quite so profitable as one the causes of which are clearly seen, and hence the above suggestion.

Isaac Delano.

II. COMMENTS BY MR. HERRESHOFF.

MR. DELANO has made an excellent beginning in the science of steering by his study of the action of the rudder, but if it be his desire fully to perfect himself in that art, closer observation will be required. The proper office of the rudder, as a factor in steering a sailing-vessel, is to create an equilibrium amongst several opposing forces, so that the desired control may be maintained over the movement of the vessel.

The careful designer seeks so to adjust the various factors that go to make up the proper balance of a yacht that the action of the rudder will be sufficient to counteract any excess that one force may exert over another. The chief thing to be done is to place the center of effort of the sail-area in proper relation to the center of lateral resistance of the hull. This is about all the designer can do; he trusts to the good sense of the master of the vessel to trim his sails properly, and to keep them in as good condition as to fit and setting as possible, all of which has marked influence on steering qualities.

The general proportions of the hull have a direct bearing on facility of steering, and the form also exerts more or less influence in the circle of forces that enter into the problem. Now if these various forces would remain always in the same relation to each other, steering would be easily performed; but with every change in the force of the wind and in the angle of inclination of the hull, new combinations are formed, and even new forces may be set up, so that the problem of steering, which might seem simple when considered as the rudder's work alone, really becomes often difficult and complex. Yachts of the "English type" nearly always carry a lee helm, when sailing close-hauled or slightly free, in fresh breezes; yachts of the old Ameri-

can type, like *Mucillage*, require almost a horse's power to steer them under the same conditions, carrying the while an abnormal weather helm.

When *Gloriana* and *Mineola* were approaching the Spit in the New York Yacht Club regatta last June, the latter yacht became in a measure unmanageable, pushing herself under the lee bow of the former yacht in a troublesome and unusual manner, the *Gloriana* all the while being under absolute control although she carried a heavier press of sail than her opponent.

These and many more circumstances convince me that other influences than merely the action of the rudder enter into the problem of steering, and I must still adhere to my statement made in the "North American Review," in October, 1891, that the perfect steering qualities of *Gloriana* in a great measure are acquired by the peculiar form of her entrance and by her manner of disposing of the water of displacement under her lee bow.

Lewis Herreshoff.

The Battle of the "Wyoming" in Japan.

IT was with much pleasure I read in the April number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE the account of the United States Steamship *Wyoming* in the Straits of Shimonoséki, but I regret that the article should be marred even by a single omission or inaccuracy.

If my memory serves me rightly, "Master William Barton" was at that time Lieutenant William H. Barton. Acting Master John C. Mills should read John C. Wells, of Greenport, Long Island. I regret that the name of our ward-room messmate, an able officer, stanch friend, and popular with all the ship's officers and crew, has been omitted entirely from the article: namely, Acting Master William Tallman, Jr., of New Bedford. He it was, I believe, who was in command of the "after 11-inch pivot-gun" (not Wells), and therefore, if I am right, to him should be given the credit. Mr. Wells was the navigating officer, and the undersigned at that time was assistant navigating officer and officer in charge of the powder and shell division. It was a hot fight, and every one on board entered into the engagement with a determination to conquer or die. From the nature of our surroundings there could be no skulking, no straggling, no retreat. To be defeated by the overwhelming numbers meant naught but death eventually by the hand of our enemies, a fate much more horrible to contemplate than to meet death amid the heat and smoke of battle.

Mr. Griffis compliments our late commander McDougal and Lieutenant-Commander and Executive Officer Young none too highly, for they truly were men of steel, modest and fearless; heroes in all the word implies.

Walter Pearce,
Late Acting Ensign, U. S. S. "Wyoming."

COMMENT.

I THANK Mr. Pearce for calling attention to my unintentional omission of the name of Acting Master William Tallman, Jr., though I was informed by the other officers of the *Wyoming* that Acting Master John C. Wells (which a mistake of the copyist made Mills) was in charge of the after pivot-gun. Master William Barton was not, as he has written me, made lieutenant until some time after the action.

William Elliot Griffis.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Along in June.

A Summer Series of Prairie Farm Fancies, by Doane Robinson.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

I. MISTER TAPLEY.

ALONG in June
Sech craps I never seen,
The wheat stud up above knee-high
So kind of rich and blue-black green,
"I ruther calkerlate," sez I,
"I 'll go to town this afternoon
And buy a bran new bind-machine."

Come night, when Jones sot on the rail
A-whinin' 'bout the 'tarnal hail
Thet give the craps a swashin',
I sez,—a-pickin' up a pail,
And scoopin' up a bar'l of hail
To melt fer washin',—
"Wall, I don't feel half-way so mean
Es ef I 'd bought thet bind-machine."

II. HERDING.

No end of rich green medder land
Spicked out with ever' kind of poseys.
Es fer es I kin understand
They 's nothin' else on earth so grand
Es just a field of prairy roseys,
Mixed up with blue, gold-beaded plumes
Of shoestring flowers and peavey blooms.
Take it a warm, sunshiny day

When prairys stretch so fer away
Ther lost at last in smokey gray,
And hulkin' yoke-worn oxen browse
Aroun' the coteaus with the cows,—
The tipsey, stag'rin' day-old calf
Mumbles a bleat and slabbers a laugh,—
And yearlin' steers so round and slick

Wade in the cool and sparklin' crick,
While cute spring bossies romp and play
With Ponto, in the tall slough hay,
Yeh picket out the gentle Roany,

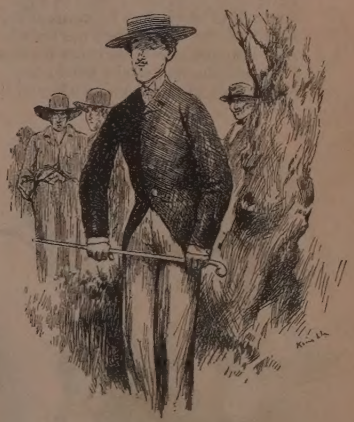
Yer knowin', faithful, herdin' pony,
And tumblin' down upon yer back
Wher' gay, sweet-smellin' beauties bide
In posey beds, three counties wide,
You take a swig of prairy air,
With which old speerits kent compare,
And think, and plan, and twist, and rack
Yer brains, to work some scheme aroun'
To git a week to spend in town.

III. PRIDEWEED AND THISTLES.

Prideweed 'n' thistles grew so thick
The critters would n' pull the plow,—
The steer was willin', but the plaguy cow
Objected to the jagger's prick,—
So I bedeviled *in* the crap.[1]
Nen swagg'rin' mustard come so quick,
A-struttin' smart to make a show,
The crap wa'n't give no lay to grow,
And when a drouth come down ker-slap
I see it wa'n't no ust to hoe;
By harvest-time I come to know
The toilin' farmer hed no chance,—
The laws not givin' him a show,—
So I put on my other pants,
And quit the farm 'n' squar'-off went
To jest reform the gover'ment.

IV. THE COMMITTEE.

When school was out along in June,
About the time the corn laid by,
We picnicked Friday afternoon.
And it so come thet Lit 'n' I
Were all committee.
We sot the tables where the light
Leaked through the laughin' leaves and cast
A silver barley sieve down right
Where all the posey-pots were spread,
And chicken pie, and seeded bread,
And crusted cake, and fust and last
'Bout ever'thing there is to eat
Of hearty stuff, and sour and sweet.
And there was Lity.
She come from town to teach our school;
I tuck to her right from the fust,
But must say I were treated wust
I ever were. Along with me
On thet committee I could see
She 's mad enough to hev a fit.
But what made me the maddest yit
Were when thet there confounded mule
Of beau of her'n—pleg-takéd fool—
Come from ther city.



The kinky, dandy, slinkin' slim,
I seen her makin' eyes at him.
But me, committee long with her,
He got no chance to beau her ther'.
And when the exhibition come,
Old Billy Mason played the drum;
And Lity kind of bossed the show,
Proddin' the parties up to sing,
And act, and speak, and kep' the thing
A-movin' on. Fust Molly Snow
And Susie Harris
Come on the stand to wonst and spoke
The dialog' "Aunt Sally's Joke."
We never hed a thing so good
Exhibit in our neighborhood.
I spoke "Bozzaris."
They stomped and clapped so I could tell
I 'd done the thing almighty well.
But when the teacher spoke a piece,
The "Maid of Athens," down in Greece,
We stomped enough to raise the West,
Me stompin' louder 'n all the rest,
Nen while th' infant class were singin'

[1] Sowed without first plowing.

I sneaked aroun' beside of Lity,
Pertendin' how, like I were bringin'
Some kind of bizness fer committee,
And tho' she 'd mittened me before,
And bragged she 'd do it ten times more,
I ast her plump " ef she would be
So good es to ride home with me ? "

The putiest night I ever seen,—
Some sez the like thet doēs n't mean ;
But I 've inspected up the words,—
My buggy hosses, Prince and Peter,
Were chipper es a pair of birds,
The sun and moon were on the teeter,—
One drappin' down, up bobs the other,—
I tell yeh never wuz another
Jest sech a night,
Ezactly right.
My wife agrees along with me,
The putiest night she ever see
Were thet June evenin' when jest we —
Thet 's me and Lity
Of the committee —
Rid to the city.

Doane Robinson.

Love-Song.

O CANADA, sweet Canada,
Thou maiden of the frost,
From Flattery Cape to Sable Cape
With love for thee we 're crossed.
We could not love thee less nor more,
We love thee clear to Labrador ;
Why should we longer thus be vexed ?
Consent, coy one, to be annexed.

O Canada, sweet Canada,
Our heart was always true ;
You know we never really cared
For any one but you.
Your veins are of the purest gold
(We 've mined them some, the truth be told),
True wheat are you, spite chaff and scorn,
And O, your dainty ears (of corn).

O Canada, sweet Canada,
John Bull is much too old
For such a winsome lass as you,—
Leave him to fuss and scold ;
Tell him a sister you will be,
He loves you not so much as we ;
Fair maiden, stand not thus perplexed,
Come, sweetheart, come and be annexed.

Charles Henry Phelps.

The Old Covered Bridge.

O THE old covered bridge ! sixty years it has stood
Like a mother to nourish the town's babyhood
With the currents of life that unceasingly flowed
Thro' its tunnel along the old National Road,
And its moss-covered walls still triumphantly loom,
With their history hidden in cobwebs and gloom,
Like a grim silent sphinx with the future in view,
Or Colossus that spans the old times and the new.

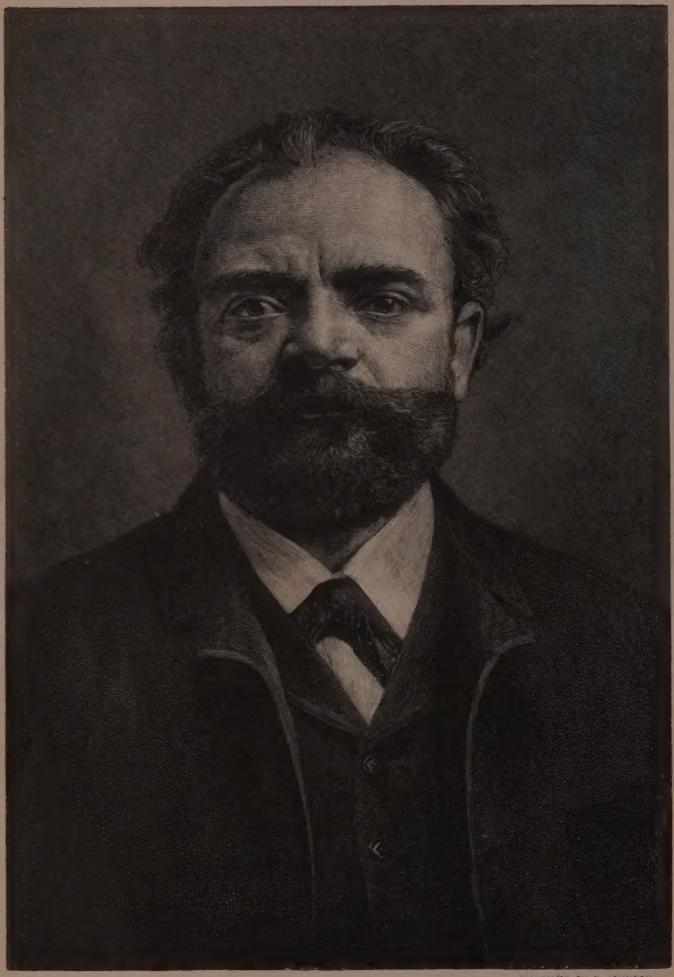
O the old covered bridge ! how the years whirl around
As I see it once more, and my life is unwound,
With its burdens and sorrows laid by, and I seem
To be standing again in the sweet happy dream
Of my childhood, and watching with innocent glee
The birds and the waters that talked there with me,
While the trees were live giants and I but a midge,
As I lolled on the banks by the old covered bridge.

O the old covered bridge ! how I wondered and feared
As far, far through its narrow foot-passage I peered,
And fancied it led to the end of the world
Or some dim distant country in mystery whirled ;
And I climbed to the rail and gazed dizzily down
At the current with wrinkles of yellow and brown,
And I lingered till terror of dusk made me fly
And with tears bid the bridge and the river good-by.

O the old covered bridge ! may it never decay ;
May the march of the ages just wear it away,
For it marks the proud growth of a city in fame
And the third generation still finds it the same ;
And if ever a flood of the future uprears
To tear the old structure by force from its piers
May my spirit be with it and, perched on its ridge,
Sail away into space with the old covered bridge !

Richard Lew Dawson.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.